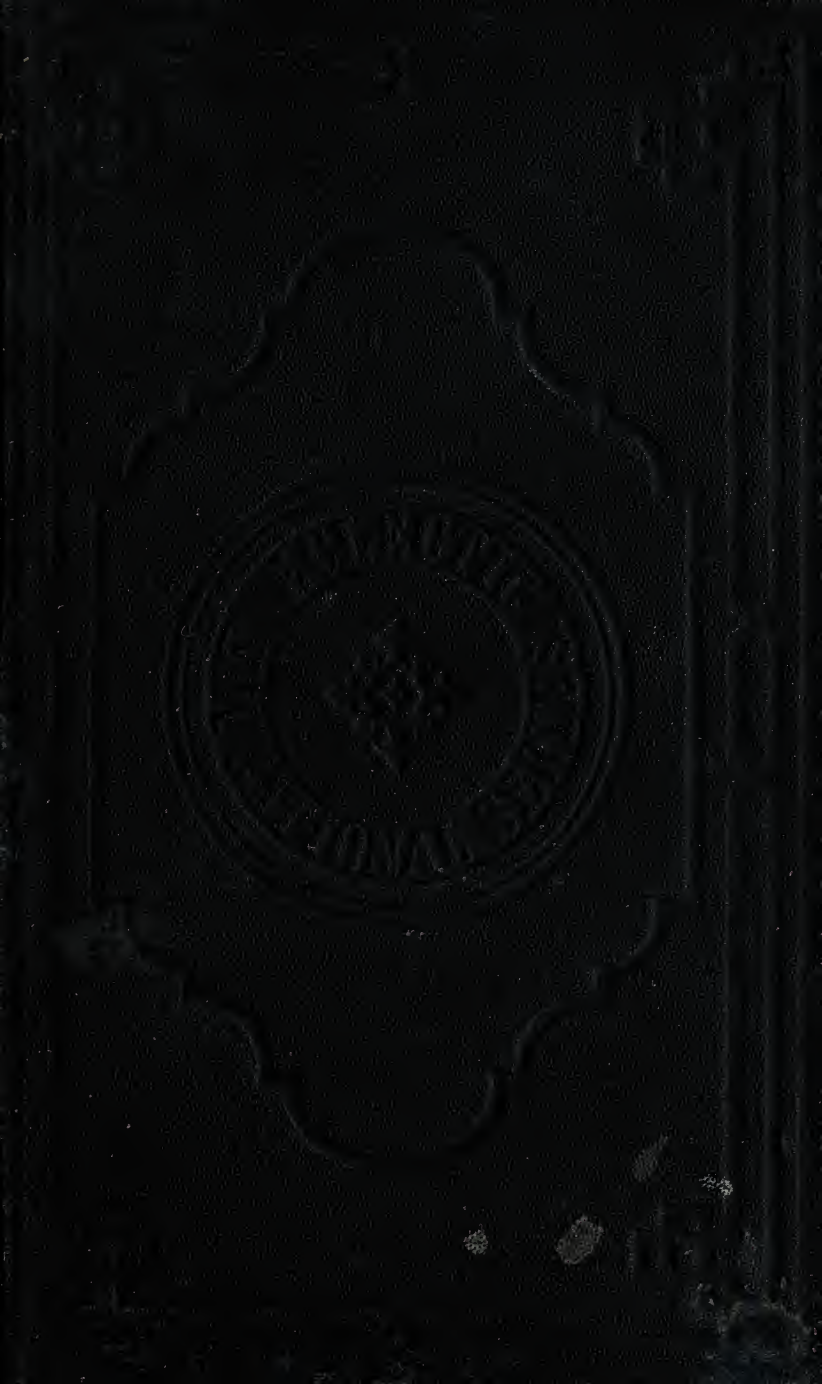

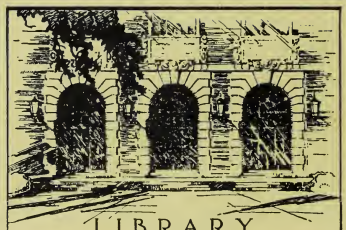

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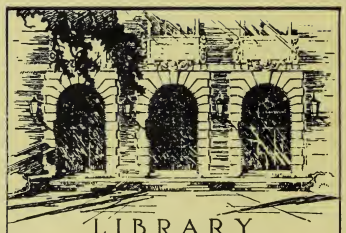

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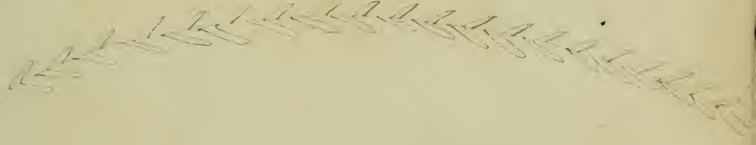

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RHETORICAL READING,

WITH

INTRODUCTORY RULES AND EXAMPLES.

By WM. H. McGUFFEY, LL.D.

STEREOTYPE EDITION.

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PREFACE.

THIS book is presented to the public as the SIXTH in the remodeled series of Eclectic Readers.

As it is designed for advanced pupils, most of the means adopted in the other volumes for aiding the learner, such as Questions, Spelling, &c., are here dispensed with, and the student is left to his own judgment.

The PRINCIPLES of ELOCUTION, in the introductory article, are explained and illustrated in a more extended, systematic, and complete form, than in the preceding volumes.

The READING EXERCISES, as far as to page 204, are especially adapted to illustrate the principles explained in the introductory treatise. For example, the first five lessons are selected for their especial adaptation to practice in *Articulation*, although it must be borne in mind that *every word* in *every lesson* is an *exercise* in *Articulation*.

The INFLECTIONS are illustrated, and a guide to their proper use furnished, by an appropriate notation in most of the Reading Exercises as far as the 73d, on page 204. Among them, *some* are, also, adapted to exemplify *emphasis*, *some*, the reading of *poetry*, and *others* are appropriate to practice in cultivating the *voice*, in its *high*, *low*, or *medium* tones.

From the 74th Exercise onward, rhetorical notation is dispensed with, the learner being left to his own judgment, except such aid as the teacher may think proper occasionally to give, it being supposed that, in the several volumes of this series, all, that could be profitably contained in books, has been furnished.

In the preparation of this work, free use has been made of the writings of standard authors upon Elocution, such as Walker, McCulloch, Sheridan Knowles, Ewing, Pinnock, Scott, Bell, Graham, Mylins, Wood, Rush, and many others.

In the selection of articles for Reading Exercises, great care has been taken to present variety of style and subject, to attract by interest of matter, to elevate by purity and delicacy of sentiment, and especially to furnish the mind with valuable information, and to influence the heart by sound moral and religious instruction.

Considerable liberty has been taken with the articles selected, in order to adapt them to the especial purpose for which they are here designed. Much change and remodeling have been necessary. The lessons are therefore credited as taken "*from*" the author named.

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PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION.

THE subject of Elocution, so far as it is deemed applicable to a work of this kind, will be considered under the following heads, viz.:

1. ARTICULATION;
2. INFLECTION;
3. ACCENT AND EMPHASIS;
4. READING VERSE;
5. THE VOICE;
6. GESTURE.

I. ARTICULATION.

FAULTS TO BE REMEDIED.

The most common faults of articulation are the following, viz.:

1. Dropping an unaccented vowel.

EXAMPLES.

CORRECT.	INCORRECT.	CORRECT.	INCORRECT.
Gran′a-ry	gran′ry.	har′mo-ny	harm′ny.
im-mor′tal	im-mor-t′l.	a-ban′don	a-ban-d′n.
mock′er-y	mock′ry.	reg′u-lar	reg′lar.
lam-en-ta′tion	lam′n-ta-tion.	par-tic′u-lar	par-tic′lar.
in-clem′ent	in-clem′nt.	sin′gu-lar	sin-g′lar.
des′ti-ny	des-t′ny.	cal-cu-la′tion	cal-cl′a-sh′n.
u-ni-ver′si-ty	u-ni-vers′ty.	cir-cu-la′tion	cir-cl′a-sh′n.
un-cer′tain	un-cer-t′n.	na′tion	na-sh′n.
col′o-ny	col′ny.	oc-ca′sion	oc-ca-sh′n.
em′er-y	em′ry.	fel′o-ny	fel′ny.
em′i-nent	em′nent.	cf′fi-gy	cf′gy.
ag′o-ny	ag′ny.	fem′o-ral	fem′ral.
eb′on-y	eb′ny.	man′i-fold	man′fold.
rev′er-ent	rev′rent.	cul′ti-vate	cult′vate.

2. Sounding incorrectly an unaccented vowel.

EXAMPLES.

CORRECT.	INCORRECT.	CORRECT.	INCORRECT.
Lam-en-ta′tion	lam-*un*-ta-tion.	ter′ri-ble	ter-r*ub*-ble.
e-ter′nal	e-ter-n*ul*.	sen′si-ble	sen-s*ub*-ble
ob′sti-nate	ob-st*un*-it.	fel-o′ny	fel-*er*-ny.
de′cent	de-s*unt*.	mel′o-dy	mel-*er*-dy
sys′tem	sys-t*um*, or sys-t*im*	fel′low-ship	fel-l*er*-shi
		cal′cu-late	cal-k*er*-late.
e-vent′	*uv*-ent.	cir′cu-lar	cir-k*y*-l*er*.
ef′fort	*uf*-fort	reg′u-lar	reg-g*y*-l*ur*.

EXERCISES.

The vowels most likely to be dropped or incorrectly sounded are italicized.

He *a*ttended d*i*vine serv*i*ce reg*u*larly.
This is my p*a*rticular r*e*quest.
He grad*u*ated at one of the Eastern Univers*i*ties.
She *i*s univers*a*lly *e*steemed.
George *i*s sens*i*ble *o*f his fault.
This calc*u*lation *i*s incorrect.
His fears were just*i*fied by the *e*vent.
What a terr*i*ble c*a*lam*i*ty.
I will s*u*pport the Const*i*tution *o*f the United States.
The whole nat*i*on l*a*mented him.
His eye through vast *i*mmens*i*ty c*a*n pierce.
*O*bserve these nice dependencies.
He *i*s a formid*a*ble adversary.
*A*way! presumptu*o*us man.
I will go *a*nd be reconciled to my brother.
He *i*s generous to his friends.
A tempest desolated the land.
His rep*u*tat*i*on is ru*i*ned.
He preferred death to serv*i*tude.
God *i*s the author *o*f all things vis*i*ble *a*nd invis*i*ble.
He *i*s a man *o*f em*i*nent merit.
*E*xpect not my commendat*i*on.
Caius' countenance fell.
He has contracted a bad habit.
Tell me the difference between articulat*i*on *a*nd utter*a*nce
He was delighted with the exhib*i*t*i*on.

3. Suppressing the final consonants.

EXAMPLES.

John an' James are frien's o' my father.
Boun' han' an' foot.
Gi' me some bread.
Tuf's o' grass.
The want o' men is occasioned by the want o' money
We seldom fine' men o' principle to ac' thus.
Beas' an' creepin' things were foun' there.
Thrus' thy sickle into the harves'
Thou has' thousan' frien's on thy side.
Evenin' an' mornin', an' at noon o' night.

EXERCISES.

He learn*ed* to write.
Did you fin*d* any birds' ne*sts?*
The mas*ts* of the ship were cas*t* down.
He entered the lis*ts* at the head of his troo*ps.*
Be ye wise as serpen*ts* an*d* harmless as doves.
He is the merries*t* fellow in existence.
I regard not the world's opinion.
Such were his comman*ds.*
He has three assistan*ts.*
Thou thoughtes*t* that I was such a one as thyself.
The dep*th*s of the sea.
She trus*ts* too much to servan*ts.*
He hal*ts* between two opinions.
His attemp*ts* were fruitless.
That race of animals is extinc*t.*
He chance*d* to see a bee hoverin*g* over a flower.

4. Omitting or mispronouncing whole syllables.

EXAMPLES.

Lit'er-a-ry	is *improperly pronounced*		lit-rer-ry.
nec'es-sa-ry	"	"	ne-ces-ry or nes-ry
co-tem'po-ra-ry	"	"	co-tem-po-ry.
ex-tem'po-ra-ry	"	"	ex-tem-po-ry.
het-er-o-ge'ne-ous	"	"	het-ro-ge-nous.
in-quis-i-to'ri-al	"	"	in-quis-i-to-ral.
mis'er-a-ble	"	"	mis-rer-ble.
tol'er-a-ble	"	"	tol-rer-ble.
con-fed'er-a-cy	"	"	con-fed-rer-cy.
ac-com'pa-ni-ment	"	"	ac-comp-ner-ment.

EXERCISES.

He devoted his attention chiefly to lit*era*ry pursuits.
He is a mis*era*ble creature.
He is a ven*era*ble man.
His faults were owing to the degen*era*cy of the times.
The manuscript was undecip*her*able.
The confed*era*cy continued for many years.
His spirit was unconqu*er*able,
It was a grand accomp*ani*ment.
Luther and Melancthon were cotem*por*aries.
Great industry was n*ecessa*ry for the performance of the task

5. Blending the end of one word with the beginning of the next.

EXAMPLES.

I court thy gif *s*no more.
Bag *s*of gold.
Han *d*'me the slate.
The grove *s*were God *s*fir *s*temples.
This worl *d*is all a fleeting show,
For man' *s*illusion given.
My hear *t*was a mirror, that show' *d*every treasure.
It reflecte *d*each beautiful blosso *m*of pleasure.

EXERCISES.

The magistrate*s* ought to arrest the rogue*s* *s*peedily.
Life flutter*s* convulse*d* in his quivering limbs.
The whirlwind*s* *s*weep the plain.
He went over the mountain.
Linke*d* to thy side, through every chance I go.
But ha*d* he seen *an* actor i*n* our day*s* enacting Shakspeare.
What awful sound*s* assail my ears?
We caug*ht* a glimp*se* of her.
Crowde*d* house*s* and new pieces.
Old age has on their temple*s* she*d* her silver frost.
Our eagle shall rise mid the whirlwind*s* of war,
And dart through the dun cloud of battle his eye.
Then honor shall weave of the laurel a crown,
That beauty shall bind on the brow of the brave.

Questions.—Under what heads is the subject of Elocution considered? What is the first source of defective articulation that is named? Give examples. What the second? Give examples. Name the third, and give examples. What the fourth? Give examples. Describe the fifth fault, and illustrate by examples.

DIRECTIONS

FOR ACQUIRING A GOOD ARTICULATION.

WORDS being made up of one or more elementary sounds, the first object of the student should be, to acquire the power of uttering those *elements* with *distinctness* and *force;* for if the *elementary sounds* are but imperfectly formed, the entire word must be indistinct.

Practice upon these *sounds* should be persevered in, until the learner has acquired a perfect control of his organs of speech. This exercise is one of great importance, as, in addition to the habit of *correct* articulation thus formed, it imparts a strength to the voice which can not be acquired in any other way.

As the *vowels* are the most prominent elements of all words, as well as the most easily uttered, it is proper that they should constitute the first lesson.

Each of these can be uttered with great force, so as to give a distinct expression of its sound, although the voice is suddenly suspended, the moment the sound is produced. This is done by expelling each sound from the throat in the same manner that the syllable "ah!" is uttered in endeavoring to deter a child from something it is about to do; thus, a'—a'—a'—.

Let the pupil be required to explode from the throat, in this manner, every one of the elements, in the following table, with all possible suddenness and percussive force, until he is able to do it with ease and accuracy. This must not be considered as accomplished, until he can give each sound with entire clearness, and with all the suddenness of the "crack" of a rifle. Care must be taken that the sound of the *vowel alone* be heard.

EXERCISE ON VOWEL ELEMENTS.

Pronounce each word, and then its vowel sounds.

a as heard in f*a*te, m*a*in, s*a*y, th*ey*, f*ei*nt, w*ei*gh, br*ea*k, &c.
a " " m*a*t, h*a*t, part*i*al, &c.
a " " b*a*r, c*a*r, *a*h, v*a*unt, h*ea*rt, g*ua*rd, &c.
a " " b*a*ll, h*a*ll, c*au*se, s*aw*, br*oa*d, gr*oa*t, s*ough*t, &c.

e as heard in *feel*, m*e*, s*ea*, n*ei*ther, k*ey*, s*ei*ze, p*ie*ce, mar*i*ne, p*eo*ple, &c.
e " " *l*et, m*e*t, t*r*ead, s*ai*d, s*ay*s, fr*ie*nd, h*ei*fer, l*eo*pard, g*ue*ss, m*a*ny, b*u*ry, &c.
i " " m*i*ne, p*i*ne, l*ie*, fl*y*, h*ei*ght, g*ui*se, *ai*sle, r*y*e, &c.
i " " p*i*t, p*i*n, mountain, forf*ei*t, g*ui*lt, b*ee*n, s*ei*ve, b*u*sy.
o " " old, g*o*, d*oo*r, r*oa*m, t*oe*, s*ou*l, hollow, bur*eau*, y*eo*man, &c.
o " " n*o*t, h*o*t, bl*o*t, tr*o*t, &c.
" " " wh*a*t, w*a*s, sw*a*p, &c.
o " " m*o*ve, pr*o*ve, m*oo*n, s*ou*p, sh*oe*, &c.
u " " m*u*se, bl*ue*, j*ui*ce, h*ew*, v*iew*, l*ieu*, f*eu*d, b*eau*ty, &c.
u " " f*u*ll, p*u*ll, p*u*sh, b*u*sh, &c.
" " " *wo*ol, g*oo*d, b*oo*k, c*ou*ld, &c.
u " " b*u*t, h*u*t, c*u*ll, &c.
" " " d*o*ve, s*o*n, bl*oo*d, d*oe*s, &c.
u " " c*u*rl, f*u*r, b*i*rd, h*er*, &c.
oi " " b*oi*l, *oi*l, b*oy*, &c.
ou " " *ou*r, gr*ou*nd, *ow*l, p*ow*er, &c.

Note.—After the pupil has been faithfully exercised in the foregoing table, it will be well to require him to explode all the vowel elements in several sentences of each lesson he reads.

CONSONANT SOUNDS.

It may, at first view, seem impossible to give the sound of a consonant alone; but a few attempts will show, that although it may be difficult, it is not impossible. It is true, they can not be *exploded* with the force which *vowel* sounds admit, yet they can all, except *k*, *t*, and *p*, be pronounced without the aid of vowels, and their sounds prolonged so as to give them great distinctness.

Let the syllable *ba* be taken for example; and in pronouncing it, let the voice be *suddenly suspended*, before it passes to the vowel. In this manner, every consonant element should be practiced upon, until the pupil can give the sound *forcibly* and *distinctly*. Without such practice, it will be found impossible to utter with distinctness such combinations of consonants as the following, viz.: *waftedst*, *slumber'dst*, *search'dst*, *lash'dst*, &c. Articulation is more frequently defective from an imperfect utterance of the consonant sounds, than from any other cause. These, therefore, require strict attention.

The following are the consonant elements susceptible of explosive force in a greater or less degree.

b	as heard in	*babe.*	v	as heard in	*value.*
d	"	*dead.*	y	"	*yes.*
f	"	*fief.*	z	"	zeal, adz.
g	"	*gag.*	ng	"	ri*ng.*
h	"	*hat.*	th	"	*th*ine, ti*th*e.
j	"	*j*ade, lar*g*e.	th	"	*th*rust, nor*th.*
l	"	*loll.*	ch	"	*ch*urc*h.*
m	"	*m*ain.	sh	"	*sh*ine, da*sh.*
n	"	*n*oon.	wh	"	*wh*at, *wh*ine.
r	"	*r*oar.	zh	"	azure.
s	"	*s*ap, pa*ss.*			

When the pupil has acquired some facility in exploding the foregoing consonant elements, it will be found profitable to require him to combine with each of them, one of the vowel elements, giving the utmost prolongation to the consonant sound; thus, *ab—b; eb—b; ib—b; ad—d; ed—d; id—d;* &c., &c. Then let him go over the same exercise, placing the consonant first; thus, *b—be; d—de; g—ga; m—mo,* &c.

EXERCISES

ON COMBINATIONS OF CONSONANT ELEMENTS.

Some of these sentences are selected with reference to the correction of the habit of dropping the unaccented vowel.

He *is* a man of great sensi*bil*ity and susce*pti*bili*ty*.
The swallow twit*t*ered at the *e*aves.
Can*st* thou not be satisfied?
He beg*g*ed to be permi*tt*ed to stay.
They sear*ch*ed the house *sp*eedily.
Whel*m*ed ami*dst* the wa*ves.*
They dra*gg*ed the ruffian to prison.
Bur*st*ing his bon*ds*, he s*p*rang upon the foe.
He can not tolerate a sophi*st.*
*Sh*ot madly from *its sph*ere.
W*h*en will the land*s*cape tire the view?
The lightni*ngs* flas*h*ed.
The *th*under*s* roa*red.*
The hail ra*ttled.*
His han*d* in mine was fon*dly* clas*ped.*
Stan*d* your groun*d*, my *braves.*

He gas*ped* for bre*ath.*
I 'll gra*pp*le with my coun*tr*y's foes.
His li*mbs* were stren*gthened* by exercise.
They cultivated *shrubs* and plan*ts.*
He has marsha*led* his ho*sts.*
He selec*t*ed his te*xts* with *gr*eat care.
The unsea*rched* mine ha*th* not su*ch* ge*ms.*
His *l*ips *gr*ow *restl*ess, and his *s*mile is cur*led* half into *scorn*
Her ways are ways of pleasa*ntness*,
And all her pa*ths* are peace.
He has sin*ged* his *h*air.
What fur*th*er wai*t'st* thou for?
She mi*lked* six cows.
Give me a ya*rd* a*nd th*ree-eig*hths.*
Ha! lau*gh'st* thou, Lochiel, my vision to *scorn?*
The chill *preincts* of the narrow house.
O breeze, that wa*ft'st* me on my way!
Thou pro*b'dst* his wou*nds* too freely.
Thou be*gg'dst* in vain for mercy.
Thou wron*g'dst* thyself and me.
Thou trou*bl'dst* thy father's frien*ds.*
Vau*nt'st* thou thyself of thy stren*gth?*
Thou boa*st'st* of what should be thy shame.
Thou pluc*k'dst* a bitter fruit.
Disa*bl'dst*, strang*l'dst*, burn*'dst.*
Clas*p'dst*, twin*kl'dst*, respec*t'dst.*
La*sh'dst*, ha*ggl'dst*, swer*v'dst.*
From de*pths* unknown, unsear*ch*able, *pro*fou*nd.*
For*th* ru*shed* the wander*ing* come*ts* gi*rt* with *flames.*
When Aja*x strives* some ro*ck's* va*st* weight to *th*row,
The line, too. labo*rs* a*nd* the wo*rds* move slow.
One *blast* upon his bugle-ho*rn* were wo*rth* ten thousa*nd* men.

Life's * *f*i*tf*u*l f*ever over, he sleeps well.
This *sculpt*or has executed *th*ree bu*sts.*

*Fr*om peak to peak, the ra*ttl*ing crags among
Lea*ps* the live thu*nd*er, not *f*rom one lone cloud;
But every mountai*n* now ha*th* fou*nd* a to*ng*ue,
And *J*ura answers *f*rom her mi*sty sh*roud,
Back to the joyous A*lps*, who call to her aloud.

When thou do*st sc*are the wo*rld* with tempe*sts*, set on fire
The hea*vens* with falling *th*underbo*lts*, or fill'*st*

* Beware of running words together.

The *swift* dark *whirl*wind that uproots the woods,
Where is the mortal that forgets not at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his * strifes and follies by?

Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons?
He was distinguished for his conscientiousness.

From star to star the living lightnings flash,
And falling thunders through all space proclaim
The goings forth of Him whose potent arm
Perpetuates * existence or destroys.

God journeyeth * in the heavens. Refulgent stars
And glittering crowns of prostrate seraphim
Emboss * his burning path. Around * him fall
Dread powers, dominions, hosts, and kingly thrones.

That morning, thou that slumber'dst not before,
Nor sleep'st, great Ocean, laid'st thy waves * at rest,
And hush'dst thy mighty minstrelsy.

QUESTIONS.—What should be the first object of the student of elocution? What is said of the advantage of practice upon elementary sounds? Which are the vowel elements? Give examples of each. (Let the pupil explode them as directed.) What are the advantages of thus exploding the elementary sounds? Can the consonants be exploded? Which can not, and why? What is said of uttering the consonants distinctly? (Let the pupil explode them as directed.)

II. INFLECTIONS.

INFLECTION is a bending, or sliding, of the voice either *upward* or *downward*.

The *upward* or *rising inflection* is marked by the acute accent, thus, (′); and in this case the voice is to slide upward; as, Did you call′? Is he sick′?

The *downward* or *falling inflection* is marked by the grave accent, thus, (‵); and indicates that the voice is to slide downward; as, Where is London‵? Where have you been‵? Who has come‵?

* Beware of running words together.

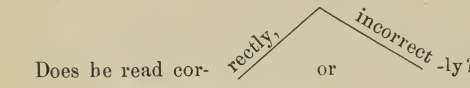
Sometimes both the rising and falling inflections are given to the same sound. Such sounds are designated by the *circumflex*, thus, (⌣) or thus (∧). The former is called the *rising circumflex;* the latter the *falling circumflex.*

When several successive syllables are uttered without either the upward or downward slide, they are said to be uttered in a *monotone*, which is marked thus, (–).

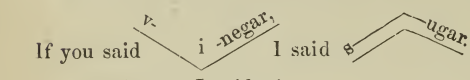
EXAMPLES.

Does he read correctly′ or incorrectly‵?

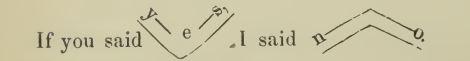
In reading this sentence, the voice should slide somewhat as represented in the following diagram:



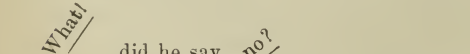
If you said vĭnegar, I said sûgar.
To be read thus:



If you said yĕs, I said nô.
To be read thus:



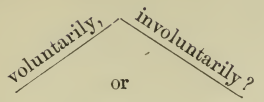
What′ did he say no′?
To be read thus



He did‵; he said no‵
To be read thus:

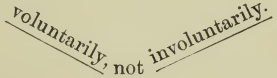
Did he say voluntarily′, or involuntarily‵?

To be read thus:

Did he do it 

He did it voluntarily\, not involuntarily/.

To be read thus:

He did it 

EXERCISES.

Do they act prudently/, or imprudently\?
Are they at home/, or abroad\?
Is he willing/, or unwilling\?
Did you say Europe/, or Asia\?
Is he rich/, or poor\?
Are they old/, or young\?
He said pain\, not pain/.
You should walk\, not ride/.
Are you engaged/, or at leisure\?
Shall I say plain/, or pain\?
He went home\, not abroad/.
Does he say able/, or table\?
He said hazy\, not lazy/.
Must I say flat/, or flat\?
Must I say cap/, or cap\?
You should say flat\, not flat/.
My father/, must I stay/?
Oh! but he paûsed upon the brink.
It shall go hard with me, but I shall ûse the weapon.

Heard ye those loud contending waves,
  That shook Cecropia's pillared state/?
Saw ye the mighty from their graves
  Look up/, and tremble at her fate/?

Borne by the tide of words along/,
One voice/, one mind/, inspired the throng\,
  "To arms\! to arms\! to arms\!" they cry\;
"Grasp the shield/, and draw the sword\;
Lead us to Phillippi's lord\;
  Let us conquer/ him or die\."

First´ Fear\, his hand, its skill to try´,
Amid the chords bewildered laid\;
And back recoiled´, he knew not why´,
E'en at the sound himself had made\.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger\?
Even according to thy fear´, so is thy wrath\.

Where are your gibes\ now? your gambols\? your songs\? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar\?

Thus saith the Hīgh and lōfty One that inhābiteth etērnity, whose name is Hōly; "I dwēll in the hīgh and hōly place."

Questions.—What is inflection? How does the voice slide in the rising inflection? Give an example. How, in the falling inflection? Give an example. How are these inflections marked? Define the circumflex. The monotone. Give an example of each.

FALLING INFLECTION.

Rule I.—Sentences and clauses which make complete sense in themselves, require the *falling inflection.*

Remark.—This rule is applicable, whatever may be the punctuation, and whatever other words may follow, provided they do not vary, though they may explain or strengthen, the meaning of the clause preceding.

EXAMPLES.

1. By virtue we secure happiness\.

2. One deed of shame is succeeded by years of penitence\.

3. For thou hast said in thy heart, I will ascend into heaven\: I will extend my throne above the stars of God\: I will sit upon the mount of the congregation in the sides of the north\.

4. The wind and the rain are over\; calm is the noon of the day\: the clouds are divided in heaven\; over the green hills flies the inconstant sun\; red through the stormy vale comes down the stream\.

5. This proposition was, however, rejected\, and not merely rejected, but rejected with insult\.

6. There was a pause of death-like stillness\, and the bold heart of Macpherson grew faint\.

Exception 1.—Negative sentences. See Rule V.

EXCEPTION 2.—Antithesis, in cases where the first member requires the falling inflection. See Rule IX, and Exception 1 to Rule IV.

EXCEPTION 3.—Where harmony of sound requires the rising inflection, even though the sense should be complete. See Rule VI.

EXCEPTION 4.—Emphasis. See Rule II, and Article on Emphasis and Inflection, page 43.

RULE II.—The language of emphasis generally requires the *falling inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Charge\, Chester, charge\, on\, Stanley, on\.

2. Were I an American, as I am an Englishman, while a single\ foreign troop\ remained\ in my country, I would never\ lay down my arms\—never\, never\, never\.

3. Does any one suppose that the payment of twenty shillings, would have ruined Mr. Hampden's fortune? No\. But the payment of half\ twenty shillings, on the principle\ it was demanded, would have made him a slave\.

4. I insist\ upon this point\: I urge\ you to it; I press\ it, demand\ it.

5. All that I have\, all that I am\, and all that I hope\ in this life, I am now ready\, here\, to stake\ upon it.

6. Hurra\! hurra\! a single field hath turned the chance of war\.

7. To arms\! they come\! the Greek\! the Greek\!

8. Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been my sworn soldier? bidding me depend
Upon *thy*\ stars, *thy*\ fortune, and *thy*\ strength?

EXCEPTION.—Emphasis sometimes reverses this rule, and requires the *rising inflection,* apparently for the purpose of calling attention to the idea by an unusual manner of expressing it. See Art. on Emphasis, page 40.

RULE III.—Interrogative sentences and members of sentences which *can not* be answered by *yes* or *no,* generally require the *falling inflection.*

REMARK.—Such questions usually commence with *pronouns* or *adverbs;* as, *how*, *what*, *who*, *whence*, *where*, &c.

EXAMPLES.

1. How many books did he purchase\?
2. Why reason ye these things in your hearts\?
3. What see\ you, that you frown so heavily to-day\?
4. Who is here so base that he would be a bondman\?
5. But where is the iron-bound prisoner\? Where\?
6. Ah! what is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
7. Whence this pleasing hope\, this fond desire\,
   This longing after immortality\?

EXCEPTION.—When questions, usually requiring the falling inflection, are *emphatic* or *repeated*, they take the *rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Where did you say he had gone/?
2. To whom did you say the blame was to be imputed/?
3. What is\ he? A knave. What/ is he? A knave, I say.

RISING INFLECTIONS.

RULE IV.—In the introductory part of a sentence, where the sense is dependent or incomplete, the *rising inflection* is generally used.

REMARK.—Wherever there is a pause of any kind while the sense is incomplete, unless the falling inflection is required by emphasis or some other principle, the *rising inflection* is almost *invariably* used. It is generally very slight, requiring an acute and educated ear to discern it, and it is difficult to teach pupils to distinguish it, though they constantly use it. It is only necessary to read a sentence in a strict monotone, and then in the usual manner, to be convinced of this.

EXAMPLES.

1. Nature being exhausted/, he quietly resigned himself to his fate.
2. As the whirlwind passeth/, so the wicked are no more.
3. A chieftain to the Highlands bound/,
   Cries/, "Boatman, do not tarry!"

4. As he spoke without fear of consequences′, so his actions were marked with the most unbending resolution.

5. Speaking in the open air′, at the top of the voice′, is an admirable exercise.

6. If then, his Providence′, out of our evil, seek to bring forth good′, our labor must be to prevent that end.

7. He′, born for the universe′, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

REMARK.—Words used for the person or thing addressed, are included in this rule.

8. Brother′, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick′,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.

9. O Lancaster′, I fear thy overthrow.

10. Ye crags′ and peaks′, I 'm with you once again.

EXCEPTION 1.—*Relative emphasis* often reverses this and the first rule, because emphasis is here expressed in part by changing the usual inflections.

EXAMPLES.

1. If you care not for your *property*\, you surely value your life′.

2. If you will not labor for your *own*\ advancement, you should regard that of your children′.

3. It is your place to *obey*\, not to command′.

4. Though by that course he should not destroy his *reputation*\, he will lose all self-respect′.

EXCEPTION 2.—The *names* of persons addressed in a formal speech, or when used emphatically, have the *falling inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Romans, countrymen, and lovers\, hear me for my cause, &c.

2. Gentlemen of the jury\, I solicit your attention, &c.

3. O Hubert\, Hubert\, save me from these men.

RULE V.—Negative sentences and members of sentences usually require the *rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. It is not by starts of application that eminence can be attained′.

2. It was not an eclipse that caused the darkness at the crucifixion of our Lord′; for the sun and moon were not relatively in a position\ to produce an eclipse′.

3. They are not fighting′: do not disturb′ them: this man is not expiring with agony′: that man is not dead′: they are only pausing\.

4. My Lord, we could not have had such designs′.

5. It is not sufficient that you wish′ to be useful; you must nurse those wishes into action.

6. It is not for your silver bright′,
But for your winsome lady.

7. You are not left alone to climb the steep ascent′: God is with you, who never suffers the spirit that rests on him to fail.

EXCEPTION 1.—Emphasis may reverse this rule.

EXAMPLE.

We repeat it, we do *not*\ desire to produce discord; we do *not*\ wish to kindle the flames of a civil war.

EXCEPTION 2.—General propositions usually have the *falling inflection*.

EXAMPLE.

God is not the author of sin\. Thou shalt not kill\.

RULE VI.—When a sentence closes with the *falling inflection*, the *rising inflection*, for the sake of harmony, often precedes it.

EXAMPLES.

1. He fought the Scythian in his cave′, and the unconquered Arab fled before\ him.

2. Be perfect\, be of good comfort\, be of one mind′, live in peace\.

3. They have forgotten their distresses\; every sorrow is hushed′; and every pang extinguished\.

EXCEPTION.—*Emphasis* may reverse this rule.

EXAMPLES.

1. Eloquence is action\; noble\, sublime\, godlike action\.

2. If you care not for your life\, respect your honor\.

RULE VII.—Interrogative sentences and members of

sentences which *can* be answered by *yes* or *no,* generally require the *rising inflection.*

REMARK.—Such sentences most commonly commence with *verbs.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation′?

2. Do we mean to submit′?

3. Does the gentleman suppose it is in his power′, to exhibit in Carolina a name so bright′ as to produce envy′ in my bosom?

4. If it be admitted, that strict integrity is not the shortest way to success, is it not the surest′, the happiest′, the best′?

5. Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash this crimson hand as white as snow′?

EXCEPTION.—*Emphasis* may reverse this rule.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Can*\ you be so blind to your interest? *Will*\ you rush head long to destruction?

2. I ask again, *is*\ there no hope of reconciliation? *Must*\ we abandon all our fond anticipations?

3. Will you deny′ it? Will you *deny*\ it?

4. Am I Dromio′? Am I your man′? Am I *myself*\?

RULE VIII.—Interrogative exclamations, and words repeated as a kind of echo to the thought, require the *rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Where grows′, where grows it not\?

2. What′! Might Rome have been taken′? Rome taken when I was consul′?

3. Banished from Rome′! Tried and convicted traitor′!

4. *Prince Henry.* What's the matter\?
Falstaff. What's the matter′? Here be four of us have taken a thousand pounds this morning.
Prince H. Where is\ it, Jack, where is\ it?
Fal. Where is′ it? Taken from us, it is.

5. Ha′! laughest thou Lochiel, my vision to scorn?

6. And this fellow calls himself a painter. A painter′! He is not fit to daub the sign of a paltry ale-house.

7. And this man is called a statesman. A statesman′? Why, he never invented a decent humbug.

8. Six moons are his, by Herschel shown;
Herschel′, of modern times the boast.

9. I can not say, sir, which of these motives influence the advocates of the bill before us; a bill′, in which such cruelties are proposed as are yet unknown among the most savage nations.

10. The man who was not only pardoned, but distinguished by you with the highest honors, is charged with an intention to kill you in your own house: an intention′, of which, unless you imagine that he is utterly deprived of reason, you can not suspect him.

RISING AND FALLING INFLECTIONS.

RULE IX.—Words and members of a sentence expressing *antithesis* or *contrast* require *opposite inflections*.

EXAMPLES.

1. It is sown in corruption′; it is raised in incorruption\.

2. It is sown a natural′ body; it is raised a spiritual\ body.

3. By honor′ and dishonor\; by evil′ report and good\ report; as deceivers′ and yet true\.

4. What they know by reading′, I know by experience\.

5. I could honor thy courage′, but I detest thy crimes\.

6. They slight my mean birth′; I despise their mean characters\.

7. It is easier to forgive the weak\, who have injured us′, than the powerful′ whom we\ have injured.

8. When we fail, our pride supports′ us; when we succeed, it betrays\ us.

9. Homer was the greater genius′, Virgil the better artist\.

10. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied′; that of Pope is cautious and uniform\. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind′; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition\. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid′; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle\. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, varied by exuberant vegetation′; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe and leveled by the roller\.

11. If the flights of Dryden are higher′, Pope continues longer on the wing\. If the blaze of Dryden's fire is brighter′, the heat of Pope's is more regular and constant\. Dryden often surpasses′ expectation, and Pope never falls below\ it.

REMARK 1.—*Words and members connected by* or *used* disjunctively, *generally express* contrast or antithesis, *and always receive* opposite inflections.

EXAMPLES.

1. Shall we advance′, or retreat\′?
2. Do you seek wealth′, or power\′?
3. Is the great chain upheld by God′, or thee\′?
4. Does he speak rationally′, or irrationally\′?
5. Is the book yours′, or mine\′?
6. Shall we return to our allegiance while we may do so with safety and honor′, or shall we wait until the ax of the executioner is at our throats\′?
7. Shall we crown′ the author of these public calamities with garlands′, or shall we wrest\′ from him his ill-deserved authority\′?

REMARK 2.—*When the antithesis is between* affirmation *and* negation, *the* latter *usually has the* rising inflection, *according to* Rule V.

EXAMPLES.

1. You were paid to fight\′ against Philip, not to rail′ at him.
2. I said rationally\′, not irrationally′.
3. I did not say rationally′, but irrationally\′.
4. I said an elder\′ soldier, not a better′.
5. I did not say a better′ soldier, but an elder\′.
6. Let us retract while we can\′, not when we must′.

REMARK 3.—*The more emphatic member generally receives* the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. A countenance more in sorrow\′, than anger′.
2. A countenance less in anger′, than sorrow\′.
3. He deserved punishment\′, rather than pity′.
4. You should show your courage by deeds\′, rather than by words′.
5. If we can not remove\′ pain, we may alleviate′ it.

OF SERIES.

A SERIES is a number of particulars consisting of *words* or *clauses*, immediately following one another in the same grammatical construction.

A *series* is *simple,* when it consists of *words.*

EXAMPLE.—*Faith, hope, love, joy,* are the fruits of the spirit.

A *series* is *compound,* when it consists of *clauses.*

EXAMPLE.

So many human frailties, so many secret sins, so many offenses of ignorance, so many unguarded words, are connected with man's best estate, &c.

A *commencing series* is one which *commences* a sentence or clause.

EXAMPLE.—*Faith, hope, love, joy,* are the fruits of the spirit.

A *concluding series* is one which *concludes* a sentence or a clause.

EXAMPLE.—The fruits of the spirit are *faith, hope, love, and joy.*

RULE X.—All the members of a *commencing* series usually require the *falling inflection,* except the *last,* which receives the *rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. War\, famine\ pestilence\, storm\, and fire′, besiege mankind.

2. Harsh\, oppressive\, unjust\, and uncalled′ for measures, will always be resisted by a free people.

3. The knowledge\, the power\, the wisdom\, the goodness′ of God, must all be unbounded.

4. The poor\, the aged\, the sick\ and the wounded′, were left to perish.

5. To advise the ignorant\, to relieve the needy\, and to comfort the afflicted′, are duties that fall in our way, almost every day of our lives.

6. No state chicanery\, no narrow system of vicious politics\, no idle contest for ministerial victories′, sank him to the vulgar level of the great.

7. For solidity of reasoning\, force of sagacity\, and wisdom of conclusion′, no nation or body of men can compare with the Congress at Philadelphia.

8. The wise and the foolish\, the virtuous and the evil\, the learned and the ignorant\, the temperate and the profligate′, must often be blended together.

9. Absalom's beauty\, Jonathan's love\, David's valor\, Solomon's wisdom\, the patience of Job\, the prudence of Augustus\, and the eloquence of Cicero/, are found in perfection in the Creator.

RULE XI.—All the members of a *concluding* series, usually require the *falling inflection,* except the *last* but *one,* which has the *rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. It is our duty to pity\, to support\, to defend/, and to relieve\ the oppressed.

2. At the sacred call of country, they sacrifice property\, ease\, health\, applause/, and even life\.

3. I protest against this measure as cruel\, oppressive\, tyrannous/, and vindictive\.

4. God was manifest in the flesh\, justified in the spirit\, seen of angels\, preached unto the Gentiles\, believed on in the world/, and received up into glory.

5. Charity is not puffed up\, doth not behave itself unseemly\, is not easily provoked\, thinketh no evil\, rejoiceth in the truth\, beareth\ all things, believeth\ all things, hopeth/ all things, endureth\ all things.

6. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermillion\, planted it with a double row of ivory\, made it the seat of smiles and blushes\, lighted it up and relieved it with the brightness of the eyes\, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense\, given it airs and graces which can not be described/, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light.

EXCEPTION 1.—When the particulars enumerated in a *commencing* or *concluding* series are not at all emphatic, they receive the usual inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. New York/, Boston/, Philadelphia/, and Cincinnati/, are large cities.

2. He was esteemed for his kindness/, his intelligence/, his self-denial/, and his active benevolence.

EXCEPTION 2.—In a series forming a climax, it is not unusual to reserve the falling inflection for the last term alone.

EXAMPLES.

1. Days′, months′, years′, and ages\, shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll.

2. Property′, character′, reputation′, every\ thing was sacrificed

3. Toils′, sufferings′, wounds′, and death\, was the price of our liberty.

EXCEPTION 3.—When all the terms are strongly emphatic, they sometimes all receive the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. They saw not one man\, not one woman\, not one child\, not one four-footed beast\.

2. His hopes\, his happiness\, his life\, hung upon the words that fell from those lips.

3. They fought\, they bled\, they died\, for freedom.

REMARKS ON SERIES.

REMARK 1.—The preceding rules are those given by most standard authors on this subject, both American and English. One or two authors, however, propose the following method for avoiding monotony.

EXAMPLES.

1. Desire′, aversion′, rage\, love\, hope\, and fear′, are drawn in miniature upon the stage.

2. Joy\, grief\, fear′, anger′, pity′, scorn\, hate\, jealousy\, and love′, stamp assumed distinction upon the player.

3. Mr. Locke's definition of wit comprehends metaphors′, enigmas′, mottoes′, parables\, fables\, dreams\, visions′, dramatic writings′, burlesque′, and all the methods of allusion\.

REMARK 2.—Where a series consists of more than five members, one author proposes its division into two or more parts, as in the following

EXAMPLES.

1. Neither blindness′, nor gout′, nor age′, nor penury\, nor domestic afflictions′, nor political disappointments\, nor abuse′, nor proscription\, nor neglect′, had power to disturb him.

2. Herodotus′, Xenophon′, Pericles′, Phocion′, Thales\, Solon′, Chilo′, Pittacus′, Bias\, Cleobolus′, Periander′, Thucydides′, Socrates′, Plato\, Aristotle′, Isocrates′, Lysias′, Themistocles′, Demos-

thenes\, Pindar′, Phidias′, Euripides′, Apelles\, and Aristides′, were distinguished men.

Remark 3.—The only correct rules upon this or any subject connected with language, are merely a *record* of *good usage*, that is, such as is authorized by a majority of the best speakers and writers of the day. It is becoming more common than formerly for speakers to deliver the *whole* of a *concluding series* with the *falling inflection* and the *whole* of a *commencing series* with the *rising inflection*, and it is not improbable that this may be ere long the prevailing custom.

PARENTHESIS.

Rule XII.—A clause included in a *parenthesis*, should be read more rapidly and in a lower tone than the rest of the sentence, and should terminate with the same inflection that next precedes it. If, however, it is complicated, or emphatic, or disconnected with the main subject, the inflections must be governed by the same rules as in other cases.

EXAMPLES.

1. God is my witness′, (whom I serve with my spirit, in the gospel of his Son′,) that, without ceasing, I make mention of you always in my prayers, making request′, (if, by any means, now at length, I might have a prosperous journey by the will of God′,) to come unto you.

2. When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast′, (a slender, white staff with which he journeyed being in his right′,) he introduced himself with the little story of his convent.

3. If you, Æschines, in particular, were persuaded′, (and it was no particular affection for me, that prompted you to give up the hopes, the appliances, the honors, which attended the course I then advised; but the superior force of truth, and your utter inability to point any course more eligible\,) if this was the case, I say, is it not highly cruel and unjust to arraign these measures now, when you could not then propose a better?

4. As the hour of conflict drew near′ (and this was a conflict to be dreaded even by him\), he began to waver and to abate much of his boasting

CIRCUMFLEX.

RULE XIII.—The *circumflex* is used to express *irony, sarcasm, hypothesis,* or *contrast.*

EXAMPLES.

1. But nôbody can bear the death of Clŏdius.

2. Man never ĭs, but always to bê, blest.

3. Thêy follow an adventurer whom they fĕar; wĕ serve a monarch whom we lôve. They boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error. Yes, thĕy will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themsĕlves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection: yes, sŭch protection as vŭltures give to lămbs, cŏvering and devôuring them.

MONOTONE.

RULE XIV.—The use of the *monotone* is confined chiefly to grave and solemn subjects. When carefully and properly employed, it gives great dignity to delivery.

EXAMPLES.

1. The unbeliever! one who can gāze upon the sūn, and mōōn, and stārs, and upon the unfāding and impērishable sky, spread out so magnificently abōve him, and sāy, "All this is the wōrk of chānce!"

2. God wālketh upon the ōcean. Brīlliantly
The glāssy waters mīrror back his smīles;
The sūrging bīllows, and the gāmboling stōrms
Come crōuching to his fēēt.

3 I hāil thee, as in gōrgeous rōbes,
Blōōming, thou lēav'st the chāmbers of the ēast,
Crōwned with a gēmmed tiāra thick embōssed
With stūds of līving līght.

4. Hīgh on a thrōne of rōyal stāte, which fār
Outshōne the wēalth of Ormus and of Ind;
Or where the gōrgeous ēast, with rīchest hānd,
Shōwers on her kīngs, barbāric pēarls and gōld,
Sātan exālted sāt.

5. His brōad expānded wīngs
Lay cālm and mōtionless upōn the āir,
As if he flōated thēre withōut their āid,
By the sōle āct of his unlōrded will.

Questions.—Name the several principles which govern the use of the falling inflection. Give an example of each. In what cases is the rising inflection used? Give examples. In what cases are the two inflections united in the same sentence? What is antithesis? Give the rule for antithesis. How does the disjunctive *or* influence the inflection? Give an example. What is a series? A commencing series? A concluding series? Give an example of each. What is a simple series? A compound series? Give the rule for a commencing series. For a concluding series. Give examples. What are the remarks upon them? What is the rule for inflection in a clause contained in a parenthesis? When is the circumflex used? When is the monotone used?

III. ACCENT AND EMPHASIS.

ACCENT.

That syllable in a word which is uttered more forcibly than the others, is said to be *accented;* as the italicized syllables in the following words:

morn′ing,	*pos*′si-ble,
ty′rant,	re-*cum*′bent,
pro-*cure*′,	ex-*or*′bi-tant,
de-*bate*′,	com-pre-*hen*′sive.

Accent when marked, is denoted by the same characters as those used in inflection; the acute accent, by (′), and the grave, by (`). The latter is merely a nominal distinction, and means only, that the syllable thus marked is *not accented at all.*

Common usage *alone* determines upon what syllable the accent should be placed, and to the lexicographer it belongs, to ascertain and record its decision on this point.

In some few cases, we can trace the *reasons* for common usage in this respect. In words which are used as different parts of speech, or which have different meanings, the distinction is sometimes denoted by changing the accent.

EXAMPLES.

sub′ject,	sub-ject′,
pres′ent,	pre-sent′,
ab′sent,	ab-sent′,
cem′ent,	ce-ment′,
con′jure,	con-jure′.

There is another case, in which we discover the reason for changing the accent, and that is, when it is required by emphasis, as in the following

EXAMPLES.

His *abil′*ity or *in′*ability to perform the act materially varies the case.

This cor*rup′*tion must put on *in′*corruption.

In words of more than two syllables, there is often a second accent given, but more slight than the principal one, and this is called the *secondary* accent; as, *car′′avan′*, *rep′*ar*tee′′*, where the principal accent is marked (′′) and the secondary, (′); so, also, this accent is obvious, in *nav′iga′′*tion, *com′*-pre*hen′′*sion, *plau′*si-*bil′′*ity, &c. The whole subject, however, properly belongs to dictionaries and spelling-books.

ON EMPHASIS.

EMPHASIS consists in a certain manner of uttering a word or phrase, designed to give it force and energy, and to draw the attention of the hearer, particularly, to the idea thereby expressed.

This is most frequently accomplished by an increased stress of voice laid upon the word or phrase. Sometimes, though more rarely, the same object is effected by an unusual lowering of the voice, even down to a whisper.

The inflections, also, are made subsidiary to this object. To give emphasis to a word, the *inflection* is often changed or increased in force or extent. Where the rising inflection is ordinarily used, the word, when emphatic, frequently takes the falling inflection; and sometimes, also, the falling inflection is changed into the rising, for the same purpose.

Emphatic words are often denoted by being written in *italics*, in SMALL, or in LARGE CAPITALS.

ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS.

Where the emphasis is independent of any contrast or comparison with other words or ideas, it is called *absolute emphasis.*

EXAMPLES.

1. We *praise* thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the *Lord.*
2. *Roll* on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, *roll.*
3. *Arm*, warriors, *arm!*
4. You know that you are, Brutus, that speak this,
   Or, *by the gods*, this speech were else your last.
5. *Hamlet.* Saw *who?*
   Horatio. The *king*, your *father.*
   Hamlet. The *king*, my *father?*
6. The game 's afoot:
   Follow your spirit, and upon this charge,
   Cry "*God* for *Harry*, *England*, and *St. George!*"
7. She was the rainbow to thy sight,
   Thy *sun*, thy *heaven* of lost delight.
8. The old Lion of England grows youthful again:
   He *rouses*—he *rises*—he bristles his mane.
9. *Strike*—till the last armed foe expires;
   Strike—for your altars and your fires;
   Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
   God—and your *native land!*

RELATIVE EMPHASIS

Where there is antithesis, either expressed or implied, the emphasis is called *relative.*

EXAMPLES.

1. We can do nothing *against* the truth, but *for* the truth.
2. But I am describing *your* condition, rather than my *own.*
3. I fear not *death*, and shall I then fear *thee?*
4. Hunting *men*, and not *beasts*, shall be his game.
5. He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for *ours* only, but for the sins of the *whole world.*
6. It may *moderate* and *restrain*, but was not designed to *banish* gladness from the heart of man.

In the following examples, there are *two sets* of antitheses in the same sentence.

7. *John* was *punished; William*, *rewarded.*

8. *Without* were *fightings*, *within* were *fears.*

9. *Business* sweetens *pleasure*, as *labor* sweetens *rest.*

10. Justice appropriates *rewards* to *merit*, and *punishments* to *crime.*

11. On the *one* side, all was *alacrity* and *courage;* on the *other*. all was *timidity* and *indecision.*

12. The *wise* man is happy when he gains his *own* approbation; the *fool*, when he gains the applause of *others.*

13. His care was to *polish* the country by *art*, as he had *protected* it by *arms.*

In the following examples the relative emphasis is applied to *three sets* of antithetic words.

14. The difference between a madman and a fool is, that the *former* reasons *justly* from *false* data; and the *latter*, *erroneously* from *just* data.

15. *He* raised a *mortal to* the *skies*,
She drew an *angel down.*

Sometimes the antithesis is *implied*, as in the following instances.

16. The spirit of the *white* man's heaven,
Forbids not *thee* to weep.

17. What! while our arms can wield these blades,
Shall we die *tamely?* die *alone?*

18. At *my* nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at *my* birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.

EMPHASIS AND ACCENT.

When words, which are the same in part of their formation, are contrasted, the emphasis is expressed by accenting the syllable in which they differ. See Accent, page 40.

EXAMPLES.

1. What is the difference between *prob*ability and *pos*sibility?

2. Learn to *un*learn what you have learned amiss.

3. John attends *reg*ularly, William, *ir*regularly.

4. There is a great difference between *giv*ing and *for*giving.

5. The conduct of Antoninus was characterized by justice and humanity; that of Nero, by *in*justice and *in*humanity.

6. The conduct of the former is deserving of *ap*probation, while that of the latter merits the severest *rep*robation.

EMPHASIS AND INFLECTION.

Emphasis sometimes changes the inflection from the rising to the falling, or from the falling to the rising. For instances of the former change, see Rule II, and exception to Rule IV. In the first three following examples, the inflection is changed from the rising to the falling inflection; in the last three, it is changed from the falling to the rising, by the influence of emphasis.

EXAMPLES.

1. If we have no regard for religion in *youth*\, we ought to have respect for it in *age*.

2. If we have no regard for our *own*\ character, we ought to regard the character of *others*.

3. If content can not *remove*\ the disquietudes of life, it will, at least, *alleviate* them.

4. The sweetest melody and the most perfect harmony, fall powerless upon the ear of one who is *deaf*/.

5. It is useless to expatiate upon the beauties of nature to one who is *blind*/.

6. And they that have believing masters, let them not despise them, because they are *brethren*/; but rather let them do them service.

EMPHATIC PHRASE.

When it is desired to give to a phrase great force of expression, each word, and even the parts of a compound word, are independently emphasized.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Cassius.* Must I endure all this?
Brutus. All this!—*Ay,—more.* Fret, till your *proud—heart—break.*

2. What! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's *vesture* wounded? Look ye here,
Here is *himself.*

3. There was a time, my fellow-citizens, when the Lacedæmonians were sovereign masters, both by sea and by land; while this state had not one ship—no, NOT—ONE—WALL.

4. Shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul; and not only of the Alpine nations, but of the Alps themselves; shall I compare myself with this HALF—YEAR—CAPTAIN?

5. You call me *misbeliever—cut-throat—dog.*
Hath a *dog—money?* Is it *possible—*
A *cur* can lend *three—thousand—ducats?*

EMPHATIC PAUSE.

A short pause is often made before or after, and sometimes both before and after an emphatic word or phrase, thus very much increasing the emphatic expression of the thought.

EXAMPLES.

1. May one be pardoned, and *retain*—the offense?
In the corrupted currents of *this* world,
Offense's gilded hand may shove by—*justice;*
And oft 't is seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 't is not so—*above:*
There—is no shuffling; *there*—the action lies
In its true nature.

2. Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious courts?
Here—feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference.

3. *This*—is no *flattery: These*—are counselors
That *feelingly* persuade me what I am.
And *this*—our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds *tongues*—in *trees; books*—in the running *brooks;*
Sermons—in *stones;* and—*good* in *every* thing.

4. Heaven gave this Lyre, and thus decreed,
Be thou a *bruised*—but not a *broken*—reed.

QUESTIONS.—When is a syllable said to be accented? Give examples. How is the accent, when marked, denoted? By what authority is the accent determined? To whom does it belong to record usage in this respect? In what cases can we perceive the reason for the accent? Give examples of the first case. Of the second. Explain the secondary accent. Give examples.

What is EMPHASIS? What is its object? How is this object most frequently accomplished? In what other way is it also effected? How is emphasis denoted? What is *absolute emphasis?* Give examples. What *relative emphasis?* Give examples.

How is accent affected by emphasis? Give examples. How are inflections affected by it? Give an example in which the inflection is changed from the rising to the falling, by the force of emphasis. Give one, in which it is changed from the falling to the rising. What is an *emphatic phrase?* Give an example. What is meant by the *emphatic pause?* Give an example.

IV. INSTRUCTIONS FOR READING VERSE.

INFLECTIONS.

IN reading verse, the inflections should be *nearly* the same as in reading prose; the chief difference is, that in poetry, the *monotone* and *rising inflection* are more frequently used than in prose. The greatest difficulty in reading or declaiming this species of composition, consists in giving it that measured flow which distinguishes it from prose, without falling into a *chanting* pronunciation.

If, at any time, the reader is in doubt as to the proper inflection, let him reduce the passage to earnest conversation, and pronounce it in the most familiar and prosaic manner, and thus he will generally use the proper inflection.

EXERCISES IN INFLECTIONS.

1. Meanwhile the south wind rose, and with black wings
Wide hovering′, all the clouds together drove
From under heaven\: the hills to their supply′,
Vapor and exhalation dusk and moist
Sent up amain\: and now, the thickened sky

Like a dark ceiling stood\: down rushed the rain
Impetuous′, and continued till the earth
No more was seen\: the floating vessel swam
Uplifted′, and secure with beakèd prow′,
Rode tilting o'er the waves\.

2. My friend′, adown life's valley′, hand in hand′,
With grateful change of grave and merry speech
Or song′, our hearts unlocking each to each′,
We 'll journey onward to the silent land\;
And when stern death shall loose that loving band,
Taking in his cold hand, a hand of ours′,
The one shall strew the other's grave with flowers′,
Nor shall his heart a moment be unmanned\.
My friend and brother′! if thou goest first′,
Wilt thou no more revisit me below′?
Yea, when my heart seems happy causelessly′,
And swells′, not dreaming why′, my soul shall know
That thou′, unseen′, art bending over me\.

3. Here rests his head upon the lap of earth′,
A youth, to fortune and to fame, unknown\;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth′,
And Melancholy marked him for her own\.

4. Large was his bounty′, and his soul sincere\,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send\;
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear\,
He gained from heaven′ ('t was all he wished′) a friend\.

5. No further seek his merits to disclose′,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode′;
(There they alike′ in trembling hope repose′,)
The bosom of his Father, and his God\.

ACCENT AND EMPHASIS.

In reading verse, every syllable must have the same accent, and every word the same emphasis as in prose; and whenever the *melody* or *music* of the verse would lead to an *incorrect* accent or emphasis, this must be disregarded.

If a poet has made his verse deficient in melody, this must not be remedied by the reader, at the expense of sense or the established rules of accent and quantity. Take the following

EXAMPLE.

O'er shields, and helms, and helmèd heads he rode,
Of thrones, and mighty Seraphim pros*trate*.

According to the *metrical* accent, the last word must be pronounced "pros*trate'*." But according to the authorized pronunciation it is "*pros'*trate." Which shall yield, the poet, or established usage? Certainly not the latter.

Some writers advise a compromise of the matter, and that the word should be pronounced without accenting either syllable. Sometimes this may be done, but where it is not practicable, the prosaic reading should be preserved.

In the following examples, the words and syllables which are *improperly accented* or *emphasized* in the poetry, are marked in *italics*. According to the principle stated above, the reader should avoid giving them that pronunciation which the correct reading of the *poetry* would require, but should read them as prose, except where he can throw off all accent, and thus compromise the conflict between the poetic reading and the correct reading. That is, he must read the *poetry wrong*, in order to read the language *right*.

EXAMPLES.

1. Ask *of* thy mother earth why oaks are made
Tal*ler* and stronger than the weeds they shade.

2. Their praise is still, "the style is excel*lent*,"
The sense they humbly take upon content.

3. False elo*quence*, like *the* prismatic glass,
Its fairy colors spreads on every place.

4. To do aught good, nev*er* will be our task,
But ever *to* do ill our sole delight.

5. Of all the causes which combine to blind
Man's erring judgment, *and* mislead the mind,
What *the* weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

6. Eye nature's walks, shoot folly *as* it flies,
And catch the manners living *as* they rise.

7. To whom then, first incensed, *Adam* replied,
"Is this thy love, is this the recompense
Of mine to thee, ungrateful Eve?"

8. We may, with more successful hope, resolve
To wage, by force or guile, successful war,
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
Who now tri*umphs*, and in excess of joy
Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of Heaven.

9. Which, when Beëlzebub perceived, (than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat,) with grave
As*pect*, he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state.

10. Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two, eq*ualed* with me in fate.

NOTE.—The principle which has been stated and exemplified in the preceding examples, admits of a few exceptions; but as they can not be classified in such a way as to furnish a safe guide to any but *practiced* readers, the rule has been laid down as one without *exception*. Those who are desirous of pursuing the examination of the subject further, and to see the exceptions reduced to the form of rules, may consult Walker's Rhetorical Grammar, pp. 164–7.

OF POETIC PAUSES.

IN order to make the measure of poetry perceptible to the ear, there should generally be a *slight pause* at the end of each line, even where the sense does not require it.

There is, also, in almost every line of poetry, a pause at or near its middle, which is called the *cesura*.

This should, however, never be so placed as to injure the sense of the passage. It is indeed reckoned a great beauty, where it naturally coincides with the pause required by the sense. The cesura, though *generally* placed near the middle, may be placed at other intervals.

There are sometimes also two additional pauses in each line, called demi-cesuras.

The cesura is marked (||), and the demi-cesura thus, (|), in the examples given.

There is also to be observed a marked accent upon the long

syllable next preceding the cesura, and a slighter one upon that next before each of the demi-cesuras. These pauses and accents constitute chiefly the melody of poetry. When made too prominent, however, they lead to a sing-song style, which should be carefully avoided.

In the following examples the cesura is marked in each line, the demi-cesura in a few cases only.

EXAMPLES.

1. Nature | to all things || fixed | the limits fit,
And wisely | curbed || proud man's | pretending wit.

2. So when an angel || by divine command,
With rising tempests || shakes a guilty land.

3. Then from his closing eyes || thy form shall part,
And the last pang || shall tear thee from his heart.

4. Know then thyself; || presume not God to scan;
The proper study || of mankind is man.

5. There is a land || of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven || o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns || dispense serener light,
And milder moons || imparadise the night;
Oh, thou shalt find, || howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land—thy country || and that spot—thy home.

6. In slumbers | of midnight || the sailor | boy lay;
His hammock | swung loose || at the sport of the wind;
But watch-worn | and weary || his cares | flew away,
And visions | of happiness || danced | o'er his mind.

7. You may as well || go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main-flood || bate his usual height;
You may as well || use questions with the wolf,
Why he hath made || the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well || forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, || and to make no noise,
When they are fretted || with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well || do any thing that 's hard,
As seek to soften || that, (than which, what 's harder?)
His Jewish heart.

8. She said, | and struck; || deep entered | in her side
The piercing steel, || with reeking purple dyed:

Clogged | in the wound || the cruel | weapon stands,
The spouting blood || came streaming o'er her hands.
Her sad attendants || saw the deadly stroke,
And with loud cries || the sounding palace shook.

SIMILE.

A Simile, in poetry, should be read in a lower tone of voice than other parts of the passage.

EXAMPLES.

(The Similes are put in Italics.)

1. Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears,
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds.
Others with vast Typhoëan rage more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind. Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides felt the envenomed robe, and tore,
Through pain, up by the roots, Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Œta threw
Into the Euboic sea.

2. Each at the head,
Leveled his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at th' other, *as when two black clouds,*
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rolling on
Over the Caspian, there stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join the dark encounter, in mid-air:
So frowned the mighty combatants.

3. Then pleased and thankful, from the porch they go,
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanished; for, in secret guise,
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.
As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered, stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear,—

So seemed the sire, when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner showed.

QUESTIONS.—What is the difference between the inflection proper in prose and in verse? What is the principal difficulty in reading poetry correctly? How may this difficulty be overcome? If there should be doubt as to the proper inflection, how may the inflection be determined? If the poetical accent or emphasis conflicts with the common and authorized pronunciation, which should yield? How may the difficulty sometimes be compromised? Illustrate this by examples. What pauses are peculiar to poetry? What caution should be observed with regard to the cesura? How should a simile be read in poetry?

V. THE VOICE.

STRENGTH AND COMPASS.

THE first object of every speaker's attention, is to have a smooth, even, full tone of voice. If nature has not given him such a voice, he must endeavor, as much as possible, to acquire it; nor ought he to despair; for such is the force of exercise upon the organs of speech, that constant practice will strengthen the voice in any key to which we accustom it. That key, therefore, which is most natural, and which we have the greatest occasion to use, should be the key we ought the most diligently to improve.

Every one has a certain pitch of voice in which he can speak most easily to himself and most agreeably to others; this may be called the natural pitch; this is the pitch in which we converse; and this must be the basis of every improvement we acquire from art and exercise. In order, therefore, to strengthen this middle tone, we ought to read and speak in it, as loud as possible, without suffering the voice to rise into a higher key. This, however, is no easy operation. It is not very difficult to be loud in a high tone, but to be loud and forcible without raising the voice into a higher key, requires great practice and management.

The best method of acquiring this power of voice, is to practice reading and speaking some strong, animated passages, in a small room, and to persons placed at as small a

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distance as possible; for, as we naturally raise our voice to a higher key, when we speak to people at a great distance, so we naturally lower our key, as those, to whom we speak, come nearer. When, therefore, we have no idea of being heard at a distance, the voice will not be so apt to rise into a higher key, when we wish to be forcible; and, consequently, exerting as much force as we are able, in a small room, and to people near us, will tend to swell and strengthen the voice, in the middle tone.—*Rhetorical Grammar, p.* 245.

LOW TONES OF VOICE

May be acquired and strengthened by practice on such pieces as naturally require a pitch a little below the natural or conversational tone; such, for example, as contain the expression of hatred, scorn, or reproach, as well as those of a very grave and solemn character. When the student can pronounce such pieces with ease and force, let him practice them on a little lower note, and so on, until the voice has been sufficiently cultivated in that direction.

EXAMPLES.

1. O, proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fears:
This is the air-drawn dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan. O, these pains and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a stool!

2. Thou slave! thou wretch! thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, thou dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! Thou art perjured too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and sweat,
Upon my party! thou cold-blooded slave.

3. Poison be their drink,
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste;

Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their sweetest prospects, murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizard's stings!
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss;
And boding screech-owls make the concert full.

4. God! thou art mighty! At thy footstool bound,
Lie, gazing to thee, Chance, and Life, and Death;
Nor in the angel circle flaming round,
Nor in the million worlds that blaze beneath,
Is one that can withstand thy wrath's hot breath.
Woe, in thy frown: in thy smile, victory:
Hear my last prayer! I ask no mortal wreath;
Let but these eyes my rescued country see,
Then take my spirit, all omnipotent, to thee.

5. What eye
Has not been dazzled by thy majesty?
Where is the ear that has not heard thee speak?
Thou breathest! forest-oaks of centuries
Turn their uprooted trunks toward the skies!
Thou thunderest! adamantine mountains break,
Tremble, and totter, and apart are riven!
Thou lightenest! and the rocks inflame; thy power
Of fire, to their metallic bosom driven,
Melts and devours them; lo! they are no more;
They pass away like wax in the fierce flame,
Or the thick mists that frown upon the sun,
Which he but glances at, and they are gone.

HIGH TONES OF VOICE

May be acquired by a process similar to that just described. Select such passages as require a high key, and read them with the utmost possible force. Then pitch the voice a little higher, at each successive reading, and so on until the end is accomplished. Speaking in the open air, at the very top of the voice, is an exercise admirably adapted to strengthen the voice and give it compass, and should be frequently practiced.

EXAMPLES.

1. What was the part of a faithful citizen? of a prudent, active, and honest minister? Was he not to secure Eubœa, as our defense against all attacks by sea? Was he not to make Bœotia our

barrier on the midland side? the cities bordering on Peloponnesus our bulwark in that quarter? Was he not to attend with due precaution, to the importation of corn, that this trade might be protected through all its progress, up to our own harbor? Was he not to cover those districts which we commanded, by seasonable detachments at Tenedos? to exert himself in the assembly for this purpose? while with equal zeal he labored to gain others to our interest? Was he not to cut off the best and most important resources of our enemies, and to supply those in which our country was defective? And all this you gained by my counsels, and my administration.

2. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius;
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into his teeth.

3. O ye judges! it was not by human counsel, nor by any thing less than the immediate care of the immortal gods, that this event has taken place. The very divinities themselves who beheld that monster fall, seemed to be moved and to have inflicted their vengeance upon him. I appeal to, I call to witness you, O ye hills and groves of Alba! you, the demolished Alban altars! ever accounted holy by the Romans, and coëval with our religion, but which Clodius, in his mad fury, having first cut down and leveled the most sacred groves, had sunk under heaps of common buildings, I appeal to you; I call you to witness, whether your altars, your divinities, your powers, which he had polluted with all kinds of wickedness, did not avenge themselves when this wretch was extirpated. And thou, O holy Jupiter! from the height of thy sacred mount, whose lakes, groves, and boundaries, he had so often contaminated with his detestable impurities; and you, the other deities, whom he had insulted, at length opened your eyes, to punish this enormous offender. By you, by you, and in your sight, was the slow, but the righteous and merited vengeance executed upon him.

FULLNESS AND ROTUNDITY OF VOICE.

By this is meant that quality of voice, to which the Romans gave the name of "ore rotundo," because the sounds are formed with a "round, open mouth." It is exemplified in the hailing of a ship, "ship aho——y;" in the reply of

the sailor, when, in the roar of the storm, he answers his captain, "ay——e, ay——e;" and in the command of the officer to his troops, when, amid the thunder of artillery, he gives the order, "ma——rch," or "ha——lt."

This fullness or roundness of tone is secured, by dwelling on the *vowel sound*, and indefinitely protracting it. The mouth should be opened wide, the tongue kept down, and the aperture left as round, and as free for the voice as possible.

It is this artificial rotundity, which, in connection with a distinct articulation, enables the field orator, or one who speaks in a very large apartment, to send his voice to the most distant point. It is a certain degree of this quality, which distinguishes declamatory, or public speaking or reading, from private conversation, and no one can accomplish much, as a public speaker, without cultivating it. It must be carefully distinguished from the "high tone," which is an elevation of *pitch*, and from "loudness," or "strength" of voice, both which qualities have been treated of, in the preceding article.

EXAMPLES.

[Let the pupil practice upon examples like the following, dwelling upon the sounds of the *italicized vowels*.]

(*Loud and Full.*)

1. *O* r*i*ghteous He*a*ven; ere Fr*ee*dom f*ou*nd a gr*a*ve,
   Wh*y* slept the sw*o*rd, omnipotent to s*a*ve?
   Where was th*i*ne *a*rm, *O* vengeance! where th*y* r*o*d,
   That sm*o*te the f*o*es of Z*i*on and of G*o*d?

2. He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
   Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer:
   But I will find him when he lies asleep,
   And in his ear I 'll hall*oo*—MORTIMER!
   I 'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
   Nothing but MORTIMER, and give it him.

3. Woe! woe! woe to the inhabitants of Jerusalem!

(*Low, Soft, and Full.*)

4. *O*, sw*e*ar not by the m*oo*n, the inconstant m*oo*n,
   That m*o*nthly ch*a*nges in her circled *o*rb,
   Lest that th*y* love pr*o*ve likewise v*a*riable.

5. *O* s*a*ilor-b*oy*, woe to thy dream of del*i*ght!

6. *O* sailor-b*oy!* sailor-boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, th*y* wishes repa*y;*
*U*nblessed and *u*nhonored, d*o*wn d*ee*p in the m*a*in,
Full many a score f*a*thom, th*y* fr*a*me shall dec*ay.*

MANAGEMENT OF THE VOICE.

On this subject we can do nothing better than lay before the student an extract from Mr. Walker's excellent "Rhetorical Grammar."

"As the voice naturally slides into a higher tone, when we want to speak louder, but *not so easily* into a lower tone, when we want to speak more softly, the first care of every reader and speaker ought to be, to acquire the power of lowering the voice when it is too high. Experience shows us that we can raise our voice at pleasure, to any pitch it is capable of; but the same experience tells us, that it requires infinite art and practice to bring the voice to a lower key, when it is once raised too high. It ought, therefore, to be a first principle with all public readers and speakers, rather to begin *under* the common level of the voice, than *above* it.

"Every one, therefore, who would acquire a variety of tone, in public reading or speaking, must avoid, as the greatest evil, a loud and vociferous beginning; and, for this purpose, it would be prudent in a reader or speaker, to adapt his voice as if only to be heard by the person nearest to him. If his voice has natural strength, and the subject any thing impassioned in it, a higher and louder tone will insensibly steal on him, and his greatest address must be directed to keep it within bounds. For this purpose, it will be frequently necessary for him to recall his voice, as it were, from the extremities of his auditory, and direct it to those who are nearest to him.

"If, in the course of reading, the voice should slide into a higher tone, and this tone too often recur, care must be taken to throw in a variety, by beginning subsequent sentences in a lower tone, and (if the subject will admit of it) in a *monotone;* for the monotone is the most efficacious means of bringing the voice from high to low, and of altering it when it has been too long in the same key."

With regard to those changes of tone which are required by

the character of the sentiment uttered, such as a sudden transition from high to low, or the contrary, plaintiveness or expressiveness of voice, a slow or quick delivery, and other things of a like nature, rules seem to be unnecessary, and even to impede improvement.

QUESTIONS.—What, with regard to the voice, is an important object of every speaker's attention? What key ought he most diligently to improve? What is meant by the natural pitch? How may this be cultivated? What difficulty is there in doing this? What is the best method of obviating this difficulty? How may the *lower tones* of the voice be strengthened? How may *high tones* of voice be acquired? Is it easier to *raise* the voice, or to *lower* it? In what tone ought a speaker to commence? What is especially to be avoided in the beginning? In what way may the voice, if too high, be brought down?

VI. GESTURE.

IT is not designed, in this book, to give a minute system of rules and instructions on the subject of Gesture. That would be a difficult task without the assistance of plates; and even with their aid, any directions must be very imperfect, without the example and illustrations of the living teacher, as the speaking model. It will be sufficient to give some general hints by means of which the student may form rules, or pursue a discipline for himself.

Gesture is that part of the speaker's manner which pertains to his attitude, to the use and carriage of his person, and the movement of his limbs in delivery.

Every person, in beginning to speak, feels the natural embarrassment resulting from his new position. The novelty of the situation destroys his self-possession, and, with the loss of that, he becomes awkward, his arms and hands hang clumsily, and now, for the first time, seem to him worse than superfluous members. This embarrassment will be overcome gradually, as the speaker becomes familiar with his position; and it is sometimes overcome at once, by a powerful exercise of the attention upon the matter of the speech. When that fills and possesses the mind, the orator insensibly takes the attitude which is becoming, and, at least, easy and natural, if not graceful.

1st. The first general direction that should be given to the speaker is, that he should stand erect and firm, and in that posture which gives an expanded chest and full play to the organs of respiration and utterance.

2d. Let the attitude be such that it can be shifted with ease, and without shuffling and hitching the limbs. The student will find, by trial, that no attitude is so favorable to this end, as that in which the weight of the body is thrown upon one leg, leaving the other free to be advanced or thrown back, as fatigue or the proper action of delivery may require.

The student, who has any regard to grace or elegance, will of course avoid all the gross faults which are so common among public speakers, such as resting one foot upon a stool or bench, or throwing the body lazily forward upon the support of the rostrum.

3d. Next to attitude, come the movements of the person and limbs. In these, two objects are to be observed, and, if possible, combined, viz., *propriety* and *grace*. There is expression in the extended arm, the clinched hand, the open palm, and the smiting of the breast. But let no gesture be made that is not in harmony with the thought or sentiment that is uttered; for it is this harmony which constitutes propriety. As far as possible, let there be a correspondence between the style of action and the train of thought. Where the thought flows on calmly and sweetly, let there be the same graceful and easy flow of gesture and action. Where the style is sharp and abrupt, there is propriety in the quick, short, and abrupt gesticulation. Especially avoid that unsraceful sawing of the air with the arms, into which an ill-regulated fervor betrays many young speakers.

What is called a *graceful manner*, can only be attained by those who have some natural advantages of person. So far as it is in the reach of study or practice, it seems to depend chiefly upon the general cultivation of manners, implying freedom from all embarrassments, and entire self-possession. The whole secret of acquiring a graceful style of gesture, we apprehend, lies in the habitual practice, not only when speaking, but at all times, of free and graceful movements of the limbs.

There is no limb nor feature, which the accomplished speaker will not employ with effect, in the course of a various and animated delivery. But the arms are the chief reliance of the orator in gesture; and it will not be amiss to give a hint or two in reference to their proper use.

And *first;*—It is not an uncommon fault to use one arm exclusively, and to give that a uniform movement. Such movement may, sometimes, have grown habitual from one's profession or employment. But in learners, also, there is often a predisposition to this fault.

Secondly;—It is not unusual to see a speaker use only the lower half of his arm. This always gives a stiff and constrained manner to delivery. Let the whole arm move, and let the movement be free and flowing.

Thirdly;—As a general rule, let the hand be open, with the fingers slightly curved. It then seems liberal, communicative, and candid; and, in some degree, gives that expression to the style of delivery. Of course, there are passages which require the clinched hand, the pointed finger, &c.; but these are used to give a particular expression.

Fourthly;—In the movements of the arm, study variety and the grace of curved lines.

When a gesture is made with one arm only, the *eye* should be cast in the direction of that arm; not *at* it, but *over* it.

All speakers employ, more or less, the motions of the head. In reference to that member, we make but one observation. Avoid the continuous bobbing and shaking of the head, which is so conspicuous in the action of many ambitious public speakers.

The beauty and force of all gesture consist in its timely, judicious, and natural employment, when it can serve to illustrate the meaning, or give emphasis to the force of an important passage. The usual fault of young speakers is too much action. To emphasize all parts alike, is equivalent to no emphasis; and by employing forcible gestures on unimportant passages, we diminish our power to render other parts impressive.

TO TEACHERS.

In Articulation, as the exercises are already extensive, a few lessons only are added, *especially* adapted to the purpose of practice.

The Inflections marked are in accordance with the best authorities, both American and English, among whom may be mentioned Sheridan Knowles as a leading and standard author on this subject. At the same time, it must be remembered, that, in many cases, inflections depend upon the *degree* of *emphasis*, and, on this point, opinions and tastes may vary in different individuals, and sometimes in the same individual at different times. It is also to be noticed, that the *rising inflection* is often used in a slight degree without being discerned, except by an acute and educated ear; pupils learn to distinguish it with great difficulty, and teachers frequently do not perceive it, unless under emphasis.

In Emphasis and Poetry, the lessons for practice include all the previous notation.

With regard to the lessons on Modulation, a single remark seems necessary. The tone and manner in which emotion is expressed, are instinctive. A proper expression can be given, only by imbibing the spirit of the subject. In the notation, high and low tones are specifically indicated. Loudness is sufficiently denoted in most cases, by emphasis.

The subjoined characters are used in the following pages:

The rising inflection is denoted by	(′)
The falling inflection " "	(ˋ)
The rising circumflex " "	(◡)
The falling circumflex " "	(∧)
The monotone, by a line placed over the vowel	(—)
Emphatic words are denoted by italics or capitals.	
The emphatic pause, by a line before or after the word	(—)
The cesura is denoted by	(‖)
The demi-cesura " "	(|)
A high tone " "	(*h*)
A higher tone " "	(*hh*)
A low tone " "	(*l*)
A lower tone " "	(*ll*)

NEW SIXTH READER.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

The first five of the following Exercises are intended *especially* for practice in Articulation, and are earnestly commended to the Teacher's attention.

EXERCISE I.—THE GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.

From Goldsmith.

Oliver Goldsmith was born in Ireland, in 1728. After his graduation at the Dublin University, he went to London, to seek support by his pen; and during the greater part of his life, worked as a mere compiler for the book-sellers. His poems of "*The Traveler*" and "*The Deserted Village*," established his fame. He died in 1774.

1. Archipelago; (*pro.* Ark-e-pel′-a-go,) a narrow sea bordering on Greece, and containing many small islands.

2. Levantine; the eastern part of the Mediterranean sea is called the *Levant*, and a *Levantine mariner* is a seaman of that region.

1. Of all the subterraneous caverns now known, the grotto of Antiparos is the most remarkable, as well for its extent as for the beauty of its sparry incrustations. This celebrated cavern was first explored by one Magni, an Italian traveler, about one hundred years ago, at Antiparos, an inconsiderable island of the Archipelago.

2. "Having been informed," says he, "by the natives of Paros, that, in the little island of Antiparos, which lies about two miles from the former, a gigantic statue was to be seen at the mouth of a cavern in that place, it was resolved that we (the French consul and himself) should pay it a visit.

3. "In pursuance of this resolution, after we had landed on the island, and walked about four miles through the midst of beautiful plains and sloping woodlands, we at length came to a little hill, on the side of which yawned a most horrid cavern, which, by its gloom, at first struck us with terror, and

almost repressed curiosity. Recovering from the first surprise, however, we entered boldly, and had not proceeded above twenty paces, when the supposed statue of the giant presented itself to view.

4. "We quickly perceived that what the ignorant natives had been terrified at as a giant, was nothing more than a sparry concretion, formed by the water dropping from the roof of the cave, and by degrees hardening into a figure, which their fears had formed into a monster. Incited by this extraordinary appearance, we were induced to proceed still further, in quest of new adventures, in this subterranean abode.

5. "As we proceeded, new wonders offered themselves; the spars, formed into trees and shrubs, presented a kind of petrified grove; some white, some green; and all receding in due perspective. They struck us with the more amazement, as we knew them to be mere productions of Nature, who, hitherto in solitude, had, in her playful moments, dressed the scene as if for her own amusement.

6. "We had as yet seen but a few of the wonders of the place; and we were introduced only into the portico of this amazing temple. In one corner of this half-illuminated recess, there appeared an opening about three feet wide, which seemed to lead to a place totally dark, and which one of the natives assured us contained nothing more than a reservoir of water.

7. "Upon this information, we made an experiment, by throwing down some stones, which rumbled along the sides of the descent for some time: the sound seemed at last quashed in a bed of water. In order, however, to be more certain, we sent in a Levantine mariner, who, by the promise of a good reward, ventured, with a flambeau in his hand, into this narrow aperture.

8. "After continuing within it for about a quarter of an hour, he returned, bearing in his hand some beautiful pieces of white spar, which art could neither equal nor imitate. Upon being informed by him that the place was full of these beautiful incrustations, I ventured in with him, about fifty paces, anxiously and cautiously descending, by a steep and dangerous way.

9. "Finding, however, that we came to a precipice which led into a spacious amphitheater, (if I may so call it,) still deeper than any other part, we returned, and being provided with a ladder, flambeau, and other things to expedite our descent, our whole company, man by man, ventured into the same opening; and, descending one after another, we at last saw ourselves all together in the most magnificent part of the cavern.

10. "Our candles being now all lighted up, and the whole place completely illuminated, never could the eye be presented with a more glittering or a more magnificent scene; the whole roof hung with solid icicles, transparent as glass, yet solid as marble.

11. "The eye could scarcely reach the lofty and noble ceiling; the sides were regularly formed with spars; and the whole presented the idea of a magnificent theater, illuminated with an immense profusion of lights. The floor consisted of solid marble; and, in several places, magnificent columns, thrones, altars, and other objects, appeared, as if nature had designed to mock the curiosities of art.

12. "Our voices, upon speaking or singing, were redoubled, to an astonishing loudness; and upon the firing of a gun, the noise and reverberations were almost deafening. In the midst of this grand amphitheater, rose a concretion about fifteen feet high, that, in some measure, resembled an altar; from which, taking the hint, we caused mass to be celebrated there. The beautiful columns that shot up around the altar appeared like candlesticks; and many other natural objects represented the customary ornaments of this rite.

13. "Below even this spacious grotto, there seemed another cavern; down which I ventured with my former mariner, and descended about fifty paces, by means of a rope. I at last arrived at a small spot of level ground, where the bottom appeared different from that of the amphitheater, being composed of soft clay, yielding to the pressure, and in which I thrust a stick to the depth of six feet.

14. "In this, however, as above, numbers of the most beautiful crystals were formed; one of which, particularly, resembled a table. Upon our egress from this amazing cavern, we perceived a Greek inscription upon a rock at the mouth,

but so obliterated by time that we could not read it distinctly. It seems to import that one Antipater, in the time of Alexander, had come hither; but whether he penetrated into the depths of the cavern, he does not see fit to inform us." This account of so beautiful and striking a scene may serve to give us some idea of the subterraneous wonders of nature.

II.—THE THUNDER-STORM.

From Thomson.

James Thomson was born in Scotland, in 1700. His fame rests chiefly on the poem of "*The Seasons*," which will ever be popular through its vivid descriptions of natural scenery. He died at Kew, in 1748.

1. As from the face of heaven the shattered clouds
Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky
Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure.

2. Through the lightened air
A higher luster and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Invests the fields; and nature smiles revived.

3. 'T is beauty all, and grateful song around,
Joined to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clovered vale;
And shall the hymn be marred by thankless man,
Most favored; who, with voice articulate,
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?

4. Shall man, so soon forgetful of the Hand
That hushed the thunder, and serenes the sky,
Extinguished feel that spark the tempest waked,
That sense of powers, exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?

III.—DESCRIPTION OF A STORM.

From D'Israeli.

D'Israeli is an English writer, who first distinguished himself as an author, but has, for several years, devoted himself to politics. He has been a member of the English ministry and of Parliament.

1. * * * They looked round on every side, and hope gave way before the scene of desolation. Immense branches were shivered from the largest trees; small ones were entirely stripped of their leaves; the long grass was bowed to the earth; the waters were whirled in eddies out of the little rivulets; birds, leaving their nests to seek shelter in the crevices of the rocks, unable to stem the driving air, flapped their wings and fell upon the earth; the frightened animals of the plain, almost suffocated by the impetuosity of the wind, sought safety, and found destruction; some of the largest trees were torn up by the roots; the sluices of the mountains were filled, and innumerable torrents rushed down the before empty gullies. The heavens now open, and the lightning and thunder contend with the horrors of the wind.

2. In a moment, all was again hushed. Dead silence succeeded the bellow of the thunder, the roar of the wind, the rush of the waters, the moaning of the beasts, the screaming of the birds. Nothing was heard save the plash of the agitated lake, as it beat up against the black rocks which girt it in.

3. Again, greater darkness enveloped the trembling earth. Anon, the heavens were rent with lightning, which nothing could have quenched but the descending deluge. Cataracts poured down from the lowering firmament. For an instant, the horses dashed madly forward; beast and rider blinded and stifled by the gushing rain, and gasping for breath. Shelter was nowhere. The quivering beasts reared, and snorted, and sank upon their knees, dismounting their riders.

4. He had scarcely spoken, when there burst forth a terrific noise, they knew not what; a rush, they could not understand; a vibration which shook them on their horses. Every terror sank before the roar of the cataract. It seemed that the

mighty mountain, unable to support its weight of waters, shook to the foundation. A lake had burst upon its summit, and the cataract became a falling ocean. The source of the great deep appeared to be discharging itself over the range of mountains; the great gray peak tottered on its foundation!—It shook!—it fell! and buried in its ruins, the castle, the village, and the bridge!

IV.—HYMN TO THE NIGHT-WIND.

1. Unbridled Spirit, throned upon the lap
Of ebon Midnight, whither dost thou stray?
Whence didst thou come, and where is thy abode?
From slumber I awaken at the sound
Of thy most melancholy voice; sublime,
Thou ridest on the rolling clouds, which take
The form of sphinx, or hippogriff, or car,
Like those of Roman conquerors of yore
In Nemean pastimes used, by fiery steeds
Drawn headlong on; or choosest, all unseen,
To ride the vault, and drive the murky storms
Before thee, or bow down, with giant wing,
The wondering forests as thou sweepest by!

2. Daughter of Darkness! when remote the noise
Of tumult, and of discord, and mankind;
When but the watch-dog's voice is heard, or wolves
That bay the silent night, or from the tower,
Ruined and rent, the note of boding owl,
Or lapwing's shrill and solitary cry;
When sleep weighs down the eyelids of the world,
And life is as it were not; down the sky,
Forth from thy cave, wide-roaming, thou dost come
To hold nocturnal orgies.

3. Behold!
Stemming with eager prow the Atlantic tide,
Holds on the intrepid mariner; abroad
The wings of night brood shadowy; heave the waves
Around him, mutinous, their curling heads,
Portentous of a storm; all hands are plied,
A zealous task, and sounds the busy deck
With notes of preparation; many an eye
Is upward cast toward the clouded heaven;

And many a thought, with troubled tenderness
Dwells on the calm tranquillity of home;
And many a heart its supplicating prayer
Breathes forth; meanwhile, the boldest sailor's cheek
Blanches; stout courage fails; young childhood's shriek
Awfully piercing, bursts · and woman's fears
Are speechless.

4. With a low, insidious moan,
Rush past the gales that harbinger thy way,
And hail thy advent; gloom the murky clouds
Darker around; and heave the maddening waves
Higher their crested summits. With a glare,
Unveiling but the clouds and foaming sea,
Flashes the lightning; then, with doubling peal,
Reverberating to the gates of heaven,
Rolls the deep thunder, with tremendous crash,
Sublime as if the firmament were rent
Amid the severing clouds that pour their storms,
Commingling sea and sky.

5. Disturbed, arise
The monsters of the deep, and wheel around
Their mountainous bulk unwieldy, while aloft,
Poised on the feathery summit of the wave,
Hangs the frail bark, its howlings of despair,
Lost on the mocking storm. Then frantic, *thou*
Dost rise, tremendous Power, thy wings unfurled,
Unfurled, but not to succor nor to save:
Then is thine hour of triumph; with a yell
Thou rushest on; and with a maniac tone
Sing'st in the rifted shroud; the straining mast
Yields, and the cordage cracks.

6. Thou churn'st the deep
To madness, tearing up the yellow sands
From their profound recesses, and dost strew
The clouds around thee, and within thy hand
Tak'st up the billowy tide, and dashest down
The vessel to destruction!——*She is not!*—
But when the morning lifts her dewy eye,
And to a quiet calm, the elements,
Subsiding from their fury, have dispersed,
There art thou, like a satiate conqueror,
Recumbent on the murmuring deep, thy smiles
All unrepentant of the savage wreck.

V.—THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

From Southey.

Robert Southey, a distinguished English poet, was born in Bristol, in 1774. He wrote upon a great variety of subjects, and was, in 1813, appointed Poet Laureate, a post which he retained till his decease, in March, 1843.

[This lesson is inserted on account of its very peculiar adaptation for practice on the difficult sound *ing*.]

How does the water
Come down at Lodore?

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For awhile, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry.

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging

As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound·
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering:

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,

And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling:

And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar:
And this way, the water comes down at Lodore.

ON INFLECTION.

The following exercises to the 62d are, most of them, marked with the appropriate inflections, beginning with a few of the more simple principles, and gradually adding others.

VI.—INDUSTRY NECESSARY FOR THE ORATOR.

From H. Ware, Jr.

1. The history of the world is full of testimony to prove how much depends upon industry'; not an eminent author has lived but is an example' of it. Yet, in contradiction to all this', the almost universal feeling appears to be, that industry can effect nothing', that eminence is the result of accident', and that every one must be content to remain just what he may happen to be'. Thus multitudes', who come forward as teachers and guides, suffer themselves to be satisfied with the most indifferent attainments, and a miserable mediocrity', without so much as inquiring how they might rise higher, much less making any attempt' to rise.

2. For any other art they would serve an apprenticeship, and would be ashamed to practice it in public', before they have learned' it. If any one would sing', he attends a master, and is drilled in the very elementary principles'; and, only after the most laborious process, dares to exercise his voice in public'. This he does', though he has scarce any thing to learn but the mechanical execution of what lies, in sensible forms, before his eye'. But the extempore speaker', who is to invent as well as to utter, to carry on an operation of the mind as well as to produce sound', enters upon

the work without preparatory discipline, and then wonders that he fails.

3. If he were learning to play on the flute for public exhibition, what hours and days would he spend in giving facility to his fingers, and attaining the power of the sweetest and most impressive execution. If he were devoting himself to the organ, what months and years would he labor, that he might know its compass, and be master of its keys, and be able to draw out, at will, all its various combinations of harmonious sounds, and its full richness and delicacy of expression. And yet, he will fancy, that the grandest, the most various, the most expressive of all instruments, which the infinite Creator has fashioned by the union of an intellectual soul with the powers of speech, may be played upon without study or practice. He comes to it a mere uninstructed tyro, and thinks to manage all its stops, and to command the whole compass of its varied and comprehensive power. He finds himself a bungler in the attempt, is mortified at his failure, and settles in his mind forever, that he attempts in vain.

4. Success in every art, whatever may be the natural talent, is always the reward of industry and pains. But the instances are many, of men of the finest natural genius, whose beginning has promised much, but who have degenerated wretchedly as they advanced, because they trusted to their gifts, and made no effort to improve. That there have never been other men of equal endowments with Cicero and Demosthenes, none would venture to suppose. If those great men had been content, like others, to continue as they began, and had never made their persevering efforts of improvement, their countries would have been little benefited by their genius, and the world would never have known their fame. They would have been lost in the undistinguished crowd that sunk to oblivion around them.

5. Of how many more will the same remark prove true! What encouragement is thus given to the industrious! With such encouragement, how inexcusable is the negligence which suffers the most interesting and important truths to seem heavy and dull, and fall ineffectual to the ground, through mere sluggishness in the delivery! How unworthy of one who performs the high function of a religious instructor, upon

whom depend, in a great measure, the religious knowledge\', and devotional sentiment\', and final character′ of many fellow beings, to imagine that he can worthily discharge this great concern by occasionally talking for an hour, he knows not how′, and in a manner he has taken no pains to render correct′, or attractive\'; and which, simply through that want of command over himself, which study would give, is immethodical\', verbose\', inaccurate\', feeble′, trifling\'! It has been said of a great preacher,

That truths divine come mended from his tongue\'.

Alas! they come ruined and worthless from such a man as this\'. They lose that holy energy, by which they are to convert the soul, and purify man for heaven, and sink, in interest and efficacy, below the level of those principles′, which govern the ordinary affairs of this lower world\'.

Remark.—In the last paragraph, the words "knowledge," "sentiment," "character," and "immethodical," "verbose," "feeble," &c., are embraced under the rule for series. See Rules X and XI.

VII.—THE OLD HOUSE-CLOCK.

1. O! the old, old clock of the household stock′,
   Was the brightest thing, and neatest\';
   Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold′,
   And its chimes rang still the sweetest\';
   'T was a monitor, too, though its words were few′,
   Yet they lived, though nations altered\';
   And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,′
   When the voice of friendship faltered\':
   "Tick! tick!" it said, "quick, to bed\':
   For ten I've given warning\'!"
   Up! up! and go, or else you know′,
   You'll never rise soon in the morning\'!"

2. A friendly voice was that old, old clock′,
   As it stood in the corner smiling,
   And blessed the time with a merry chime,
   The wintry hours beguiling\';
   But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock′,
   As it called at day-break boldly\';
   When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way′,

And the early air looked coldly˄:
"Tick! tick!" it said, "quick out of bed;
For five I've given warning˄;
You'll never have health, you'll never have wealth′
Unless you're up soon in the morning′!"

3. Still hourly the sound goes round and round′,
With a tone that ceases never′;
While tears are shed for bright days fled′,
And the old friends lost forever!
Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone,
That beat like ours, though stronger˄;
Its hands still move, though hands we love′
Are clasped on earth no longer˄!
"Tick! tick!" it said, "to the church-yard bed˄,
The grave hath given warning˄;
Up! up! and rise˄, and look at the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning˄!"

VIII.—SCHEMES OF LIFE OFTEN ILLUSORY.

From Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was born in Litchfield, England, in 1709. He went to London, in 1736, determined to devote himself to literature, and he maintained himself, principally, by writing for the magazines and other periodicals. After the publication of the *Rambler* and the *English Dictionary*, he found himself indisputably at the head of his literary contemporaries. He died in 1784.

1. Omar, the son of Hassan′, had passed seventy-five years in honor and prosperity˄. The favor of three successive caliphs had filled his house with gold and silver; and whenever he appeared′, the benedictions of the people proclaimed his passage˄.

2. Terrestrial happiness is of short continuance˄. The brightness of the flame is wasting its fuel˄; the fragrant flower is passing away in its own odors˄. The vigor of Omar began to fail˄; the curls of beauty fell from his head˄; strength departed from his hands, and agility from his feet˄. He gave back to the caliph the keys of trust, and the seals of secrecy; and sought no other pleasure for the remainder of life than the converse of the wise and the gratitude of the good˄.

3. The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled by visitants, eager to catch the dictates of experience, and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. Caleb, the son of the viceroy of Egypt′, entered every day early, and retired late‘. He was beautiful and eloquent‘: Omar admired his wit, and loved his docility.

4. "Tell me," said Caleb, "thou to whose voice nations have listened, and whose wisdom is known to the extremities of Asia′, tell me, how I may resemble Omar the prudent‘. The arts by which thou hast gained power and preserved it, are to thee no longer necessary or useful; impart to me‘ the secret of thy conduct, and teach me the plan upon which thy wisdom has built thy fortune‘."

5. "Young man′," said Omar, "it is of little use to form plans of life‘. When I took my first survey of the world, in my twentieth year′, having considered the various conditions of mankind, in the hour of solitude, I said thus to myself, leaning against a cedar, which spread its branches over my head: 'Seventy years are allowed to man ; I have yet fifty remaining.

6. "'Ten years I will allot to the attainment of knowledge′, and ten I will pass in foreign countries ; I shall be learned, and therefore shall be honored‘; every city will shout at my arrival, and every student will solicit my friendship‘. Twenty years thus passed, will store my mind with images, which I shall be busy, through the rest of my life, in combining and comparing. I shall revel in inexhaustible accumulations of intellectual riches; I shall find new pleasures for every moment, and shall never more be weary of myself.

7. "'I will not, however, deviate too far from the beaten track of life′; but will try what can be found in female delicacy‘. I will marry a wife as beautiful as the houries′, and wise as Zobeide‘; and with her I will live twenty years within the suburbs of Bagdat, in every pleasure that wealth can purchase, and fancy can invent.

8. "'I will then retire to a rural dwelling, pass my days in obscurity and contemplation; and lie silently down on the bed of death. Through my life it shall be my settled resolution, that I will never depend on the smile of princes; that I

will never stand exposed to the artifices of courts; I will never pant for public honors, nor disturb my quiet with the affairs of state.' Such was my scheme of life, which I impressed indelibly upon my memory.

9. "The first part of my ensuing time was to be spent in search of knowledge', and I know not how I was diverted from my design'. I had no visible impediments without', nor any ungovernable passions within'. I regarded knowledge as the highest honor, and the most engaging pleasure'; yet day stole upon day, and month glided after month, till I found that seven years of the first ten had vanished', and left nothing behind' them.

10. "I now postponed my purpose of traveling; for why should I go abroad', while so much remained to be learned at home'? I immured myself for four years, and studied the laws of the empire. The fame of my skill reached the judges: I was found able to speak upon doubtful questions, and I was commanded to stand at the footstool of the caliph. I was heard with attention; I was consulted with confidence, and the love of praise fastened on my heart.

11. "I still wished to see distant countries; listened with rapture to the relations of travelers, and resolved some time to ask my dismission, that I might feast my soul with novelty'; but my presence was always necessary, and the stream of business hurried me along. Sometimes, I was afraid lest I should be charged with ingratitude; but I still proposed to travel, and therefore would not confine myself by marriage.

12. "In my fiftieth year', I began to suspect that the time of my traveling was past; and thought it best to lay hold on the felicity yet in my power, and indulge myself in domestic' pleasures. But, at fifty, no man easily finds a woman beautiful as the houries, and wise as Zobeide. I inquired and rejected, consulted and deliberated, till the sixty-second year made me ashamed of wishing to marry. I had now nothing left but retirement'; and for retirement I never found a time', till disease forced me from public employment'.

13. "Such was my scheme', and such has been its consequence'. With an insatiable thirst for knowledge', I trifled away the years of improvement'; with a restless desire of

seeing different countries′, I have always resided in the same city‵; with the highest expectation of connubial felicity, I have lived unmarried‵; and with an unalterable resolution of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the walls of Bagdat‵."

IX.—THE NEEDLE.

1. The gay belles of fashion may boast of excelling
In waltz or cotillon, at whist or quadrille;
And seek admiration by vauntingly telling
Of drawing, and painting, and musical skill:
But give me the fair one, in country or city′,
Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart,
Who cheerfully warbles some rustical ditty′,
While plying the needle with exquisite art:
The bright little needle‵, the swift-flying needle‵,
The needle directed by beauty and art.

2. If Love have a potent, a magical token′,
A talisman, ever resistless and true′,
A charm that is never evaded or broken′,
A witchery certain the heart to subdue′,
'T is this‵; and his armory never has furnished
So keen and unerring, or polished a dart;
Let beauty direct it, so polished and burnished‵,
And O! it is certain of touching the heart‵:
The bright little needle‵, the swift-flying needle‵,
The needle directed by beauty and art‵.

3. Be wise, then, ye maidens′, nor seek admiration′,
By dressing for conquest, and flirting with all‵;
You never, whate'er be your fortune or station′,
Appear half so lovely at rout or at ball′,
As gayly convened at the work-covered table,
Each cheerfully active playing her part‵,
Beguiling the task with a song or a fable′,
And plying the needle with exquisite art:
The bright little needle, the swift-flying needle,
The needle directed by beauty and art.

X.—DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

From Dickens.

Charles Dickens was born at Portsmouth, England in 1812. He was, perhaps, the most popular writer of his day. His works are numerous and are admired for their accurate delineation of English life. He died in 1870. The following is from "The Old Curiosity Shop."

1. She was dēad. No sleep so beautiful and calm′, so free from trace of pain′, so fair to look‘ upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life‘; not one who had lived′, and suffered death‘. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die′, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always‘." These were her words.

2. Shē was dēad. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead‘. Her little bird, a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed, was stirring nimbly in its cage′, and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever‘! Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues‘? All gone‘. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born, imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

3. And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes‘! the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face‘; it had passed, like a dream′, through haunts of misery and care‘; at the door of the poor school-master on the summer evening‘, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night‘, at the still bedside of the dying boy′, there had been the same mild and lovely look. So shall we know the angels, in their majesty, after death.

4. The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tight folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile‘; the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings‘. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now, and, as he said it, he looked in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

5. She was dead, and past all help, or need of help. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast′, the garden she had tended′, the eyes she had gladdened′, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour′, the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yesterday, could know her no more′.

6. "It is not," said the school-master, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, "it is not in *this* world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what earth is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish, expressed in solemn tones above this bed, could call her back to life′, which of us would utter it?"

7. She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after day-break. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but, as the hours crept on, she sank to sleep. They could tell by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of people who had helped them, and used them kindly; for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervor.

8. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music, which, she said, was in the air. God knows. It may have been. Opening her eyes, at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face, such, they said, as they had never seen, and could never forget, and clung, with both her arms, about his neck. She had never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered, save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them, faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

9. The child who had been her little friend, came there, almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers, which he begged them to lay upon her breast. He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her: saying, that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his young

brother all day long, when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and, indeed, he kept his word, and was, in his childish way, a lesson to them all.

10. Up to that time, the old man had not spoken once, except to her, or stirred from the bedside. But, when he saw her little favorite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time, and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

11. Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And, when the day came, on which they must remove her, in her earthly shape, from earthly eyes forever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

12. And now the bell, the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure, almost as a living voice, rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy,—on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life, gathered round her. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing, grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old, the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead, in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave.

13. Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it, whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven, in its mercy, brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

XI.—ROMANTIC STORY.

STALACTITES; (*pro.* sta-lac'tites,) lime in the shape of icicles, formed by drippings, and hanging from the roof.

Fiji; (*pro.* Fee'jee,) a cluster of islands in the South Pacific.

1. THERE is a cavern in the island of Hoonga, one of the Tonga islands, in the South Pacific Ocean, which can only be entered by diving into the sea', and which has no other light than that which is reflected from the bottom of the water. A young chief discovered it accidentally, while diving after a turtle', and the use which he made of his discovery, will probably be sung in more than one European language', so beautifully is it adapted for a tale in verse.

2. There was a tyrannical governor at Hoonga, against whom one of the chiefs formed a plan of insurrection. It was betrayed', and the chief, with all his family and kin, was ordered to be destroyed'. He had a beautiful daughter, betrothed to a chief of high rank, and she also was included' in the sentence. The youth who had found the cavern, and had kept the secret to himself, loved' this damsel. He told her the danger in time, and persuaded her to trust to him. They got into a canoe; the place of her retreat was described to her on the way to it,—these women swim like mermaids', —she dived after him', and rose in the cavern'. In the widest part it is about fifty feet'; its medium height being about the same, and it is hung with stalactites.

3. Here, he brought her the choicest food', the finest clothing', mats for her bed', and sandal-oil to perfume herself with. Here, he visited her as often as was consistent with prudence, and here, as may be imagined, this Tonga Leander wooed and won the maid, whom, to make the interest complete, he had long loved in secret, when he had no hope'. Meantime he prepared, with all his dependents, male and female, to emigrate in secret to the Fiji islands.

4. The intention was so well concealed, that they embarked in safety', and his people asked him, at the point of their departure, if he would not take with him a Tonga wife'; and, accordingly, to their great astonishment, having steered close to the rock, he desired them to wait while he

went into the sea to fetch‘ her, jumped overboard, and just as they were beginning to be seriously alarmed at his long disappearance′, he rose with his mistress from the water. This story is not deficient in that which all such stories should have′, to be perfectly delightful‘; a fortunate conclusion. The party remained at the Fijis till the oppressor died‘, and then returned to Hoonga, where they enjoyed a long and happy life.

XII.—THE LONE INDIAN.

Mohawks; a tribe of Indians who formerly lived in the state of New York.

1. For many a returning autumn, a lone Indian was seen standing at the consecrated spot we have mentioned; but, just thirty years after the death of Soonseetah, he was noticed for the last time. His step was then firm, and his figure erect, though he seemed old and wayworn. Age had not dimmed the fire of his eye, but an expression of deep melancholy had settled on his wrinkled brow. It was Powontonamo‘; he who had once been the eagle of the Mohawks. He came to lie down and die beneath the broad oak, which shadowed the grave of Sunny-eye.

2. Alas! the white man's ax‘ had been there. The tree that he had planted was dead‘; and the vine, which had leaped so vigorously from branch to branch, now yellow and withering, was falling to the ground. A deep groan burst from the soul of the savage. For thirty wearisome years, he had watched that oak, with its twining tendrils. They were the only things left in the wide world for him to love‘, and they were gone.

3. He looked abroad. The hunting-land of his tribe was changed, like its chieftain. No light canoe now shot down the river, like a bird upon the wing. The laden boat of the white man alone broke its smooth surface. The Englishman's road wound like a serpent around the banks of the Mohawk‘; and iron hoofs had so beaten down the war-path, that a hawk's eye could not discover an Indian track. The last wigwam was destroyed‘; and the sun looked boldly down

upon spots he had only visited by stealth′, during thousands and thousands of moons.

4. The few remaining trees, clothed in the fantastic mourning of autumn′; the long line of heavy clouds melting away before the evening sun′; and the distant mountain, seen through the blue mist of departing twilight′, alone remained as he had seen them in his boyhood. All things spoke a sad language to the heart of the desolate Indian. "Yes‵," said he, "the young oak and the vine are like the Eagle and the Sunny-eye. They are cut down‵, torn′ and trampled‵ on. The leaves are falling, and the clouds are scattering like my people. I wish I could once more see the trees standing thick, as they did when my mother held me to her bosom, and sung the warlike deeds of the Mohawks."

5. A mingled expression of grief and anger passed over his face, as he watched a loaded boat in its passage across the stream. "The white man carries food to his wife and children, and he finds them in his home‵," said he; "where are the squaw and papoose of the red‵ man? They are here‵!" As he spoke, he fixed his eye thoughtfully on the grave. After a gloomy silence, he again looked round upon the fair scene, with a wandering and troubled gaze. "The pale‵ face may like it," murmured he; "but an Indian′ can not die here in peace‵." So saying′, he broke his bow-string, snapped his arrows‵, threw them on the burial-place of his fathers′, and departed forever‵.

Remark.—The words "down," "torn," and "trampled," in the last paragraph but one, and "string," "arrows," "fathers," and "forever," in the last paragraph, are examples of inflection which may, perhaps, more appropriately come under the head of "series;" but, by examining them, it will be found, that the rule which gives them the falling inflection wherever the sense is complete, and that which requires the last but one to be the rising inflection, are applicable in these cases. Indeed, the rule for series is substantially the combination of these two principles, with that of emphasis, as laid down in Rule II.

XIII.—TO THE DEAD.

From Brainard.

John G. C. Brainard was born in Connecticut, in 1796, and was educated for the bar. In the circumstances of his life and death, he reminds one of Henry Kirke White; but as a poet, he was very much White's superior. He died of consumption, in New London, Conn., in 1828.

1. How many now are dead to me′
That live to others yet\!
How many are alive to me
Who crumble in their graves, nor see
That sickening, sinking look, which we,
Till dead, can ne'er forget.

2. Beyond the blue seas, far away,
Most wretchedly alone,
One died in prison\, far away,
Where stone on stone shut out the day,
And never hope or comfort's ray
In his lone dungeon shone.

3. Dead to the world\, alive to me′,
Though months and years have passed\
In a lone hour, his sigh to me
Comes like the hum of some wild bee\,
And then his form and face I see,
As when I saw him last.

4. And one, with a bright lip, and cheek,
And eye, is dead\ to me.
How pale the bloom of his smooth cheek\!
His lip was cold\—it would not speak:
His heart was dead—for it did not break,
And his eye′, for it did not see\.

5. Then for the *living*\ be the tomb′,
And for the *dead*′, the smile\;
Engrave oblivion on the tomb
Of pulseless life and deadly bloom;
Dim is such glare; but bright the bloom
Around the funeral pile.

XIV.—THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

From Willis.

Nathaniel P. Willis, an American poet, was born in Portland, in 1807, but soon removed to Boston. He is the author of many popular prose and poetical works, and was, for many years, connected with various periodicals at New York. He died in 1867.

1. There is a melancholy music in autumn. The leaves float sadly about with a look of peculiar desolation', waving capriciously in the wind, and falling with a just audible sound, that is a very sigh for its sadness. And then, when the breeze is fresher, though the early autumn months are mostly still, they are swept on with a cheerful rustle over the naked harvest fields, and about in the eddies of the blast'; and though I have, sometimes, in the glow of exercise, felt my life securer in the triumph of the brave contest, yet, in the chill of the evening, or when any sickness of the mind or body was on me, the moaning of those withered leaves has pressed down my heart like a sorrow', and the cheerful fire, and the voices of my many sisters, might scarce remove' it.

2. Then for the music of *winter*'. I love to listen to the falling of snow. It is an unobtrusive and sweet' music. You may temper your heart to the serenest mood, by its low murmur. It is that kind of music, that only obtrudes upon your ear when your thoughts come languidly. You need not hear it, if your mind is not idle. It realizes my dream of another world, where music is intuitive like a thought', and comes only when it is remembered.

3. And the *frost*' too has a melodious "ministry." You will hear its crystals shoot in the dead of a clear night, as if the moonbeams were splintering like arrows on the ground'; and you will listen to it the more earnestly, that it is the going on of one of the most cunning and beautiful of nature's deep mysteries. I know nothing so wonderful as the shooting of a crystal. God has hidden its principle as yet from the inquisitive eye of the philosopher, and we must be content to gaze on its exquisite beauty, and listen, in mute wonder, to the noise of its invisible workmanship.

It is too fine a knowledge for us. We shall comprehend it, when we know how the morning stars sang together.

4. You would hardly look for music in the dreariness of early winter. But, before the keener frosts set in, and while the warm winds are yet stealing back occasionally, like regrets of the departed summer, there will come a soft rain or a heavy mist', and when the north wind returns', there will be drops suspended like ear-ring jewels, between the filaments of the cedar tassels, and in the feathery edges of the dark green hemlocks', and, if the clearing up is not followed by the heavy wind', they will be all frozen in their places like well set gems. The next morning, the warm sun comes out', and by the middle of the warm dazzling forenoon', they are all loosened from the close touch which sustained them, and they will drop at the lightest motion.

5. If you go upon the south side of the wood at that hour, you will hear music. The dry foliage of the summer's shedding is scattered over the ground', and the round, hard drops ring out clearly and distinctly, as they are shaken down with the stirring of the breeze. It is something like the running of deep and rapid water', only more fitful' and merrier'; but to one who goes out in nature with his heart open', it is a pleasant music', and, in contrast with the stern character of the season, delightful.

6. Winter has many other sounds that give pleasure to the seeker for hidden sweetness'; but they are too rare and accidental to be described distinctly. The brooks have a sullen and muffled murmur under their frozen surface'; the ice in the distant river heaves up with the swell of the current', and falls again to the bank with a prolonged echo'; and the woodman's ax rings cheerfully out from the bosom of the unrobed forest. These are, at best, however, but melancholy' sounds, and, like all that meets the eye in that cheerless season, they but drive in the heart upon itself. I believe it is ordered in God's wisdom. We *forget*' ourselves in the enticement of the sweet summer. Its music and its loveliness win away the senses that link up the affections', and we need a hand to turn us back tenderly, and hide from us the outward idols', in whose worship we are forgetting the high and more spiritual altars.

XV.—THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

From Longfellow.

Henry W. Longfellow was born in Portland, in 1807, and entered Bowdoin College at the age of fourteen. He held a professorship of modern languages in the same institution, and in 1836 received the appointment to a professorship of the same kind in Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. His reputation as a writer is well known. He may be ranked among the first poets of the age.

1. Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands\;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands\;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

2. His hair is crisp, and black, and long\,
His face is like the tan\;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

3. Week in′, week out\, from morn′ till night\,
You can hear his bellows blow\;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow\,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

4. And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door\;
They love to see the flaming forge′,
And hear the bellows roar\,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

5. He goes, on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys\;
He hears the parson pray and preach\,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

6. It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise\!

He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies\';
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

7. Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes\';
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close\';
Something attempted, something done
Has earned a night's repose.

8. Thanks\', thanks to thee, my worthy friend′,
For the lesson thou hast taught\'!
Thus at the flaming forge of life′
Our fortunes must be wrought\';
Thus on its sounding anvil′ shaped
Each burning deed and thought\'!

XVI.—THE THUNDER-STORM.

From George D. Prentice.

1. I never was a man of feeble courage. There are few scenes of either human or elemental strife′, upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring\'. I have stood in the front of the battle when the swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents in the air\'. I have seen these things with a swelling soul, that knew not, that recked not danger.

2. But there is something in the thunder's voice, that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness. I have called pride to my aid\'; I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy, but it avails me nothing. At the first low moaning of the distant cloud′, my heart shrinks and dies within me.

3. My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a boy of ten years. I had a little cousin, a girl of the same age with myself, who had been the constant companion of my youth. Strange, that, after the lapse of many years, that occurrence should be so familiar to me\'! I can see the bright young creature′, her

eyes flashing like a beautiful gem′, her free locks streaming as in joy upon the rising gale′, and her cheeks glowing like a ruby′, through a wreath of transparent snow.

4. Her voice had the melody and joyousness of a bird's‘, and when she bounded over the wooded hill or fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clapping her little hands in the ecstasy of young existence′, she looked as if breaking away, like a free nightingale, from the earth, and going off where all things are beautiful like her‘.

5. It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house, and she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and gladly I became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure, and white, and peaceful′, as if it had been the incense-smoke of some burning censer of the skies.

6. The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters in the bay had forgotten their undulations‘, the flowers were bending their heads, as if dreaming of the rainbow and dew‘, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxurious sweetness′, that it seemed a cloud of roses scattered down by the hands of Peri, from the afar-off garden of Paradise‘. The green earth and the blue sea lay around, in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over and kissed them.

7. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear, sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the tones of a favorite bird, or found some strange and lovely flower in her frolic wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural stillness of the day continued until noon. Then, for the first time, the indications of an approaching tempest became manifest.

8. On the summit of a mountain, at the distance of about a mile, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, and, at the same instant, a hollow roar came down upon the winds, as if it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud rolled out like a banner unfolded upon the air, but still the atmosphere was as calm, and the leaves as motionless as before; and there was not even a

quiver among the sleeping waters, to tell of the coming hurricane.

9. To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort, we fled to an oak that stood at the foot of a tall and ragged precipice. Here we stood, and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds, marshaling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every burst was so fearful', that the young creature who stood by me, shut her eyes convulsively, and clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break.

10. A few minutes, and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl lifted her finger toward the precipice that towered over us. I looked, and saw there a purple light. And the next moment, the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like the groan of the universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded, and thrown, I know not whither. How long I remained insensible, I can not tell'; but when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the winds was dying in the tree-tops, and the deep tones of thunder-clouds came in fainter murmurs from the eastern hills.

11. I arose, and looked tremblingly and almost deliriously around. She was there, the dear idol of my infant love, stretched out upon the green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the pathway of death had been. At first, I clasped her to my breast with a cry of agony, and then laid her down, and gazed upon her face almost with feelings of calmness.

12. Her bright, disheveled hair clustered sweetly around her brow; the look of terror had faded from her lips, and infant smiles were pictured there; the rose tinge upon her cheeks was lovely as in life; and, as I pressed them to my own, the fountains of tears were opened, and I wept as if my heart were waters. I have but a dim recollection of what followed. I only know, that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming twilight, and I was taken tenderly

by the hand, and led away where I saw the countenances of parents and sister.

13. Many years have gone by on the wings of light and shadow, but the scenes I have portrayed still come over me, at times, with terrible distinctness. The oak yet stands at the base of the precipice, but its limbs are black and dead, and the hollow trunk looking upward to the sky, as if "calling to the clouds for drink," is an emblem of rapid and noiseless decay.

14. A year ago, I visited the spot, and the thought of by-gone years came mournfully back to me. I thought of the little innocent being who fell by my side, like some beautiful tree of spring, rent up by the whirlwind in the midst of blossoming. But I remembered, and O, there was joy in the memory, that she had gone where no lightnings slumber in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the sun-lit waters are broken only by the storm-breath of Omnipotence.

XVII.—THE ARTIST SURPRISED.

1. It may not be known to all the admirers of the genius of Albrecht Dürer, that that famous engraver was endowed with a "better half," so peevish in temper, that she was the torment not only of his own life, but also of his pupils and domestics. Some of the former were cunning enough to purchase peace for themselves by conciliating the common tyrant, but woe to those unwilling or unable to offer aught in propitiation. Even the wiser ones were spared only by having their offenses visited upon a scape-goat.

2. This unfortunate individual was Samuel Duhobret, a disciple whom Dürer had admitted into his school out of charity. He was employed in painting signs and the coarser tapestry then used in Germany. He was about forty years of age, little, ugly, and humpbacked; he was the butt of every ill joke among his fellow disciples, and was picked out as an object of especial dislike by Madame Dürer. But he bore all with patience, and ate, without complaint, the scanty crusts given him every day for dinner, while his companions often fared sumptuously.

3. Poor Samuel had not a spice of envy or malice in his heart. He would, at any time, have toiled half the night to assist or serve those who were wont oftenest to laugh at him, or abuse him loudest for his stupidity. True, he had not the qualities of social humor or wit, but he was an example of indefatigable industry. He came to his studies every morning at day-break, and remained at work until sunset. Then he retired into his lonely chamber, and wrought for his own amusement.

4. Duhobret labored three years in this way, giving himself no time for exercise or recreation. He said nothing to a single human being of the paintings he had produced in the solitude of his cell, by the light of his lamp. But his bodily energies wasted and declined under incessant toil. There were none sufficiently interested in the poor artist, to mark the feverish hue of his wrinkled cheek, or the increasing attenuation of his misshapen frame.

5. None observed that the uninviting pittance set aside for his midday repast, remained for several days untouched. Samuel made his appearance regularly as ever, and bore, with the same meekness, the gibes of his fellow-pupils, or the taunts of Madame Dürer, and worked with the same untiring assiduity, though his hands would sometimes tremble, and his eyes become suffused, a weakness probably owing to the excessive use he had made of them.

6. One morning, Duhobret was missing at the scene of his daily labors. His absence created much remark, and many were the jokes passed upon the occasion. One surmised this, and another that, as the cause of the phenomenon; and it was finally agreed that the poor fellow must have worked himself into an absolute skeleton, and taken his final stand in the glass frame of some apothecary, or been blown away by a puff of wind, while his door happened to stand open. No one thought of going to his lodgings to look after him or his remains.

7. Meanwhile, the object of their mirth was tossing on a bed of sickness. Disease, which had been slowly sapping the foundations of his strength, burned in every vein; his eyes rolled and flashed in delirium; his lips, usually so silent, muttered wild and incoherent words. In his days of

health, poor Duhobret had his dreams, as all artists, rich or poor, will sometimes have. He had thought that the fruit of many years' labor, disposed of to advantage, might procure him enough to live, in an economical way, for the rest of his life. He never anticipated fame or fortune; the height of his ambition or hope was, to possess a tenement large enough to shelter him from the inclemencies of the weather, with means enough to purchase one comfortable meal per day.

8. Now, alas! however, even that one hope had deserted him. He thought himself dying, and thought it hard to die without one to look kindly upon him, without the words of comfort that might soothe his passage to another world. He fancied his bed surrounded by fiendish faces, grinning at his sufferings, and taunting his inability to summon power to disperse them. At length the apparitions faded away, and the patient sunk into an exhausted slumber.

9. He awoke unrefreshed; it was the fifth day he had lain there neglected. His mouth was parched; he turned over, and feebly stretched out his hand toward the earthen pitcher, from which, since the first day of his illness, he had quenched his thirst. Alas! it was empty! Samuel lay for a few moments thinking what he should do. He knew he must die of want, if he remained there alone; but to whom could he apply for aid in procuring sustenance?

10. An idea seemed, at last, to strike him. He arose slowly, and with difficulty, from the bed, went to the other side of the room, and took up the picture he had painted last. He resolved to carry it to the shop of a salesman, and hoped to obtain for it sufficient to furnish him with the necessaries of life for a week longer. Despair lent him strength to walk, and to carry his burden. On his way, he passed a house, about which there was a crowd. He drew nigh; asked what was going on, and received for an answer, that there was to be a sale of many specimens of art, collected by an amateur in the course of thirty years. It has often happened that collections made with infinite pains by the proprietor, were sold without mercy or discrimination after his death.

11. Something whispered to the weary Duhobret, that here

would be the market for his picture. It was a long way yet to the house of the picture-dealer, and he made up his mind at once. He worked his way through the crowd, dragged himself up the steps, and, after many inquiries, found the auctioneer. That personage was a busy, important-like man, with a handful of papers; he was inclined to notice somewhat roughly the interruption of the lean, sallow hunchback, imploring as were his gesture and language.

12. "What do you call your picture?" at length, said he carefully looking at it. "It is a view of the Abbey of Newbourg, with its village, and the surrounding landscape," replied the eager and trembling artist.

13. The auctioneer again scanned it contemptuously, and asked what it was worth. "Oh, that is what you please; whatever it will bring," answered Duhobret. "Hem! it is too *odd* to please, I should think; I can promise you no more than three thalers."

14. Poor Samuel sighed deeply. He had spent on that piece the nights of many months. But he was starving now; and the pitiful sum offered would give bread for a few days. He nodded his head to the auctioneer, and retiring took his seat in a corner.

15. The sale began. After some paintings and engravings had been disposed of, Samuel's was exhibited. "Who bids at three thalers? Who bids?" was the cry. Duhobret listened eagerly, but none answered. "Will it find a purchaser?" said he, despondingly, to himself. Still there was a dead silence. He dared not look up; for it seemed to him that all the people were laughing at the folly of the artist, who could be insane enough to offer so worthless a piece at a public sale.

16. "What will become of me?" was his mental inquiry. "That work is certainly my best;" and he ventured to steal another glance. "Does it not seem that the wind actually stirs those boughs and moves those leaves! How transparent is the water! What life breathes in the animals that quench their thirst at that spring! How that steeple shines! How beautiful are those clustering trees!" This was the last expiring throb of an artist's vanity. The ominous silence continued, and Samuel, sick at heart, buried his face in his hands.

17. "Twenty-one thalers!" murmured a faint voice, just as the auctioneer was about to knock down the picture. The stupefied painter gave a start of joy. He raised his head and looked to see from whose lips those blessed words had come. It was the picture-dealer, to whom he had first thought of applying.

18. "Fifty thalers," cried a sonorous voice. This time a tall man in black was the speaker. There was a silence of hushed expectation. "One hundred thalers," at length thundered the picture-dealer.

19. "Three hundred!" "Five hundred!" "One thousand!" Another profound silence, and the crowd pressed around the two opponents, who stood opposite each other with eager and angry looks.

20. "Two thousand thalers!" cried the picture-dealer, and glanced around him triumphantly, when he saw his adversary hesitate. "Ten thousand!" vociferated the tall man, his face crimson with rage, and his hands clinched convulsively. The dealer grew paler; his frame shook with agitation; he made two or three efforts, and at last cried out "Twenty thousand!"

21. His tall opponent was not to be vanquished. He bid forty thousand. The dealer stopped; the other laughed a low laugh of insolent triumph, and a murmur of admiration was heard in the crowd. It was too much for the dealer; he felt his peace was at stake. "Fifty thousand!" exclaimed he in desperation. It was the tall man's turn to hesitate. Again the whole crowd were breathless. At length, tossing his arms in defiance, he shouted "One hundred thousand!" The crest-fallen picture-dealer withdrew; the tall man victoriously bore away the prize.

22. How was it, meanwhile, with Duhobret, while this exciting scene was going on? He was hardly master of his senses. He rubbed his eyes repeatedly, and murmured to himself, "After such a dream, my misery will seem more cruel!" When the contest ceased, he rose up bewildered, and went about asking first one, then another, the price of the picture just sold. It seemed that his apprehension could not at once be enlarged to so vast a conception.

23. The possessor was proceeding homeward, when a de-

crepit, lame, and humpbacked invalid, tottering along by the aid of a stick, presented himself before him. He threw him a piece of money, and waved his hand as dispensing with his thanks. "May it please your honor," said the supposed beggar, "I am the painter of that picture!" and again he rubbed his eyes.

24. The tall man was Count Dunkelsback, one of the richest noblemen in Germany. He stopped, took out his pocket-book, tore out a leaf, and wrote on it a few lines. "Take it, friend," said he; "it is a check for your money. Adieu."

25. Duhobret finally persuaded himself that it was not a dream. He became the master of a castle, sold it, and resolved to live luxuriously for the rest of his life, and to cultivate painting as a pastime. But, alas, for the vanity of human expectation! He had borne privation and toil; prosperity was too much for him, as was proved soon after, when an indigestion carried him off. His picture remained long in the cabinet of Count Dunkelsback, and afterward passed into the possession of the King of Bavaria.

XVIII.—THE CHINESE PRISONER.

1. A CERTAIN emperor of China, on his accession to the throne of his ancestors, commanded a general release of all those who were confined in prison for debt. Among that number was an old man, who had fallen an early victim to adversity', and whose days of imprisonment, reckoned by the notches he had cut on the door of his gloomy cell, expressed the annual circuit of more than fifty suns.

2. With trembling hands and faltering steps, he departed from his mansion of sorrow'; his eyes were dazzled with the splendor of light', and the face of nature presented to his view a perfect paradise. The jail in which he had been imprisoned, stood at some distance from Pekin', and to that city he directed his course, impatient to enjoy the caresses of his wife, his children, and his friends.

3. Having with difficulty found his way to the street in

which his decent mansion had formerly stood, his heart became more and more elated at every step he advanced. With joy he proceeded, looking eagerly around; but he observed few of the objects with which he had been formerly conversant. A magnificent edifice was erected on the site of the house which he had inhabited'; the dwellings of his neighbors had assumed a new form'; and he beheld not a single face of which he had the least remembrance.

4. An aged beggar, who, with trembling limbs, stood at the gate of an ancient portico, from which he had been thrust by the insolent domestic who guarded it, struck his attention. He stopped, therefore, to give him a small pittance out of the amount of the bounty with which he had been supplied by the emperor', and received, in return, the sad tidings, that his wife had fallen a lingering sacrifice to penury and sorrow'; that his children were gone to seek their fortunes in distant or unknown climes'; and that the grave contained his nearest and most valued friends.

5. Overwhelmed with anguish, he hastened to the palace of his sovereign, into whose presence his hoary locks and mournful visage soon obtained admission'; and, casting himself at the feet of the emperor, "Great Prince'," he cried, "send me back to that prison from which mistaken mercy has delivered' me! I have survived my family and friends', and even in the midst of this populous city, I find myself in a dreary solitude. The cell of my dungeon protected me from the gazers at my wretchedness'; and while secluded from society, I was the less sensible of the loss of its enjoyments. I am now tortured with the view of pleasure in which I can not participate'; and die with thirst, though streams of delight surround' me."

XIX.—A HIGHLAND FEUD.

HIGHLANDS; the northern part of Scotland, so called because of the mountainous character of that region.

1. A DEADLY feud subsisted, almost from time immemorial, between the families of Macpherson of Bendearg, and Grant of Cairn', and was handed down unimpaired even to

the close of the last century'. In the earlier times, the warlike chiefs of these names found frequent opportunities of testifying their mutual animosity'; and few inheritors of the fatal quarrel left the world, without having moistened it with the blood of some of their hereditary enemies. But, in our own day, the progress of civilization, which had reached even these wild countries, the heart of the North Highlands, although it could not extinguish entirely the transmitted spirit of revenge, at least kept it within safe bounds'; and the feud of Macpherson and Grant threatened, in the course of another generation, to die entirely away.

2. It was not, however, without some ebullitions of ancient fierceness, that the flame, which had burned for so many centuries, seemed about to expire. Once, at a meeting of country gentlemen, on a question of privilege arising, Bendearg took occasion to throw out some taunts, aimed at his hereditary foe, which the fiery Grant immediately received as a signal of defiance, and a challenge' was the consequence. The sheriff of the county, however, having got intimation of the affair, put both parties under arrest'; till at length, by the persuasion of their friends,—*not friends by blood*,—and the representations of the magistrate, they shook hands, and each *pledged*' himself to forget the ancient feud of his family.

3. This occurrence, at the time, was the object of much interest in the country-side'; the rather, that it seemed to give the lie to the prophecies, of which every Highland family has an ample stock in its traditionary chronicles, and which expressly predicted, that the enmity of Cairn and Bendearg should not be quenched but in blood. On the seemingly cross-grained circumstance of their reconciliation, some of the young men were seen to shake their heads, as they reflected on the faith and tales of their ancestors'; but the gray-headed seers shook theirs still *more wisely*', and answered with the motto of a noble house',—"I bide my time."

4. There is a narrow pass between the mountains, in the neighborhood of Bendearg, well known to the traveler who adventures into these wilds, in quest of the savage sublimities of nature'. At a little distance, it has the appearance

of an immense artificial bridge thrown over a tremendous chasm, but, on nearer approach, is seen to be a wall of nature's own masonry, formed of vast and rugged bodies of solid rock, piled on each other as if in the giant sport of the architect. Its sides are, in some places, covered with trees of a considerable size'; and the passenger, who has a head steady enough to look down the precipice, may see the aeries of birds of prey beneath his feet. The path across is so narrow, that it can not admit of two persons passing along-side'; and, indeed, none but natives, accustomed to the scene from infancy, would attempt the dangerous route at all', though it saves a circuit of three miles. Yet it sometimes happens, that two travelers meet in the middle, owing to the curve formed by the pass preventing a view from either side', and, when this is the case, one is obliged to lie down, while the other crawls over his body.

5. One day, shortly after the incident we have mentioned, a Highlander was walking fearlessly along the pass; sometimes bending over to watch the flight of wild birds that built below', and sometimes pushing a fragment from the top, to see it dashed against the uneven sides, and bounding from rock to rock, until the echo of its rebound died in faint and hollow murmurs at the bottom. When he had gained the highest part of the arch, he observed another coming leisurely up on the opposite' side, and being himself of the patrician order, called out to him to halt and lie down. The person, however, disregarded the command', and the Highlanders met, face to face, on the summit.

6. They were Grant and Macpherson'; the two hereditary enemies, who would have gloried and rejoiced in mortal strife with each other, on a hill-side. They turned deadly pale at this fatal rencounter. "I was first at the top," said Macpherson, "and called out first. Lie down', that I may pass over in peace'." "When the Grant prostrates himself before Macpherson," answered the other, "it must be with the sword driven through his body." "Turn back', then," said Macpherson, "and repass as you came." "Go back yourself', if you like it," replied Grant; "I will not be the first of my name to turn before the Macpherson."

7. This was their short conference', and the result ex

actly as each had anticipated. They then threw their bonnets over the precipice', and advanced, with a slow and cautious pace, closer to each other. They were both unarmed'; and, stretching their limbs like men preparing for a desperate struggle, they planted their feet firmly on the ground, compressed their lips, knit their dark brows, and, fixing fierce and watchful eyes on each other, stood there, prepared for the onset'.

8. They both grappled at the same moment'; but being of equal strength, were unable for some time to shift each other's position, and remained standing fixed on a rock with suppressed breath, and muscles strained to the "top of their bent," like statues carved out of the solid stone. At length, Macpherson, suddenly removing his right foot, so as to give him a greater purchase, stooped his body, and bent his enemy down with him by main strength, till they both leaned over the precipice, looking downward into the terrible abyss. The contest was as yet doubtful', for Grant had placed his foot firmly on an elevation at the brink, and had equal command of his enemy'; but, at this moment, Macpherson sank slowly and firmly on his knee', and while Grant suddenly started back, stooping to take the supposed advantage, he whirled him over his head into the gulf below. Macpherson himself fell backward, his body hanging partly over the rock'; a fragment gave way beneath him, and he sank further, till, catching with a desperate effort at the solid stone above, he regained his footing.

9. There was a pause of death-like stillness, and the bold heart of Macpherson felt sick and faint. At length, as if compelled unwillingly by some mysterious feeling, he looked down over the precipice. Grant had caught, with a death-gripe, by the rugged point of a rock'; his enemy was almost within his reach! his face was turned upward, and there were in it horror and despair'; but he uttered no word or cry. The next moment, he loosed his hold'; and the next, his brains were dashed out before the eyes of his hereditary foe. The mangled body disappeared among the trees', and its last heavy and hollow sound arose from the bottom. Macpherson returned home an altered man. He purchased a commission in the army, and fell in the wars of the Peninsula.

XX.—THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

From Mrs. Hemans.

Felicia Dorothea Browne was born in Liverpool, Eng., in 1793, and educated in Wales, that region of mountainous scenery. At the age of 15, her first poems were published. At 19, she was married to Captain Hemans, but the union was unhappy, and they separated. She died in Dublin, at the house of her brother, in 1835. Her poems are full of pathos, tenderness, and beauty.

1. Child′, amid the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away′;
Mother′, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently′;
Father′, by the breeze at eve
Called thy harvest work to leave′;
Pray‵! Ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee‵.

2. Traveler′, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band′;
Mourner′, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone′;
Captive′, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell′;
Sailor′, on the darkening sea′;
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

3. Warrior′, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun′;
Woman′, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial plain′;
Ye that triumph′, ye that sigh′,
Kindred by one holy tie′,
Heaven's first star alike ye see‵,
Lift the heart‵, and bend the knee‵.

XXI.—PROSPECTS OF THE CHEROKEES.

In this lesson, the inflections belonging to interrogative sentences may be noticed.

1. Whither are the Cherokees to go‵? What are the benefits‵ of the change? What system‵ has been matured for their security? What laws‵ for their government‵?

These questions are answered only by gilded promises in general terms‘; they are to become enlightened and civilized husbandmen. They now live by the cultivation of the soil and the mechanical arts. It is proposed to send them from their cotton-fields, their farms and their gardens, to a distant and unsubdued wilderness‘; to make them tillers of the earth‘; to remove them from their looms, their workshops, their printing-press, their schools and churches, near the white settlements, to frowning forests′, surrounded with naked savages‘, that they may become enlightened and civilized‘!

2. We have pledged to them our protection‘; and, instead of shielding them where they now are, within our reach, under our own arm, we send these natives of a southern clime to northern regions, among fierce and warlike barbarians. And what security do we propose to them? A new guaranty! Who can look an Indian in the face, and say‘ to him, “We and our fathers, for more than forty years, have made to you the most solemn promises; we now violate and trample upon them all‘; but offer you in their stead—another‘ guaranty!”

3. Will they be in no danger of an attack from the primitive inhabitants of the regions to which they emigrate′? How can it be otherwise‘? The official documents show us the fact, that some of the few who have already gone, were involved in conflict with the native tribes, and compelled to a second‘ removal.

4. How are they to subsist‘? Has not that country now as great an Indian population as it can sustain′? What has become of the original‘ occupants? Have we not already caused accession to their numbers, and been compressing them more and more′? Is not the consequence inevitable, that some must be stinted in the means of subsistence′? Here too we have the light of experience. By an official communication from Governor Clark, the superintendent of Indian affairs, we learn that the most powerful tribes, west of the Mississippi, are, every year, so distressed by famine, that many die for want of food. The scenes of their suffering are hardly exceeded by the sieges of Jerusalem and Samaria. There might be seen the miserable mother, in all the tortures

which hunger could inflict, giving her last morsel for the sustenance of her child, and then fainting, sinking, and actually dying of starvation! And the orphan! no one can spare *it* food: it is put alive into the grave of the parent, which thus closes over the quick and the dead. And this is not a solitary instance only, "The living child is often buried with the dead mother."

5. I know, to what I expose myself. To feel any solicitude for the fate of the Indians, may be ridiculed as false philanthropy and morbid sensibility. Others may boldly say, "Their blood be upon us," and sneer at scruples, as weakness unbecoming the stern character of a politician. If, in order to become a politician, it be necessary to divest the mind of the principles of good faith and moral obligation, and harden the heart against every touch of humanity, I confess that I am not—and by the blessing of heaven, will never be—a politician.

6. We can not wholly silence the monitor within us. It may not be heard amid the clashing of the arena; in the tempest and convulsions of political contentions; but its still small voice will speak to us, when we meditate alone at even-tide; in the silent watches of the night; when we lie down, and when we rise up from a solitary pillow; and in that dread hour, when,—"not what we have done for *ourselves*', but what we have done for *others*," will be our joy and strength; when, to have secured, even to a poor and despised *Indian*, a spot of earth upon which to rest his aching head; to have given him but a cup of cold *water* in charity, will be a greater treasure, than to have been the conquerors of kingdoms, and lived in luxury upon the spoils.

Remark.—It will be observed that the words "Indian" and "water" in the last paragraph, receive the falling inflection as a mark of emphasis. There is also, in the same paragraph, an example of the inflections belonging to a series of members, and also to antithesis, which subjects will be more particularly noticed hereafter.

XXII.—A POLITICAL PAUSE.

From the Speeches of Fox.

Fox was a celebrated English statesman. This is an extract from a speech delivered during a truce in the war between England and France.

In this lesson, the influence of a *negative* in determining the rising inflection, is particularly noticeable.

1. "But we must pause‵," says the honorable gentleman. What‵! must the bowels of Great Britain be torn out′, her best blood spilt′, her treasures wasted′, that you may make an experiment′? Put yourselves‵,—O! that you *would* put yourselves on the field of battle′, and learn to judge of the sort of horrors you excite‵. In former′ wars, a man might, at least, have some‵ feeling, some‵ interest, that served to balance in his mind the impressions which a scene of carnage and death must inflict‵.

2. But if a man were present now at the field of slaughter, and were to inquire for what they were fighting′,—"Fighting′!"* would be the answer′; "they are not *fighting′;* they are *pausing‵*." "Why is that man expiring‵? Why is that other writhing with agony‵? What means this implacable fury‵?" The answer must be, "You are quite wrong, sir, you *deceive‵* yourself,—they are not *fighting′*,—do not disturb′ them,—they are merely pausing‵! This man is not expiring with agony′,—that man is not dead′,—he is only pausing‵! Bless you, sir, they are not *angry′* with one another; they have now no cause of quarrel; but their country thinks that there should be a *pause‵*. All that you see is nothing like fighting′,—there is no harm′, nor cruelty′, nor bloodshed′ in it; it is nothing more than a political *pause‵!* It is merely to try an experiment—to see whether Bonaparte will not behave himself better‵ than heretofore; and, in the mean time, we have agreed to a *pause‵*, in pure friendship!"

3. And is this the way that you are to show yourselves the advocates of order′? You take up a system calculated to uncivilize the world‵, to destroy order‵, to trample on

* Rule VIII.

religion', to stifle in the heart, not merely the generosity of noble sentiment', but the affections of social nature; and in the prosecution of this system, you spread terror and devastation all around' you.

REMARK.—The words "pause" and "pausing" may, perhaps, with equal propriety, receive the falling circumflex.

XXIII.—SONG OF THE STARS.

FROM BRYANT.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born in Cummington, Mass., in 1794, and at an early age gave evidence of great precocity. His rank as a poet is among the very first in our country. In 1825, he went to New York, where he has since resided.

In the following lesson, the inflections characteristic of the imperative mood and of exclamations are exemplified.

1. WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,
And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,
From the void abyss, by myriads came,
In the joy of youth as they darted away',
Through the widening wastes of space to play';

2. Their silver voices, in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones sung':
"Away', away', through the wide, wide sky,
The fair blue fields that before us lie;
Each sun with the worlds that round him roll,
Each planet poised on her turning pole,
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

3. "For the source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space';
And we drink as we go the luminous tides
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides';
Lo', yonder the living splendors play';
Away', on our joyous path, away'!

4. "Look', look', through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass'!

How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass\'!
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean\'.

5. "And see\', where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower\';
And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets and shed their dews\';
And 'twixt them both, on the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone the night goes round\'!

6. "Away\', away\'! in our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See\', love is brooding, and life is born\',
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light\'.

7. "Glide on\', in your beauty, ye youthful spheres\',
To weave the dance that measures the years.
Glide on\', in glory and gladness sent
To the farthest wall of the firmament\',
The boundless visible smile of Him,
To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim."

XXIV.—SELECT PARAGRAPHS IN PROSE.

In these paragraphs, notice the inflections proper to *antithesis* and *series*.

THE FINAL JUDGMENT.

Before that assembly, every man's good\' deeds will be declared, and his most secret sins\' disclosed. As no elevation of rank will then give a title to respect, no obscurity of condition\' shall exclude the just from public honor, or screen the guilty from public shame\'. Opulence will find itself no longer powerful\'; poverty will be no longer weak\'. Birth will no longer be distinguished\'; meanness will no longer pass unnoticed\'. The rich\' and the poor will indeed strangely mingle together; all the inequalities of the present life shall disappear\', and the conqueror\' and his captive\'; the monarch\' and his subject\'; the lord\' and his vassal\'; the statesman\' and the peasant\'; the philosopher\' and the unlettered hind\', shall find their distinctions to have been mere illusions\'

DRYDEN AND POPE.

Dryden knew more of man in his general nature′, and Pope in his local manners‵. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation′, those of Pope by minute attention‵. There is more dignity‵ in the knowledge of Dryden′, more certainty′ in that of Pope‵. The style of Dryden is capricious′ and varied′, that of Pope cautious‵ and uniform‵. Dryden obeys′ the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains‵ his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities′, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation′; Pope's is the velvet lawn‵, shaven by the scythe, and leveled by the roller‵. If the flights of Dryden are higher′, Pope continues longer‵ on the wing. If, of Dryden's fire, the blaze is brighter′, of Pope's the heat is more regular‵ and constant‵. Dryden often surpasses′ expectation, and Pope never falls below‵ it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment′, and Pope with perpetual delight‵.

LAS CASAS DISSUADING FROM BATTLE.

Is then the dreadful measure of your cruelty not yet complete′? Battle′! against whom‵? Against a king, in whose mild bosom your atrocious injuries, even yet, have not excited hate; but who, insulted‵ or victorious′, still sues for peace‵. Against a people′, who never wronged the living being their Creator formed‵; a people′, who received you as cherished guests‵, with eager hospitality and confiding kindness. Generously and freely did they share with you their comforts′, their treasures′, and their homes‵; you repaid them by fraud‵, oppression′, and dishonor‵.

Pizarro′, hear me! Hear‵ me, chieftains′! And thou′, All-powerful′! whose thunder can shiver into sand the adamantine rock, whose lightnings can pierce the core of the riven and quaking earth′, O let thy power give effect to thy servant's words, as thy spirit gives courage to his will! Do not‵, I implore you, chieftains′,—do not, I *implore*‵ you, renew the foul barbarities your insatiate avarice has inflicted on this wretched, unoffending race. But hush‵, my sighs′! fall not‵, ye drops of useless sorrow′! heart-breaking anguish′, choke not my utterance.

XXV.—SELECT PARAGRAPHS IN POETRY.

THE PULPIT.

The pulpit, therefore, (and I name it, filled
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
With what intent I touch that holy thing′,)—
The pulpit′ (when the satirist has, at last,
Strutting and vap'ring in an empty school,
Spent all his force and made no proselyte′)—
I say the pulpit′ (in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers′)
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth\: there stands
The legate of the skies\: his theme′, divine\;
His office′, sacred\; his credentials, clear.
By him, the violated law speaks out
Its thunders\; and, by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.

LIBERTY.

Meanwhile, we'll sacrifice to liberty.
Remember, O my friends′, the laws\, the rights\,
The generous plan of power delivered down,
From age to age′, by your renowned forefathers\,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood\;)
O let it never perish in your hands,
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty′, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy′,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defense.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow, didst thou say′?
Methought I heard Horatio say, to-morrow\:
Go to\, I will not hear\ of it; to-morrow′!
'T is a sharper, who stakes his penury′
Against thy plenty\; who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee naught, but wishes, hopes, and promises\,
The currency of idiots\;—injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor. To-morrow′!
It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary registers of Time\,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.

Wisdom disclaims\ the word, nor holds society
With those who own\ it. No\, my Horatio′,
'T is Fancy's\ child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams\ are, and as baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.

HUMANITY.

I would not enter on my list of friends,
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility′,) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm\.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail′,
That crawls at evening in the public path\;
But he that has humanity′, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live\.
The sum is this\: If man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, his′ rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are *all*\, the meanest things that are\,
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who, in his sovereign wisdom, made them all.

XXVI.—CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

From Phillips.

This is an extract from a speech delivered by Phillips, an Irish lawyer of distinction, upon the character of Napoleon Bonaparte. It is a good exercise on the inflections appropriate to *antithesis* and *series*.

Braganza; reigning house of Portugal.
Hapsburg; reigning house of Austria.
De Stael; a celebrated French authoress, the daughter of Necker.
Kotzebue; a distinguished German dramatic poet.
David; a French painter of distinction.

1. He is fallen\! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered among us like some ancient ruin, whose power terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy′, and peculiar′, he sat upon the throne a sceptered hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality. A mind′, bold′, independent′, and decisive\; a will′, despotic in its dictates\: an energy′ that distanced expedition\; and a conscience\, pliable to every touch of interest′, marked the

outlines of this extraordinary character': the most extraordinary, perhaps, that in the annals of this world, ever rose', or reigned', or fell'.

2. Flung into life, in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior', he commenced his course, a stranger by birth', and a scholar by charity. With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents', he rushed into the list where rank, and wealth, and genius' had arrayed' themselves, and competition fled from him, as from the glance of destiny.

3. He knew no motive' but interest'; acknowledged no criterion' but success'; he worshiped no God' but ambition', and with an eastern devotion', he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry'. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed' that he did not profess', there was no opinion' that he did not promulgate': in the hope of a dynasty', he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce', he bowed before the cross'; the orphan of St. Louis', he became the adopted child of the Republic'; and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune', he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic', he imprisoned the Pope'; a pretended patriot', he impoverished the country'; and in the name of Brutus', he grasped without remorse', and wore without shame', the diadem of the Cæsars.

4. The whole continent trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs', and the miracle of their execution. Skepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance'; romance assumed the air of history'; nor was there aught too incredible for belief', or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica' waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became commonplace in his contemplation': kings were his people'; nations were his outposts'; and he disposed of courts', and crowns', and camps', and churches', and cabinets', as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board'! Amid all these changes', *he* stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field', or in the drawing-room'; with the mob', or the levee ; wearing the Jacobin bonnet', or the iron crown'; banishing a Braganza', or espousing a Hapsburg'; dictating peace on a raft to the

"zar of Russia', or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic'; he was still the same military despot'.

5. In this wonderful combination, his affectations of literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the press', he affected the patronage of letters'; the proscriber of books', he encouraged philosophy'; the persecutor of authors', and the murderer of printers', he yet pretended to the protection of learning'; the assassin of Palm', the silencer of De Stäel', and the denouncer of Kotzebue', he was the friend of David', the benefactor of De Lille', and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England'.

6. Such a medley of contradictions', and, at the same time, such an individual consistency', were never united in the same character'. A royalist', a republican', and an emperor'; a Mohammedan', a Catholic', and a patron of the synagogue'; a subaltern and a sovereign'; a traitor and a tyrant; a Christian and an infidel; he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original'; the same mysterious, incomprehensible self'; the man without a model', and without a shadow'.

XXVII.—HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

From Shakspeare.

William Shakspeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in England, in 1564. He was the son of a wool-comber, and received some education at a grammar school, though little is known with certainty of the incidents of his life. He removed to London when about twenty-two years of age, and rose to distinction through the success of his immortal dramas. He died in 1616.

To be', or not' to be: that is the question':
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer'
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune',
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing' end' them? To die': to sleep';
Nô mŏre; and by a sleep' to say we end
The heart-ache' and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die', to sleep';
To sleep': perchance to drêam—ay', there 's the rub;

For in that sleep of death what drĕams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil′
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life\';
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time\',
The oppressor's wrong\', the proud man's contumely\',
The pangs of despised love\', the law's delay\',
The insolence of office\', and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes′,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin\'? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life′,
But that the dread of something after′ death,
The undiscovered country′ from whose bourn
No traveler returns′, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all\';
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry′,
And lose the name of action.

XXVIII.—ODE TO AN INFANT SON.

From Thomas Hood.

Thomas Hood was born in 1798. He is chiefly distinguished as a humorist and comic poet. He was for a time the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. "*The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*," "*Song of the Shirt*," and "*Whims and Oddities*," are among his most popular productions. He died in 1845. He ranks first among English poets of his style

The following lesson presents an example, in which the matter included in the parentheses, is disconnected with the main subject, and is, therefore, subject to the general principles of inflection.

1. Thou happy, happy elf′!
(But stop\', first let me kiss away that tear\',)
Thou tiny image of myself′!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear\'!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite′,
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin′;
(My dear′, the child is swallowing a pin\'!)

2. Thou little tricksy Puck′!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,—
(The door\′! the door\′! he′ll tumble down the stair\′!)
Thou darling of thy sire′!
(Why, Jane, he′ll set his pinafore\′ afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy′!
In love′s dear chain so bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents′;—(Hang\′ the boy!
There goes my ink\′!)

3. Thou cherub—but of earth′;
Fit playfellow for fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth′,
(That dog will bite\′ him, if he pulls his tail′!)
Thou human humming-bee′, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth′s Elysium ever sunny′,
(Another tumble′!—that′s his precious nose\′!)
Thy father′s pride and hope′!
(He′ll break the mirror with that skipping-rope\′!)
With pure heart newly stamped from Nature′s mint,
(Where *did* he learn that squint\′?)

4. Thou young domestic dove′!
(He′ll have that jug\′ off, with another shove′!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are these torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He′ll climb upon the table\′, that′s\′ his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life′,
(He′s got a knife\′!)

5. Thou enviable being′!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on\′, play on\′,
My elfin John′!
Toss\′ the light ball,-bestride\′ the stick,
(I knew\′ so many cakes would make him sick′!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk′,
With many a lamb-like frisk!
(He′s got the scissors, snipping at your gown\′!)

6. Thou pretty opening rose′!
(Go to your mother\′, child′, and wipe your nose\′!)

Balmy and breathing music like the south′,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth‵!)
Bold as the hawk‵, yet gentle as the dove′;
(I'll tell you what‵, my love′,
I can not write, unless he's sent above‵!)

XXIX.—SPEECH OF WALPOLE IN REPROOF OF MR. PITT.

William Pitt, afterward Earl of Chatham, and Sir Robert Walpole, were distinguished English statesmen of the last century. Pitt entered Parliament when he was twenty-seven. At that time, Walpole was a leading politician, and as Pitt opposed his measures with a force and eloquence seldom equaled, he drew upon himself the opposition of Walpole, as expressed in this extract, and which Pitt answered in the succeeding extract with a vigor and eloquence never surpassed.

In this and some succeeding lessons, the emphatic words are marked, in addition to the inflections.

1. I was unwilling to interrupt the course of this debate, while it was carried on with calmness and decency, by men who do not suffer the ardor of opposition to cloud their reason, or transport them to such expressions as the dignity of this assembly does not admit.

2. I have hitherto deferred answering the gentleman, who declaimed against the bill with such fluency and rhetoric, and such vehemence of gesture; who charged the advocates for the expedients now proposed, with having no regard to any interests but their *own*‵, and with making laws only to consume paper‵, and threatened them with the defection of their adherents, and the loss of their influence, upon this new discovery of their folly and ignorance. Nor, do I *now* answer him for any other purpose, than to remind him how little the *clamor* of *rage*‵ and *petulancy* of *invective*, contribute to the end for which this assembly is called together‵; how little the discovery of *truth* is *promoted*‵, and the *security* of the nation *established*, by *pompous diction* and *theatrical emotion*.

3. *Formidable sounds* and *furious declamation*, *confident assertions*‵ and *lofty periods*′, may affect the *young* and *inexperienced;* and perhaps the gentleman may have contracted his

habits of oratory, by conversing more with those of his *own age*, than with such as have more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments. If the heat of temper would permit him to attend to those, whose age and long acquaintance with business give them an indisputable right to deference and superiority, he would learn in time to *reason*\, rather than *declaim'*; and to prefer *justness* of *argument* and an accurate *knowledge* of *facts*\, to *sounding epithets* and *splendid superlatives'*, which may disturb the imagination for a moment, but leave no lasting impression upon the mind. He would learn, that to *accuse*\ and *prove'* are very *different*\; and that *reproaches*, unsupported by *evidence'*, affect only the character of *him* that *utters*\ them.

4. Excursions of fancy and flights of oratory', are indeed pardonable in *young' men*, but in *no other;* and it would surely contribute more, even to the purpose for which some gentlemen appear to speak, (that of depreciating the conduct of the administration',) to *prove* the inconveniences and injustice of this bill', than barely to *assert*\ them, with *whatever magnificence* of *language'*, or *appearance* of *zeal'*, *honesty'*, or *compassion*\.

XXX.—PITT'S REPLY TO SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

See note at the head of the preceding Exercise.

(Observe in this, examples of *antithesis* and *relative emphasis.*)

1. THE atrocious crime of being a *yŏung* man, which the honorable gentlemen has, with such *spirit* and *decency*, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to *palliate* nor *deny*\; but content myself with hoping, that I may be one of *those* whose *follies cease* with their *youth'*, and not of *that* number, who are *ignorant* in *spite* of *experience.* Whether *youth*\ can be imputed to a man as a *reproach'*, I will not assume the province of determining\; but surely *ăge* may become *justly contemptible*, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without *improvement'*, and *vice*\ appears to *prevail'*, when the *passions'* have *subsided*\. The *wretch*\, who, after having seen the consequences of a *thou-*

sand errors, continues *still* to *blunder'*, and whose age has only added *obstinacy*\ to *stupidity'*, is surely the object either of *abhorrence'* or *contempt*\, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more is *he*\ to be abhorred, who, as he has *advanced*\—in *age'*, has *receded'* —from *virtue*\, and become *more wicked'*—with *less temptation*\; who prostitutes himself for *money*\ which he can not *enjoy'*, and spends the remains of his life, in the ruin of his country\.

2. But *yŏuth* is not my *only*\ crime; I am accused of acting a *theatrical*\ *part.* A *theatrical part* may either imply some peculiarity of *gesture*, or a *dissimulation* of my *real sentiments*\, and an adoption of the opinions and language of *another*\ man. In the *first* sense, the charge is too *trifling* to be *confuted*\; and deserves only to be *mentioned*, that it may be *despised*\. *I'* am at liberty, like every *other*\ man to use my *own*\ *language;* and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any *restraint*, nor very solicitously copy *his diction* or *his mien*\, however matured by *age'*, or modeled by *experience*\.

3. But, if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply, that I utter *any sentiments* but *my own'*, I shall treat him as a *calumniator'* and a *villain*\; nor shall *any protection*\ shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple trample\ upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves, nor shall *any thing* but *age'* restrain my resentment\; *ăge*,—which always brings *one*\ privilege, that of being *insolent* and *supercilious*, without *punishment*\.

4. But, with regard to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I *had*\ acted a borrowed part', I should have *avoided*\ their censure: the *heat* that *offended'* them, was the *ardor* of *conviction*\, and that *zeal*\ for the service of my *country'* which neither *hope'* nor *fear* shall influence me to suppress\. I will *not sit unconcerned'* while my liberty is invaded\, nor look in *silence'* upon public *robbery*\. I will exert my endeavors, at *whatever hazard*, to *repel* the aggressor, and *drag* the thief to *justice*\, *whoever* may *protect* him in his villainies, and *whoever* may *partake* of his *plunder.*

XXXI.—CHARACTER OF MR. PITT.

From Grattan.

1. The secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached' him. Original and unaccommodating', the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind' overawed majesty itself. No state chicanery', no narrow system of vicious politics', no idle contest for ministerial victories', sank him to the vulgar level of the great'; but overbearing', persuasive', and impracticable', his object was England', his ambition was fame'.

2. Without *dividing'*, he *destroyed'* party; without *corrupting'*, he made a *venal* age *unanimous*. France sunk beneath' him. With *one'* hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the *other'* the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite'; and his schemes were to affect, not *England'*, not the *present' age* only, but *Europe'* and *posterity*. Wonderful were the means by which those schemes were accomplished'; always *seasonable*, always *adequate*, the suggestion of an understanding animated by ardor, and enlightened by prophecy.

3. The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were *unknown'* to him. No domestic *difficulties*, no domestic *weakness'* reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to counsel and decide. A character so exalted', so strenuous', so various', so authoritative', *astonished'* a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt, through all classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found *defects'* in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory', and much of the ruin of his victories'; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, *answered* and *refuted'* her.

4. Nor were his *political* his *only'* talents. His eloquence was an *era'* in the senate; peculiar, and spontaneous; familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instructive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the *thunder'*, and sometimes the *music'* of the spheres. He did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtility of argumen-

tation, nor was he ever on the rack of exertion'; but rather *lightened*' upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of the *eye*, were *felt*', but could not be *followed*'.

5. Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create', subvert', or reform'; an understanding, a spirit', and an eloquence', to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wildness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could *establish*', or *overwhelm*' empires, and strike a *blow*' in the world that should resound through the *universe*'.

XXXII.—THE GOUTY MERCHANT AND THE STRANGER.

Public Ledger; a noted newspaper in London.
King's Head; a tavern in London.
Newgate; a London prison.

1. In Broadstreet building, on a winter night.
Snug by his parlor-fire, a gouty wight
Sat all alone, with *one* hand rubbing
His feet, rolled up in fleecy hose,
With *t'other* he'd beneath his nose
The Public Ledger', in whose columns grubbing,
He noted all the sales of hops',
Ships', shops', and slops';
Gum', galls', and groceries'; ginger', gin',
Tar', tallow', turmeric', turpentine', and tin';
When lo'! a decent personage in black,
Entered and most politely said':

2. "Your *footman*, sir, has gone his nightly track
To the King's Head,
And left your *door ajar*', which *I*
Observed in passing by;
And thought it *neighborly* to give you *notice*'."

3. "*Ten thousand thanks*'; how *very few* do get,
In time of danger,
Such *kind attentions* from a *stranger*'!
Assuredly, that fellow's throat is
Doomed to a final drop at Newgate':
He *knows*, too, (the unconscionable elf),
That there's *no soul* at home except *myself*'."

4. '*Indeed*,' replied the stranger, looking grave,
"Then he 's a *double*\ knave;
He knows that *rogues* and *thieves* by scores
Nightly beset unguarded doors\.
And see, how *easily*\ might one
Of these domestic foes,
Even beneath your *very nose*,
Perform his knavish tricks\;
Enter your room, as *I*\ have done,
Blow out your *candles*\—*thus*\—and *thus*\—,
Pocket your *silver candlesticks*\,
And—*walk off*\—*thus*\."

5. So said', so done\; he made no more remark,
Nor waited for replies,
But marched off with his prize,
Leaving the gouty merchant in the dark.

XXXIII.—SPEECH BEFORE THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION.

From Patrick Henry.

Patrick Henry was a distinguished American statesman during the Revolutionary war. He was a native of Virginia, held its highest offices, and was a member of the convention which met to deliberate upon uniting with the other states in resistance to Great Britain.

Observe that the *emphatic pause* is freely used.

1. It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope\. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth\, and listen to the song of that syren' till she transforms us into beasts\. Is *this'*—the part of *wise men'*, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for *liberty'?* Are we disposed to be of the number of *those'*, who, having *eyes*,—*see* not, and having *ears*,—*hear* not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation'? For *my*\—part, whatever anguish of spirit it may *cost'*, I am willing to know the *whole truth;* to *know* the *worst*\, and to *provide*\ for it.

2. I have but *one* lamp, by which *my*\ feet are guided; and *that*\—is—the *lamp* of *experience.* I know of no way of judging of the *future'*, but by the *past**;* and, *judging* by the *past'*, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years', to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to

solace themselves and the house'? Is it that *insidious smile* with which our petition has been lately received'? *Trust it not:* it will prove a *snare'* to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be *betrayed* with a *kiss'*. Ask yourselves, how this gracious reception of our petition, comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land'. Are *fleets'*—and *armies'*—necessary to a work of *love* and *reconciliation'?* Have we shown ourselves so *unwilling* to be reconciled, that *force'*—must be called in to win back our love'? Let us not *deceive'* ourselves. These are the implements of *war'* and *subjugation'; the last* arguments to which kings resort.

3. I ask, gentlemen', what *means* this *martial array*, if its purpose be *not* to force us into submission? Can gentlemen assign any *other—possible—motive* for it? Has Great Britain any *enemy'*—in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies'? No', she has *none'*. They are meant for *us':* they *can'* be meant for no *other'*. They are sent over to *bind'* and *rivet'* upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to *oppose* to them? Shall we try *argument?* We have *been trying that*, for the *last—ten —years.* Have we any thing *new'* to offer upon the subject? Nothing'. We have held the subject up in every light in which it was *capable'; but* it has been all in vain'.

4. Shall we resort to *entreaty'* and *humble supplication'?* What *terms'* shall we *find*, which have not been already *exhausted'?* Let us not, I beseech you, deceive ourselves longer'. We have done every' thing that *could be done*, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated'; we have *supplicated'; we* have PROSTRATED' ourselves at the foot of the throne, and implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our *petitions'* have been *slighted'; our remonstrances* have produced *additional violence* and *insult'; our supplications', disregarded'; and* we have been *spurned'* with *contempt'* from the foot of the throne.

5. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room'* for hope. If we wish to be *free'; if* we mean to

preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending′; if we mean not basely to *abandon*‵ the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves *never*‵ to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained′; we *must fight*‵*!* I repeat it‵, WE MUST FIGHT‵! An appeal to *arms*‵ and the *God of Hosts*, is all that is left us.

6. They tell us, that we are *weak*‵*; unable* to *cope*‵ with so formidable an adversary. But *when* shall we be *stronger*‵*?* Will it be the *next week*′, or the *next year*′*?* Will it be, when we are totally *disarmed*, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house′? Shall we gather *strength* by *irresolution* and *inaction*′*?* Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs′, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope′, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot′? We are *not*‵ *weak*, if we make a proper use of those means′, which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

7. *Three millions of people*′, armed in the holy cause of *liberty*′, and in *such* a country as that which *we* possess, are invincible by *any force* which our enemy can send against us. Besides, we shall not fight our battles—*alone*′. There is a *just God*‵ who presides over the destinies of nations′; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle is not to the *strong*′ *alone;* it is to the *vigilant*‵—the *active*—the *brave*‵. Besides, we have no election. If we were base enough to *desire*‵ it, it is now too late to retire from the contest‵. There is no‵ retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged‵. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston‵! The war is *inevitable*‵*;* and—*let it come*‵*!* I repeat it, LET IT COME‵!

8. It is in vain to extenuate the matter‵. Gentlemen may cry *peace*′, *peace*′; but there is *no*‵ peace. The war is actually begun‵. The next gale that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms‵! Our *brethren*′ are *already* in the field! Why stand *we*‵—here idle? What is it that gentlemen *wish*‵*?* What would they *have*‵*?* Is life so *dear*′, or peace *so sweet*′, as to be purchased at the price of *chains*′ and *slavery*′*?* Forbīd īt Almīghty

Gŏd! I know not what course *others*\ may take; but as for *me*′, *give me liberty*\, or GIVE ME DEATH.

REMARK.—In the above extract, may be found an illustration of most of the principles of emphasis.

The most important emphatic words and pauses only, are marked. On this point, there is always room for difference of opinion. Scarcely any two persons would pronounce a sentence with *precisely* the same emphasis. Observe, in the above lesson, the all-controlling power of emphasis in determining to the falling inflection. The words "see," "hear," and "my," in the first paragraph, the word "that" in the second, and "spurned" and "contempt" in the fourth paragraph, are examples of this. Let the reader remember that a high degree of emphasis is sometimes expressed by a whisper.

XXXIV.—VANITY OF LIFE.

FROM HERDER'S HEBREW POETRY.

1. MAN, born of woman,
Is of few days,
And full of trouble.
He cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down\;
He fleeth also as a shadow,
And continueth not.

2. Upon *such* dost thou open thine eye,
And bring me unto judgment with thee?
Among the impure is there *one pure?*
Not one\.

3. Are his days so determined′?
Hast thou numbered his months′,
And set fast his bounds for him,
Which he can never pass′?
Turn\ then from him that he may *rest*\,
And enjoy′, as an hireling′, his day\.

4. The *tree*′ hath *hope*\, if it be cut down,
It becometh *green*\ again,
And *new shoots* are put forth.
If even the root is *old*\ in the earth,
And its stock *die*\ in the ground,
From vapor of water it will bud,
And bring forth boughs as a young plant.

5. But *man* dieth, and his power is gone;
He is taken away, and *where is he*\?

6. Till the waters waste from the sea,
Till the river faileth and is dry land,
Man lieth low, and riseth not again.
Till the heavens are old, he shall not awake,
Nor be aroused from his sleep.

7. O that thou wouldst *conceal* me
In the realm of departed souls′!
Hide me in secret, till thy wrath be past\;
Appoint me then a new term,
And remember me again.
But alas! if a man die′,
Shall he *live′* again?

8. So long, then, as my toil endureth,
Will I wait till a change\ come to me.
Thou wilt call′ me, and I shall answer\;
Thou wilt pity the work of thy hands.
Though *now* thou numberest my steps′,
Thou shalt *then* not watch for my sin.
My transgression will be sealed in a bag\,
Thou wilt bind up and remove my iniquity.

9. Yet alas! the mountain falleth and is swallowed up,
The rock is removed out of its place\,
The waters hollow out the stones\,
The floods overflow the dust of the earth\,
And thus, thou destroyest the hope of man.

10. Thou contendest with him, till he faileth\,
Thou changest his countenance, and sendeth him away
Though his sons become great′ and happy′,
Yet *he* knoweth it not;
If they come to *shame*\ and *dishonor*\,
He′ perceiveth it not\.

XXXV.—THE MARINER'S DREAM.

From Dimond.

In this and some following Lessons, the principles applicable to the reading of poetry are illustrated.

1. In slumbers | of midnight || the sailor-boy lay;
His hammock | swung loose || at the sport of the wind;
But watch-worn | and weary, || his cares | flew away,
And visions | of happiness || danced o'er his mind.

2. He dreamed of his home, || of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited || on life's merry morn;
While Memory each scene || gayly covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, || but secreted the thorn.

3. Then Fancy her magical pinions || spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer || in ecstasy rise;
Now, far, far behind him || the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers || blesses his eyes.

4. The jessamine clambers || in flowers o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet || from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport || he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones || reply to his call.

5. A father bends o'er him || with looks of delight;
His cheek is impearled || with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy || in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid || whom his bosom holds dear.

6. The heart of the sleeper || beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulse, || all his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness || steals through his rest—
"O God! thou hast blest me, || I ask for no more."

7. Ah! whence is that flame || which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound || that now 'larums his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red glare || painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, || the groan of the sphere!

8. He *springs*\ from his hammock, || he *flies*\ to the deck;
Amazement confronts him || with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves || drive the vessel a wreck,
The masts fly in splinters, || the shrouds are on fire.

9. Like mountains the billows || tumultuously swell;
In vain the lost wretch′ || calls on Mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits || are ringing his knell′,
And the death-angel flaps || his broad wings o'er the wave!

10. O sailor-boy′, || woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness || dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss;
Where now is the picture || that Fancy touched bright;
Thy parents' fond pressure, || and love's honeyed kiss?

11. O sailor-boy′! sailor-boy′! || never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, || thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonored, || down deep in the main,
Full many a score fathom, || thy frame shall decay.

12. No tomb shall e'er plead || to remembrance for thee′,
Or redeem form or fame || from the merciless surge,
But the white foam of *waves* || shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds, in the midnight || of winter, thy dirge.

13. On a bed of green sea-flowers, || thy limbs shall be laid
Around thy white bones, || the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks || threads of amber be made′,
And every part suit || to thy mansion below.

14. Days′, months′, years′, and ages‵ || shall circle away,
And still the vast waters || above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern || forever and aye;
O sailor-boy′! sailor-boy′! || peace to thy soul!

XXXVI.—THE SOLDIER'S REST.

From Walter Scott.

Sir Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh, in 1771. After his admission to the Scottish bar, he determined to devote himself to literary pursuits, and his path to fame was opened by the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. After the publication of some original poems, he chose a new department of literature, and, concealing his name, commenced the series called the *Waverly Novels*. He also produced several historical works. He died at Abbotsford, in 1832.

Pibroch; a wild, irregular species of music peculiar to the Highlands.
Reveille, (pro. *re-văl′yā*); signal for mustering.

1. Soldier′, rest‵! || thy warfare o'er′,
Sleep the sleep || that knows not breaking;

Dream of battle fields || no more,
Days of danger′, || nights of waking\.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen || thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music || fall,
Every sense || in slumber dewing.
Soldier′, rest\! || thy warfare o'er′,
Dream of battle fields || no more,
Sleep the sleep || that knows not breaking\
Morn of toil′, || nor night of waking\.

2. No rude sound shall reach thine ear′,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here,
Mustering clan′, or squadron\ tramping.
Yet the *lark's*\ shrill fife may come′,
At the day-break from the fallow\,
And the *bittern*\ sound *his* drum′,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder′ sounds shall *none*\ be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here\,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing′,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

3. Huntsman′, rest\! thy chase is done\;
While our slumb'rous spells assail′ ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun′,
Bugles here shall sound reveille\.
Sleep\! the deer is in his den\;
Sleep\! thy hounds are by thee lying\.
Sleep\! nor dream in yonder glen′,
How thy gallant steed lay dying\.
Huntsman′, rest\; thy chase is done\
Think not of the rising sun′,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugle sounds reveille.

XXXVII.—BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

By Charles Wolfe.

Rev. Charles Wolfe was a clergyman of the Church of England, who died in early life, leaving but few specimens of his poetic talent. Byron said of this ballad, that he would rather be the author of it than of any one ever written.

1. Not a drum ⁊ was heard, || not a funeral note,
As his corse || to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier | discharged || his farewell | shot
O'er the grave || where our hero was buried.

2. We buried him | darkly, || at dead | of night,
The sods′ || with our bayonets ⁊ turning,
By the struggling *moonbeam's* || misty light,
And the *lantern* || dimly burning.

3. No useless *coffin*ˋ || inclosed | his breast,
Not in *sheet* | nor in *shroud* || we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior || taking his rest,
With his martial *cloak* around him.

4. Few and short′ || were the *prayers*ˋ we said,
And we spoke || not a word of sorrow;
And we steadfastly gazed || on the face of the dead,
And we *bitterly* thought || of the *morrow.*

5. We thought, || as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down || his lonely pillow,
That the *foe*ˋ | and the *stranger*ˋ || would tread o'er his head,
And *we*′ | far away || on the billow.

6. Lightly | they'll talk || of the spirit | that's gone′,
And o'er his cold ashes || upbraidˋ him;
But little *he'll* reck, || if they'll let him sleep on
In the grave′ || where a *Briton* has laid him.

7. But half | of our heavy task || was done,
When the clock || struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard || the distant and random gun
Which the foe || was sullenly firing.

8. Slowly and sadly || we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, || fresh and gory;
We carved not a *line,* || and we raised not a *stone*:
But we left him || alone with his glory.

XXXVIII.—MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

From Southey.

1. Where is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

2. No aid, no compassion, the maniac will seek;
Cold and hunger awake not her care;
Through the rags, do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor withered bosom, half bare; and her cheek
Has the deadly pale hue of despair.

3. Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
Poor Mary, the maniac, has been:
The traveler remembers, who journeyed this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

4. Her cheerful address filled the guests with delight,
As she welcomed them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night,
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

5. She loved, and young Richard had settled the day;
And she hoped to be happy for life:
But Richard was idle and worthless; and they
Who knew him, would pity poor Mary, and say,
That she was too *good* for his wife.

6. 'T was in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright
And, smoking in silence, with tranquil delight,
They listened to hear the wind roar.

7. "'T is pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fireside,
To hear the wind whistle without."
'A fine night for the Abbey!" his comrade replied:
"Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried,
Who would wander the ruins about.

8. "I *myself*', like a school-boy, should tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old Abbot's grim *spirit*\ appear;
For this wind might awaken the dead!"

9. "I 'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
"That *Mary* would venture there *now*\."
"Then *wager*\, and *lose*\:" with a sneer he replied;
"I 'll warrant she 'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a *white cow!*"

10. "Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"
His companion exclaimed with a smile\;
"I shall win\, for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the alder that grows in the aisle."

11. With fearless good-humor did Mary comply\,
And her way to the Abbey she bent;
The night it was gloomy\, the wind it was high\;
And, as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shivered with cold as she went.

12. O'er the path so well known, still proceeded the maid,
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight;
Through the gate-way, she entered, she felt not afraid;
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.

13. All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howled dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-covered fragments still fearless she passed,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the *alder-tree* grew in the aisle.

14 Well pleased did she reach\ it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gathered the bough;
When the sound of a *voice*\ seemed to rise on her ear;
She paused, and she listened, all eager to hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now!

15. The wind blew\; the hoarse ivy shook over her head\;
She listened\; naught else could she hear;
The wind ceased\; her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins—*distinctly*\—the tread
Of *footsteps*\ approaching her near.

16. Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
She crept, to conceal herself there;
That instant, the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moonlight two *ruffians*\ appear,
And between them, a *corpse*\ they did bear.

17. Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold,
Again the rough wind hurried by;
It blew off the hat of the one, and, behold,
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it rolled\;
She fell; and expected to die!

18. "Stop! the hat!" he exclaims. "Nay\, come on, and fast hide
The dead body\!" his comrade replies.
She beheld them in safety pass on by her side\;
She seizes the hat\, fear her courage supplied,
And fast through the Abbey she flies.

19. She ran with wild speed\; she rushed in at the door\;
She looked horribly eager around\:
Her limbs could support their faint burden no more;
But exhausted and breathless, she sank on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

20. Ere yet her pale lips could her story impart,
For a moment, the *hat*\ met her view:
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For, O Heaven\! what cold horror thrilled through her heart,
When the name of her *Richard*\ she knew!

21. Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard by/,
His gibbet is now to be seen;
Not far from the inn, it engages the eye\;
The traveler beholds it, and thinks with a sigh/,
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

XXXIX.—JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

From N. P. Willis.

For the scene which this describes, see the eleventh chapter of the Book of Judges, from the 29th verse through.

1. She stood before her father's gorgeous tent,
To listen for his coming.

2. I have thought,
A *brother's* and a *sister's* love was much.
I *know*\ a *brother's*′ is, for I have loved
A trusting sister\; and I know how broke
The heart may be with its own tenderness.
But the affection of a *delicate child*\
For a *fond father*′, gushing as it does
With the sweet springs of life, and living on
Through all earth's changes,
Must be holier!

3 The wind bore on
The leaden tramp of thousands. Clarion notes
Rang sharply on the air at intervals\;
And the low, mingled din of mighty hosts,
Returning from the battle, poured from far,
Like the deep murmur of a restless sea.

4 Jephthah led his warriors on
Through Mizpeh's streets. His helm was proudly set\,
And his stern lip curled slightly′, as if *praise*
Were for the hero's *scôrn*. His step was *firm*,
But *free* as India's leopard; and his mail,
Whose shekels none in Israel might bear′,
Was lighter than a *tassel* on *his* frame.
His crest was Judah's kingliest\, and the look
Of his dark, lofty eye might quell a lion.

5 He led on\; but thoughts
Seemed gathering round which troubled\ him. The veins
Upon his forehead were distinctly seen,
And his proud lip was painfully compressed.
He trod less firmly\; and his restless eye
Glanced forward frequently, as if some ill
He dared not meet, were there. His home was near,
And men were thronging, with that strange delight
They have in human passions, to observe
The struggle of his feelings with his pride.
He gazed intently forward.

6. A moment more′,
And he had reached his home; when lo! there sprang
One with a bounding footstep′, and a brow
Like light, to meet\ him. O how beautiful\!
Her dark eye flashing like a sun-lit gem,
And her luxuriant *hair*′, 't was like the sweep
Of a swift wing in visions. He stood still,

As if the sight had *withered*\ him. She threw
Her arms about his neck; he heeded not.
She called him "Father\," but he answered not.
She stood and *gazed* upon him. Was he *wroth'*?
There was no *anger'* in that blood-shot eye.
Had *sickness'* seized him? She unclasped his helm,
And laid her white hand gently on his brow.
The touch aroused\ him. He raised up his hands,
And spōke the nāme of Gōd, in āgony.

7. She knew that he was stricken, then; and rushed
Again into his arms, and with a flood
Of tears she could not stay, she sobbed a prayer
That he would tell her of his wretchedness.
He *told*\ her, and a momentary flush
Shot o'er her countenance: and then', the soul
Of Jephthah's daughter wakened\, and she stood
Calmly and nobly up, and said, "'T is well\;
And I will dīe!"

8. And whēn the sūn had sēt,
Thēn shē wās dēad—but nōt by vīolence.

XL.—TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

From Mrs. Hemans.

1. What hidest thou in thy treasure caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main'?
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colored shells,
Bright things, which gleam unrecked of, and in vain.
Keep\, *keep*\ thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not *sŭch* from thee\.

2. Yet *more*, thy depths have *more!*—What wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies?
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies.
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main'!
Earth claims not *thêse* again.

3. Yet *more*, thy depths have *more!* Thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old:
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry:
Dash o'er them\, ocean, in thy scornful play!
Man yields *thĕm* to decay.

4. Yet *more*\ ! thy billows and thy depths have *more*\ !
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They *hear not now* the booming waters roar,
The battle thunders will not break *their*\ rest.
Keep thy *red gŏld* and *gêms*, thou stormy grave′!
Give back the *true* and *brave*.

5. Give back the *lost*\ and *lovely*\ ! *those*, for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long,
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke mid festal song!
Hold fast thy *buried isles*\, thy *towers o'erthrown*′,
But *ăll* is *not thine own!*

XLI.—BATTLE IN HEAVEN.

From Milton.

John Milton, the acknowledged prince of British poets, was born in London, in 1608. In early life, he was a diligent student, and before he attained the age of seventeen, knew six languages almost as familiarly as his own. His immortal poem, the *Paradise Lost*, was written after he was stricken with blindness. In the latter part of his life he lived in retirement, and died in 1674.

This lesson is adapted to the cultivation of a low tone.

1. To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern replied:
Reign *thou* in hell, *thy*\ kingdom; let *me* serve
In heaven *God* ever blest, and *his* divine
Behests obey\, worthiest to be obeyed;
Yet *chains*\ in hell, not *realms*′, expect\: meanwhile,
From me, returned, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

2. So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan, that no *sight*,
Nor motion of swift *thought*, less could his *shield*,
Such ruin intercept. Ten paces huge
He back recoiled\; the tenth′, on bended knee
His massy spear upstayed\: as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had pushed a *mountain*\ from his seat,
Half sunk with all his pines.

3. Now storming fury rose
And clamor such as heard in heaven till now
Was never\; arms on armor clashing, brayed
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels

Of brazen chariots raged: dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rushed
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage. All heaven
Resounded\; and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her center shook. What wonder\? where
Millions of fierce encountering angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions.

4. Long time in even scale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting seraphim confused, at length
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and felled
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway,
Brandished aloft, the horrid edge came down
Wide-wasting; such destruction to withstand,
He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield
Of vast circumference. At his approach,
The great archangel from his warlike toil
Surceased\, and glad, as hoping here to end
Intestine war in heaven, the arch-foe subdued.

5. Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields
Blazed opposite, while expectation stood
In horror: from each hand with speed retired,
Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,
And left large fields, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion; such as, to set forth
Great things by small, if, nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two *planets*\, rushing from aspect* malign
Of fiercest opposition, in mid-sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound

* Observe the improper pronunciation of the word "aspect," required by the poetic accent. In this case, an equal degree of force may be given to each syllable.

XLII.—PAUL'S DEFENSE BEFORE KING AGRIPPA.

From the Bible.

[This should be read in a medium tone, between high and low.]

1. Then said Agrippa unto Paul: Thou art permitted to speak for thyself. Then Paul stretched forth his hand and answered for himself.

2. I think myself happy, king Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself, this day, before thee, touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews'; especially, because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews: wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently. My manner of life from my youth', which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem', know all the Jews; who knew me from the *beginning*, if they would testify, that after the straitest sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee.

3. And now, I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers'; unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For which hope's sake, king Agrippa', I am accused of the Jews. Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the *dead'?* I verily thought with myself, that I *ought* to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Which things I also *did'* in Jerusalem: and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests, and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them.

4. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and, being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities. Whereupon, as I went to Damascus, with authority and commission from the chief priests, at midday, O King', I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with' me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue', Saul', Saul', why persecutest thou me'? it is hard

for thee to kick against the goads. And I said', Who art' thou, Lord'?

5. And he said', I am Jesus', whom thou persecutest. But rise and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear' unto thee; delivering thee from the people and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified, by faith that is in me.

6. Whereupon, O king Agrippa', I was not *disobedient'* unto the heavenly vision; but showed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me. Having, therefore, obtained help of God', I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small' and great', saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come; that Christ should suffer', and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people and to the Gentiles.

7. And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, Paul, thou art *beside'* thyself, much learning hath made thee mad. But he said, I am not mad', most noble Festus', but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king *knoweth'* of these things, before whom I speak freely; for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner'. King Agrippa', believest thou the prophets'? I *know'* that thou believest.

8. Then Agrippa said unto Paul'; Almost thou persuadest *me* to be a Christian. And Paul said, I would to God, that not only *thou*, but also *all* that *hear me this day*, were both *almost'* and *altogether'* such as *I* am, except these bonds. And when he had thus spoken, the king rose up, and the governor and Bernice, and they that sat with them.

And when they were gone aside, they talked between themselves, saying: This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds. Then said Agrippa unto Festus: This man might have been set at *liberty*, if he had not appealed unto Cæsar.

XLIII.—HENRY V. TO HIS TROOPS.

From Shakspeare.

[This lesson requires a high key.]

1 Once more unto the breach, dear friends′, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In *peace*′ there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of *war* blows in our ears,
Then′ imitate the action of the tiger\';
Stiffen the sinews\', summon up the blood\',
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage;
Then′ lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.

2. Now *set* the *teeth*\', and *stretch* the *nostril wide*,
Hold hard the *breath*\', and *bend*\' *up* every *spirit*
To its full height! *On*\', *on*\', you noblest English′,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that. like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even, fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument;
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war.

3. And *you*, good yeomen′,
Whose limbs were made in England, show\' us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding\'; which I doubt not,
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble luster in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot\';
Follow your spirit\': and, upon this charge,
Cry—"*God* for *Harry*, *England*, and *St. George!*

XLIV.—HECTOR'S ATTACK ON THE GRECIAN WALLS.

From Pope's Translation of Homer.

Alexander Pope was born in London, in 1688, and received an excellent private education. His whole life was devoted to literary pursuits, and he soon became the first poet of his day. He died at Twickenham, in 1744.

1. Then godlike Hector and his troops contend
To force the ramparts and the gates to rend;
Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yield,
Till great Sarpedon towered amid the field.
In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample shield in air,
And, while two pointed javelins arm his hands,
Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.

2. (*l*) So, pressed with hunger, from the mountain's brow,
Descends a lion\ on the flocks below;
So, stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
In sullen majesty and stern disdain.
In vain, loud mastiffs bay him from afar,
And shepherds gall him with an iron war;
Regardless, furious, he pursues his way,
He foams\, he roars\, he rends the panting prey.

3. Unmoved, the embodied Greeks their fury dare,
And fixed, support the weight of all the war\;
Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian powers/,
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian towers\.

4. (*l*) As, on the confines of adjoining grounds,
Two stubborn swains\ with blows dispute their bounds,
They tug/, they sweat\; but neither gain nor yield
One foot, one inch of the contested field:
Thus, obstinate to death, they fight/, they fall\;
Nor these can *keep*/, nor those can *win*\ the wall.
Their manly breasts are pierced with many a wound,
Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms resound;
The copious slaughter covers all the shore,
And the high ramparts drop with human gore.

5. (*l*) As when two scales are charged with doubtful loads,
From side to side the trembling balance nods,
(While some laborious matron, just and poor,
With nice exactness weighs her woolly store),

Till, poised aloft, the resting beam suspends
Each equal weight\; nor *this*′, nor *that*\ descends.
So stood the war, till Hector's matchless might
With fates prevailing, turned the scale of fight.

6. (*h*) Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
And fires his hosts with loud repeated cries:
"Advance, ye Trojans′! lend your valiant hands\,
Haste to the fleet\, and toss the blazing brands\!"
They hear\, they run\; and gathering at his call,
Raise scaling engines, and ascend the wall:
Around the works a wood of glittering spears
Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.

7. A ponderous stone\ bold Hector heaved to throw,
Pointed above′, and rough and gross below\:
Not two strong men the enormous weight could raise,
Such men as live in *these* degenerate days.
Yet *this*′ as easy as a swain could bear
The snowy fleece, he tossed and shook in air:
Thus armed, before the folded gates he came,
Of massy substance, and stupendous frame,
With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,
On lofty beams of solid timber hung:
Then, thundering through the planks with forceful sway,
Drives the sharp rock\; the solid beams give way\;
The folds are shattered\; from the crackling door
Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.

8. Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night, and shakes two shining spears:
A dreadful gleam from his bright armor came,
And from his eyeballs flashed the living flame.
He moves a god\, resistless in his course,
And seems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after, through the gaping space,
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place;
The Greeks behold\, they tremble, and they fly\;
The shore is heaped with death, and tumult rends the sky

XLV.—RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

From Miss Mitford.

[This Lesson is marked for *inflection*, *emphasis*, and *modulation*, and is an admirable exercise for them all.]

1. I come not here to talk′. You know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are—*slaves*‵ !
The bright sun rises to his course and lights
A *race* of—*slaves*‵ ! He sets, and his last beams
Fall on a—*slave*‵ ; not *such* as swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
To crimson glory and undying fame:
(*l*) But—*base*‵—*ignoble*‵—slaves; slaves to a horde
Of *petty tyrants*‵, *feudal despots*‵, *lords*,
Rich′ in some dozen *paltry villages*‵ ;
Strong′ in some *hundred spearmen*‵ ; *only great′*
In that *strange spell* ;—a name‵.

2. Each hour; dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against‵ them. (*h*) But *this very day*,
An honest man, my neighbor,—there he stands′,—
Was *struck*‵—*struck′* like a *dog*‵, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! (*hh*) Be we *men′*,
And suffer *such′* dishonor? *men′*, and wash not
The stain away in *blood′*? (*l*) Such shames are common.
I have known *deeper*‵ wrongs; *I*‵ that speak‵ to ye,
(*ll*) I had a *brother*‵ once′—a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy,—there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple.

3. How I *loved*‵
That gracious boy‵! Younger by fifteen years‵,
Brother at once, and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheek‵; a smile
Parting his innocent lips‵. *In one short hour*,
That *pretty*, *harmless boy* was *slain*‵ ! I saw
The cōrse, the mangled cōrse, and then (*h*) I cried
For *vengeance*‵ ! (*hh*) Rouse‵, ye Romans! rouse‵, ye slaves!

Have ye *brave sons′?* Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them *die*\. Have ye *fair daughters′?* Look
To see them live, *torn from your arms*\, *distained*\,
*Dishonored**;* and if ye *dare call for justice′*,
Be answered by the *lash*\.

4. (*l*) Yet *thĭs*—is *Rôme*,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the *world!* and *wĕ* are *Rômans*
(*h*) Why, in that elder day, to be a *Rŏman*,
Was greater than a *king!*

5. And once again,—
(*hh*) *Hear*\ me, ye *walls*, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! *Once again*, I *swear*,
The eternal city shall be free.

XLVI.—THE BROKEN HEART—A SKETCH.

From Irving.

Washington Irving, born in 1783, ranks among the first of American authors. In early life, he followed literary pursuits only as an amusement, but meeting with reverses, he devoted himself to literature as a profession. Late in life, he purchased an old Dutch Mansion, on the Hudson, which he fitted up, and in which he resided until his death, in 1859.

1. Every one must recollect the tragical story of young Emmet, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. He was so young\, so intelligent\, so generous\, so brave\, so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country, the eloquent vindication of his name, and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation, all these entered deeply into every generous bosom\, and even his enemies\ lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

2. But there was *one*\ heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes′, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl\, the

daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name', she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes', what must have been the agony of her', whose whole soul was occupied by his image! Let *those* tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth'—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

3. But then the horrors of such' a grave! so frightful', so dishonored'! there was nothing for memory to dwell on, that could soothe the pang of separation', none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, which endear the parting scene', nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent like the dews of heaven to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish.

4. To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation'; for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her love.

5. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity which scathe and scorch the soul, which penetrate to the vital seat of happiness, and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude'; walking about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe, that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and "heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

6. The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such' a scene; to find it wandering, like a specter, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay', to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and, looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching', it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

7. The story of one so true and tender, could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her', and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions', for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation', for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

8. He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of her early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline', and, at length, sank into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

XLVII.—THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

From Whittier.

1. Look\ on him! through his dungeon grate;
Feebly and cold, the morning light
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,
As if it loathed the sight.
Reclining on his strawy bed,
His hand upholds his drooping head;
His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard;
Unshorn his gray, neglected beard;
And o'er his bony fingers flow
His long, disheveled locks of snow.

2. No grateful fire before him glows,
And yet the winter's breath is chill:
And o'er his half-clad person goes
The frequent ague-thrill!
Silent\, save ever and anon′,
A sound, half murmur and half groan′,
Forces apart the painful grip
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip;
O, sad and crushing is the fate
Of old age chained and desolate.

3. Just God! why lies that old man there?
A murderer shares his prison bed,
Whose eyeballs through his horrid hair′,
Gleam on him, fierce and red;
And the rude oath and heartless jeer
Fall ever on his loathing ear\;
And, or in wakefulness′ or sleep\,
Nerve, flesh, and fiber thrill and creep,
Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,
Crimson with murder, touches him!

4. What has the gray-haired prisoner done?
Has murder stained his hands with gore?
Not so\: his crime 's a fouler\ one;
Gŏd made the ōld man pōōr!
For *this*, he shares a felon's\ cell,
The fittest earthly type of hell\!
For *this*, the boon for which he poured
His young blood on the invader's sword,
And counted light the fearful cost,
His *blood-gained liberty*—is lost!

5. And so, for such a place of rest,
Old prisoner, poured thy blood as rain
On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,
And Saratoga's plain?
Look forth, thou man of many scars,
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars;
It must be joy, in sooth, to see
Yon mŏnument * upreared to thee;
Piled granite and a prison cell!
The land repays thy service well!

6. Go, ring the bells, and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
Shout 'Freedom!' till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle-shout;
Let boastful eloquence declaim
Of honor, liberty, and fame;
Still let the poet's strain be heard,
With '*glory*' for each second word,
And every thing with breath agree
To praise 'our glorious liberty!'

7. But when the patriot cannon jars
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,
And through its grates the stripes and stars
Rise on the wind, and fall;
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
Rejoices in the general cheer?
Think ye *his* dim and failing eye
Is kindled at your pageantry?
Sorrowing of soul, and chained of limb,
What is *your* carnival to *him?*

8. Down with the law that binds him thus!
Unworthy freemen, let it find
No refuge from the withering curse
Of God and human kind!
Open the prisoner's living tomb,
And usher from its brooding gloom
The victims of your savage code,
To the free sun and air of God;
No longer dare as crime to brand
The chastening of the Almighty's hand!

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* Bunker Hill Monument.

XLVIII.—LA FAYETTE AND ROBERT RAIKES.

From Grimke.

Thomas S. Grimke was a distinguished lawyer of Charleston, South Carolina. He was a man of great learning, pure and high-toned religious sentiment, and remarkable eloquence.

La Fayette was a French nobleman, who gave his services and spent his fortune in aid of America in the Revolutionary War, which terminated in 1783. In 1824 he revisited this country, and was received with an enthusiasm seldom equaled.

[Extract from an address delivered at a Sunday-School Celebration.]

1. It is but a few years, since we beheld the most singular and memorable pageant in the annals of time. It was a pageant more sublime and affecting than the progress of Elizabeth through England after the defeat of the Armada; than the return of Francis I. from a Spanish prison to his own beautiful France; than the daring and rapid march of the conqueror at Austerlitz from Frejus to Paris. It was a pageant, indeed, rivaled only in the elements of the grand and the pathetic, by the journey of our own Washington, through the different States. Need I say that I allude to the visit of La Fayette to America'?

2. But La Fayette returned to the land of the *dead*', rather than of the *living'*. How many who had fought with him in the war of '76, had died in arms, and lay buried in the grave of the soldier or the sailor! How many who had survived the perils of battle, on the land and the ocean, had expired on the death-bed of peace, in the arms of mother', sister', daughter', wife'! Those who survived to celebrate with him the jubilee of 1825, were stricken in years, and hoary-headed; many of them infirm in health; many the victims of poverty', or misfortune', or affliction'. And, how venerable that patriotic company'; how sublime their gathering through all the land'; how joyful their welcome, how affecting their farewell' to that beloved stranger!

3. But the pageant has fled', and the very *materials*' that gave it such depth of interest, are rapidly perishing': and a *humble*, perhaps a *nameless* grave, shall hold the last soldier of the Revolution. And shall they ever meet again? Shall the patriots and soldiers of '76, the Immortal Band, as

history styles them, meet again in the amaranthine bowers of spotless purity, of perfect bliss, of eternal glory? Shall theirs be the Christian's heaven, the kingdom of the Redeemer? The *heathen* points to his fabulous Elysium as the paradise of the soldier and the sage. But the *Christian* bows down with tears and sighs, for he knows that *not many* of the patriots, and statesmen, and warriors of Christian lands, are the disciples of Jesus.

4. But we turn from La Fayette, the favorite of the old and the new world, to the peaceful benevolence, the unambitious achievements of *Robert Raikes.* Let us imagine him to have been still alive, and to have visited our land, to celebrate this day with us. No national ships would have been offered to bear *him'*, a nation's guest', in the pride of the star-spangled banner', from the bright shores of the *rising*, to the brighter shores of the *setting'* sun. No cannon would have hailed *him'* in the stern language of the battle-field, the fortunate champion of Freedom, in Europe and America'. No martial music would have welcomed *him'* in notes of rapture, as they rolled along the Atlantic, and echoed through the valley of the Mississippi'. No military procession would have heralded *his'* way through crowded streets, thick-set with the banner and the plume, the glittering saber, and the polished bayonet'. No cities would have called forth beauty and fashion, wealth and rank, to honor him' in the ball-room and theater. No states would have escorted him' from boundary to boundary, nor have sent their chief magistrate to do him' homage. No national liberality would have allotted to him' a nobleman's domain, and princely treasure'. No national gratitude would have hailed him' in the capitol itself, the nation's guest, because the nation's benefactor'; and have consecrated a battle-ship', in memory of his wounds and his gallantry.

5. Not such would have been the reception of Robert Raikes, in the land of the Pilgrims' and of Penn, of the Catholic', the Cavalier', and the Huguenot. And who does not rejoice, that it would be impossible *thus* to welcome this primitive Christian, the founder of Sunday-schools? *His* heralds would be the preachers of the Gospel, and the eminent in piety, benevolence, and zeal. *His* procession

would number in its ranks the messengers of the Cross and the disciples of the Savior′, Sunday-school teachers and white-robed scholars. The temples of the Most High‵ would be the scenes of *his′* triumph. Homage and gratitude to *him′*, would be anthems of praise′ and thanksgiving to God‵.

6. Parents would honor him as more than a brother‵; children would reverence him as more than a father. The faltering words of age, the firm and sober voice of manhood, the silvery notes of youth, would bless him as a Christian patron. The wise and the good would acknowledge him every-where, as a national benefactor‵, as a patriot even to a land of strangers. He would have come a *messenger* of peace to a *land‵* of peace. No images of camps, and sieges, and battles; no agonies of the dying and the wounded; no shouts of victory, or processions of triumph, would mingle with the recollections of the multitude who welcomed *him*. *They* would mourn over no common dangers, trials, and calamities; for the road of duty has been to *them* the path of pleasantness, the way of peace. *Their* memory of the past would be rich in gratitude to God, and love to man; *their* enjoyment of the present would be a prelude to heavenly bliss; *their* prospects of the future, bright and glorious as faith and hope. * * *

7. *Such* was the reception of *La Fayette*, the *warrior; such* would be that of *Robert Raikes‵*, the *Howard* of the *Christian church*. And which is the nobler benefactor, patriot, and philanthropist? Mankind may *admire* and *extol La Fayette′* more than the *founder* of the *Sunday-schools‵;* but religion, philanthropy, and enlightened common sense, must ever esteem *Robert Raikes′* the superior of *La Fayette‵*. *His* are the virtues, the services, the sacrifices of a more enduring and exalted order of being. *His* counsels and triumphs belong less to *time′* than to *eternity‵*.

8. The fame of La Fayette is of *this′* world; the glory of Robert Raikes is of the Redeemer's *everlasting kingdom‵*. La Fayette lived chiefly for his *own age*, and chiefly for *his* and *our country*. But Robert Raikes has lived for *all* ages, and *all* countries. Perhaps the historian and biographer may never interweave his name in the tapestry of national or indi-

vidual renown. But the records of every single church, honor him as a patron‘; the records of the universal Church, on earth as in heaven, bless him as a benefactor.

9. The time *may come* when the name of La Fayette will be forgotten‘; or when the star of his fame, no longer glittering in the zenith, shall be seen, pale and glimmering, on the verge of the horizon. But the name of *Robert Raikes* shall *never*‘ be forgotten; and the lambent flame of *his* glory is that eternal fire which rushed down from heaven to devour the sacrifice of Elijah. Let *mortals* then admire and imitate La Fayette, more than Robert Raikes. But the *just* made perfect, and the *ministering spirits* around the throne of God, have welcomed him as a fellow-servant of the same Lord; as a fellow-laborer in the same glorious cause of man's redemption; as a co-heir of the same precious promises and eternal rewards.

XLIX.—ON HAPPINESS OF TEMPER.

From Goldsmith.

1. Writers of every age have endeavored to show that pleasure is in *us*‘, and not in the *objects'* offered for our amusement‘. If the *soul'* be happily disposed, every thing becomes capable of affording entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review, like the figures of a procession‘; some may be awkward, others' ill-dressed‘; but none but a *fool*‘ is, on that account, enraged with the master of ceremonies.

2. I remember to have once seen a slave, in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained‘; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till night-fall‘, and condemned to this for life‘; yet with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sang, would have danced, but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here‘! A happy constitution supplied philosophy; and, though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairy-land around him. Every thing furnished him with an

opportunity of mirth; and though some thought him, from his insensibility, a fool, he was *such*\ an idiot, as philosophers should wish to imitate.

3. They who, like that slave, can place themselves on that side of the world in which every thing appears in a pleasant light, will find something in every occurrence, to excite their good humor. The most calamitous events, either to themselves\ or others', can bring no new affliction\; the world is to them a theater, on which only comedies\ are acted. All the bustle of heroism or the aspirations of ambition, seem only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humor more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress or the complaints of others, as the *undertaker*\, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

4. Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz possessed this happiness in the highest degree. When fortune wore her angriest look, and he fell into the power of Cardinal Mazarin, his most deadly enemy, (being confined a close prisoner in the castle of Valenciennes,) he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He only laughed at himself and his persecutor\, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though denied all amusements and even the conveniences of life, and entirely cut off from all intercourse with his friends, he still retained his good humor\, laughed at the little spite of his enemies\, and carried the jest so far as to write the life of his jailer.

5. All that the wisdom of the proud can teach is, to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The Cardinal's example will teach us to be good-humored in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good humor be construed by others into insensibility' or idiotism\; it is happiness to ourselves\; and none but a fool could measure his satisfaction by what the *world*\ thinks of it.

6. The happiest fellow I ever knew, was of the number of those good-natured creatures, that are said to do no harm to any body but themselves. Whenever he fell into any misery, he called it "seeing life." If his head was broken by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he com-

forted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss' to him. His inattention to money matters had *concerned* his father to such a degree, that all intercession of friends was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his death-bed. The whole family (and Dick among the number) gathered around him.

7. "I leave my second son, Andrew," said the expiring miser, "my whole estate'; and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone', (as is usual on such occasions',) prayed heaven to prolong his life and health, to enjoy it himself. "I recommend Simon, my third son', to the care of his elder brother', and leave him, besides, four thousand pounds." "Ah, father'!" cried Simon', (in great affliction, to be sure',) "may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself'!" At last, turning to poor Dick: "As for you, you have always been a sad dog'; you 'll never come to good', you 'll never be rich'; I leave you a shilling to buy a *halter*." "Ah, father'!" cries Dick, without any emotion', "*May heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!*"

L.—THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

From Mackenzie.

1. Harley sat down on a large stone, by the wayside, to take a pebble from his shoe, when he saw, at some distance, a *beggar'* approaching him. He had on a loose sort of coat, mended with different colored rags, among which the blue and russet were predominant. He had a short, knotty stick in his hand; and on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which would have covered his feet and ankles; in his face, however, was the plump appearance of good humor; he walked a good round pace, and a crook-legged dog trotted at his heels.

2. "Our delicacies," said Harley to himself, are fantastic; they are not in nature! That *beggar'* walks over the *sharpest* of these stones *barefooted*, whilst *I'* have lost the most delightful dream in the world, from the *smallest* of them

happening to get into my *shoe*\." The beggar had by this time come up, and pulling off a piece of a hat, asked charity\ of Harley. The dog began to beg too. It was impossible to resist both; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary\, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before.

3. The beggar on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number\; and, with a sort of smile on his countenance, said to Harley "that if he wanted to have his fortune told'"—Harley turned his eye briskly upon the beggar\; it was an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction', and silenced the prophet immediately. "I would much rather learn," said Harley, "what it is in your *power*\ to tell me. Your trade must be an entertaining one; sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession; I have often thought of turning fortune-teller for a week or two, myself."

4. "Master'," replied the beggar', "I like your frankness much\; for I had the humor of plain dealing in me from a child; but there is no doing with it in this world; we must do as we can; and *lying* is, as you call it, my profession. But I was in some sort *forced*\ to the trade, for I once dealt in telling the *truth*. I was a laborer, sir, and gained as much as to make me live. I never laid by', indeed; for I was reckoned a piece of a wag\, and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr. Harley." "So," said Harley, "you seem to know me." "Ay\, there are few folks in the country that I *don't* know *something*\ of. How should I tell fortunes\ else?" "True\; but go on with your story\; you were a laborer\, you say, and a wag\; your industry, I suppose, you left with your *old*\ trade; but your humor you preserved to be of use to you in your *new*."

5. "What signifies sadness\, sir? A man grows lean' on 't. But I was brought to my idleness by degrees; sickness first disabled me, and it went against my stomach to work ever after. But in truth I was for a long time so weak, that I spit blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living, and I never kept a friend above a week when I was able to *joke*. Thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I have found\ it, Mr. Harley'. I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed; and the few who

gave me a half-penny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. In short, I found that people don't care to give alms without some *security* for their money; such as a *wooden leg*, or a *withered arm*, for example. So I *changed* my plan, and instead of telling my *own misfortunes*, began to prophesy happiness to *others*.

6. "This I found by much the better way. Folks will always listen when the tale is their own, and of *many* who say they do not believe in fortune-telling, I have known *few* on whom it had not a very sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintance; amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned from among servants and neighbors; and indeed, people *themselves* are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose. They dare not puzzle us for their *own* sakes, for every one is anxious to hear what they wish to believe; and they who repeat it, to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerably good memory, and some share of cunning, I succeed reasonably well as a fortune-teller. With this, and showing the tricks of that dog, I make shift to pick up a livelihood.

7. "My trade is none of the most honest, yet people are not *much* cheated after all, who give a few half-pence for a *prospect* of happiness, which I have heard some persons say, is all a man can arrive at, in this world. But I must bid you good-day, sir; for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies, whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm, or captains in the army; a question which I promised to answer them by that time."

8. Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket; but Virtue bade him to consider on whom he was going to bestow it. Virtue held back his arm; but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue, nor so serious as Pity, smiled upon him; his fingers lost their compression; nor did Virtue appear to catch the money as it fell. It had no sooner reached the ground, than the watchful cur (a trick he had been taught) snapped it up; and, contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.

LI.—SATAN, SIN, AND DEATH.

From Milton.

[The following lesson requires variety of tone.]

1. Meanwhile, the adversary of God and man′,
Satan′, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of hell
Explores his solitary flight‵: sometimes
He scours the *right′*-hand coast, sometimes the *left‵;*
Now shaves with level wing the deep′, then soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.

2. At last, appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice threefold the gates‵; three folds were brass‵,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat,
On either side, a formidable shape‵;
The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast‵, a serpent armed
With mortal sting‵; about her middle round,
A cry of hell hounds never ceasing barked,
With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal.

3. The other shape,
If shape it might be called, that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or *substance* might be called, that *shadow* seemed,
For each seemed either; black it stood as night‵,
Fierce as ten furies‵, terrible as hell‵,
And shook a dreadful dart‵: what seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown‵ had on.

4. Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be, admired—
Admired‵, not *feared;* God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valued he, nor shunned‵;
And with disdainful look thus first began:

5. (*h*) "Whence and what art‵ thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance

Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass',
That be assured', without leave asked of thee':
Retire', or taste' thy folly; and learn by proof,
Hell-born', not to contend with spirits of heaven!"

6. To whom the goblin, full of wrath, replied:
(*h*) "Art thou that traitor angel', art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heaven', and faith, till then
Unbroken', and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons,
Conjured against the Highest', for which both thou
And they, outcast from God', are here condemned
To waste eternal days in woe and pain'?
And reckonest thou thyself with spirits of heaven',
Hell-doomed'! and breathest defiance here and scorn,
Where *I'* reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy' king and lord'? Back' to thy punishment',
False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings;
Lest with a whip of scorpions, I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart,
Strange horrors seize thee, and pangs unfelt' before."

7. So spake the grisly terror', and in shape
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified', and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Leveled his deadly aim'; their fatal hands
No *second*' stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other', as when two black clouds
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian'; then stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air.

8. So frowned the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at the frown': so matched', they stood';
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe. And now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress, that sat
Fast by hell gate, and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.

LII.—GOD IS EVERY-WHERE.

1. Oh! show me where is He,
The high and holy One\,
To whom thou bend'st the knee,
And prayest′, "Thy will be done!
I hear thy song of praise,
And lo! no *form*\ is near:
Thine *eyes* I see thee raise,
But where doth God appear?
Oh! teach me who *is*\ God, and where his glories shine,
That I may kneel and pray, and call *thy* Father *mine*.

2. "Gaze on that arch above\:
The glittering vault admire.
Who taught those orbs to move?
Who lit their ceaseless fire?
Who guides the moon to run
In silence through the skies?
Who bids that dawning sun
In strength and beauty rise?
There view immensity\! behold\! my God is there:
The sun\, the moon\, the stars\, his majesty declare\.

3. "See where the *mountains*\ rise;
Where thundering *torrents*\ foam;
Where, veiled in towering skies,
The *eagle*\ makes his home:
Where savage nature dwells,
My God is present too\;
Through all her wildest dells
His footsteps I pursue:
He\ reared those giant cliffs, supplies that dashing stream,
Provides the daily food which stills the wild bird's scream.

4. "Look on that world of *waves*,
Where finny nations glide;
Within whose deep, dark caves
The ocean monsters hide:
His power is sovereign there,
To raise′, to quell\ the storm;
The depths his bounty share,
Where sport the scaly swarm:
Tempests and calms obey the same almighty voice,
Which rules the earth and skies\, and bids far worlds rejoice.

5. "No human thoughts can soar
Beyond his boundless might;
He swells the thunder's roar,
He spreads the wings of night.
Oh! praise his works divine‵!
Bow down thy soul in prayer‵;
Nor ask for other sign,
That God is every-where:
The viewless spirit′, He‵—immortal′, holy′, blest‵;
Oh! worship him in faith′, and find eternal rest‵!"

LIII.—IRONICAL EULOGY ON DEBT.

1. Debt is of the very highest antiquity. The first debt in the history of man is the debt of nature, and the first instinct is to put off the payment of it to the last moment. Many persons, it will be observed, following the natural procedure, would die before they would pay their debts.

2. Society is composed of two classes‵, debtors′ and creditors‵. The creditor class has been erroneously supposed the more enviable. Never was there a greater misconception‵; and the hold it yet maintains upon opinion, is a remarkable example of the obstinacy of error, notwithstanding the plainest lessons of experience. The debtor has the sympathies of mankind. He is seldom spoken of but with expressions of tenderness and compassion—"the poor debtor‵!"—and "the unfortunate debtor‵!" On the other hand, "harsh" and "hard-hearted" are the epithets allotted to the creditor. Who ever heard the "poor creditor," the "unfortunate creditor‵" spoken of? No‵, the creditor never becomes the object of pity, unless he passes into the debtor class. A creditor may be ruined by the poor debtor, but it is not until he becomes unable to pay his own debts, that he begins to be compassionated.

3. A debtor is a man of mark. Many eyes are fixed upon him‵; many have interest in his well-being‵: his movements are of concern: he can not disappear unheeded‵; his name is in many mouths‵; his name is upon many books‵; he is a man of note‵—of *promissory*‵ note; he fills the speculation

of many minds; men conjecture about him, wonder about him—wonder and conjecture whether he *will pay*. He is a man of consequence, for many are running after him. His door is thronged with duns. He is inquired after every hour of the day. *Judges* hear of him and know him. Every meal he swallows, every coat he puts upon his back, every dollar he borrows, appears before the country in some formal document. Compare *his'* notoriety with the obscure lot of the creditor—of the man who has nothing but *claims* on the world; a landlord, or fund-holder, or some *such* disagreeable, hard character.

4. The man who *pays* his way is *unknown* in his neighborhood. You ask the milk-man at his door, and he can not tell his name. You ask the butcher where Mr. Payall lives, and he tells you he knows no such name, for it is not in his books. You shall ask the baker, and he will tell you there is no such person in the neighborhood. People that have his *money* fast in their pockets, have no thought of his *person* or *appellation*. His *house* only is known. No. 31 is good pay. No. 31 is ready money. Not a scrap of paper is ever made out for No. 31. It is an *anonymous* house; its owner pays his way to obscurity. No one knows any thing about him, or heeds his movements. If a carriage be seen at his door, the neigborhood is not full of concern lest he be going to run away. If a package be moved from his house, a score of boys are not employed to watch whether it be carried to the pawnbroker. Mr. Payall fills no place in the public mind; no one has any hopes or fears about him.

5. The creditor always figures in the fancy as a sour, single man, with grizzled hair, a scowling countenance, and a peremptory air, who lives in a dark apartment, with musty deeds about him, and an iron safe, as impenetrable as his heart, grabbing together what he does not enjoy, and what there is no one about him to enjoy. The debtor, on the other hand, is always pictured with a wife and six fair-haired daughters, bound together in affection and misery, full of sensibility, and suffering without a fault. The creditor, it is never doubted, thrives without a merit. He has no wife and children to pity. No one ever thinks it desirable that *he* should have the means of living. He is a

brute for insisting that he must receive, in order to pay. It is not in the imagination of man to *conceive*‘ that his creditor has demands upon him which must be satisfied‘, and that he must do to others, as others must do to him. A creditor is a personification of exaction. He is supposed to be always taking in′, and never giving out.

6. People idly fancy, that the possession of riches is desirable. What blindness‘! Spend and regale‘. Save a shilling and you lay it by for a thief. The *prudent men* are the men that live beyond their means. Happen what may, *they* are safe. *They* have taken time by the forelock. *They* have anticipated fortune. "The wealthy fool, with gold in store," has only denied himself so much enjoyment, which another will seize at his expense. Look at these people in a *panic*. See who are the fools *then*. You know them by their long faces. You may say, as one of them goes by in an agony of apprehension, "There is a stupid fellow who fancied himself rich, because he had fifty thousand dollars in bank." The history of the last ten years has taught the moral, "spend and regale." Whatever is laid up beyond the *present hour*, is put in jeopardy. There is no certainty but in instant enjoyment‘. Look at school-boys sharing a plum cake. The knowing ones eat, as for a race; but a *stupid*‘ fellow *saves his* portion; just nibbles a bit, and "keeps the rest for another time." Most provident blockhead! The others, when they have gobbled up *their′* shares, set upon *him*‘, plunder him, and thresh him for crying out.

7. Before the terms "depreciation," "suspension," and "going into liquidation," were heard, there might have been some reason in the practice of "laying up‘;" but *now′* it denotes the darkest blindness. The *prudent men* of the present time, are the men in debt. The tendency being to sacrifice creditors to debtors, and the debtor party acquiring daily new strength every one is in haste to get into the favored class. In any case, the *debtor′* is safe. He has put his enjoyments *behind*‘ him; they are safe‘; no turns of fortune can disturb‘ them. The substance he has eaten up, is irrecoverable. The future can not trouble his past. He has nothing to apprehend. He has anticipated more than fortune would ever have granted‘ him. He has *tricked*‘ fort-

une; and his creditors'—bah'! who feels for creditors'? What *are'* creditors? Landlords; a pitiless and unpitiable tribe'; all griping extortioners'! What would become of the world of debtors', if it did not steal a march upon this rapacious class'?

LIV.—FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

From Hood.

1. Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
   And used to war's alarms;
   But a cannon-ball took off his *legs*,
   So he laid down his *arms!*

2. Now, as they bore him off the field,
   Said he, "Let *others'* shoot,
   For here I leave my second leg,
   And the Forty-second Foot!"

3. The army surgeons made him limbs';
   Said he, "They're only pegs':
   But there's as wooden members quite,
   As represent my legs!"

4. Now Ben, he loved a pretty maid',
   Her name' was Nelly Gray';
   So he went to *pay* her his *devoirs*,
   When he'd *devoured* his *pay.*

5. But when he called on Nelly Gray,
   She made him quite a scoff;
   And when she saw his wooden legs',
   Began to *take them off!*

6. "O Nelly Gray'! O Nelly Gray'!
   Is *this* your love so warm'?
   The love that loves a scarlet coat,
   Should be more *uniform!*"

7. Said she', "I loved a *soldier'* once
   For he was blithe and brave';
   But I will never have a man
   With both legs in the grave'!

8 "Before you had these *timber* toes,
Your love I did allow',
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another *footing'* now!"

9. "O false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse:
Though I've no *feet'—some other'* man
Is standing in *my shoes!*

10. "I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death';—alas'!
You will not be my NELL!"

11. Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burden grown,
It made him take a knot!

12. So, round his melancholy neck,
A rope he did entwine',
And for the *second* time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!

13. One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs',
And, as his *legs* were *off*, of course,
He soon was *off* his *legs.*

14. And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town':
For, though distress had cut him *up*,
It could not cut him *down!*

LV.—DESCRIPTION OF A SIEGE.

From Walter Scott.

Ivanhoe, a wounded knight, and Rebecca, a Jewess, had been imprisoned in the castle of Reginald Front de Bœuf. The friends of the prisoners undertake their rescue. At the request of Ivanhoe, who is unable to leave his couch, Rebecca takes her stand near a window overlooking the approach to the castle, and details to the knight the incidents of the contest, as they take place. Front de Bœuf and his garrison were Normans; the besiegers, Saxons.

Barbacan, an outer defense, or fortification, used as a watch-tower.

1. The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow. "Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe. "Under no ensign which I can observe," answered Rebecca. "A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed. Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?" "A knight clad in sable armor is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess: "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

2. "Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer. "None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca, "but doubtless the other side of the castle is also assailed. They seem, even now, preparing to advance. God of Zion protect us! What a dreadful sight! Those, who advance first, bear huge shields and defenses made of plank: the others follow, bending their bows as they come on. They raise their bows! God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

3. Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the kettle-drums, retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "Saint George, for merry England!" and the Normans answering them with loud cries of "Onward, De Bracy! Front de Bœuf, to the rescue!"

4. "And I must lie here, like a bed-ridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe. "while the game, that gives me freedom or death, is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm." With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be exposed to the arrows of the archers. "What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight. "Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them." "That can not endure," said Ivanhoe. "If they press not right on, to carry the castle by force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the knight in dark armor, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

5. "I see him not," said Rebecca. "Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm, when the wind blows highest?" "He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca; "I see him now: he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbacan. They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high, black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers, they rush in, they are thrust back! Front de Bœuf heads the defenders. I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed, hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides, the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds:" and she turned her head from the window, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

6. Speedily recovering her self-control, Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front de Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!

he is down!" "Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen!" "The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—"But no! but no! the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm—his sword is broken—he snatches an ax from a yeoman—he presses Front de Bœuf, blow on blow—the giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!" "Front de Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe. "Front de Bœuf," answered the Jewess; "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar,—their united force compels the champion to pause—they drag Front de Bœuf within the walls."

7. "The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe. "They have—they have,—and they press the besieged hard, upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other; down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"—"Think not of that," replied Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? Who push their way?"

8. "The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie groveling under them like crushed reptiles; the besieged have the better." "Saint George strike for us!" said the knight; "do the false yeomen give way?" "No," exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly; the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge ax; the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle; stones and beams are hailed down on the brave champion; he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down and feathers."

9. "St. John of Acre!" said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed." "The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by

his powerful blows—they rush in—the outwork is won! O God! they hurry the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat! O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!" "The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe. "No," replied Rebecca; "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed —few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear, tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see that it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

10. "What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again, this is no time to faint at bloodshed." "It is over, for a time," said Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered." "Our friends," said Ivanhoe, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun, and so happily attained; O no! I will put my faith in the good knight, whose ax has rent heart of oak, and bars of iron. Singular," he again muttered to himself, "if there can be two who are capable of such achievements. It is, it *must* be *Richard* CŒUR *de Lion*."

11. "Seest thou nothing else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?" "Nothing," said the Jewess, "all about him is as black as the wing of the night-raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further; but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray, as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength; it seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion, were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God forgive him the sin of bloodshed! it is fearful, yet magnificent to behold, how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

LVI.—DESCRIPTION OF A STORM AT SEA.

From Carrington.

1. The evening winds shrieked wildly: the dark cloud
Rested upon the horizon's hem, and grew
Mightier and mightier, flinging its black arch
Around the troubled offing, till it grasped
Within its terrible embrace, the all
That eye could see of ocean. There arose,
Forth from the infinite of waters, sounds,
Confused, appalling; from the dread lee shore
There came a heavier swell, a lengthened roar,
Each moment deeper, rolling on the ear
With most portentous voice. Rock howled to rock,
Headland to headland, as the Atlantic flung
Its billows shoreward; and the feathery foam
Of twice ten thousand broken surges, sailed
High o'er the dim-seen land. The startled gull,
With scream prophetic, sought his savage cliff,
And e'en the bird that loves to sail between
The ridges of the sea, with hurried wing,
Flew from the blast's fierce onset.

2. One—far off,—
One hapless ship was seen upon the deep,
Breasting the western waters. Nothing lived
Around her; all was desert; for the storm
Had made old ocean's realm a solitude,
Where man might fear to roam. And there she sat,
A lonely thing amid the gathering strife,
With pinions folded—not for rest,—prepared
To struggle with the tempest.

3. And it came,
As night abruptly closed; nor moon nor star
Looked from the sky, but darkness deep as that
Which reigned over primeval chaos, wrapped
That fated bark, save when the lightning hissed
Along the bursting billow. Ocean howled
To the high thunder, and the thunder spoke
To the rebellious ocean, with a voice
So terrible, that all the rush and roar
Of waves were but as the meek lapse of rills,
To that deep, everlasting peal, which comes
From thee, Niagara, wild flinging o'er
Thy steep the waters of a world.

4. Anon,
The lightnings glared more fiercely, burning round
The glowing offing with unwonted stay,
As if they lingered o'er the dark abyss,
And raised its veil of horror, but to show
Its wild and tortured face. And then the winds
Held oft a momentary pause,
As spent with their own fury; but they came
Again with added power; with shriek and cry,
Almost unearthly, as if on their wings,
Passed by the spirit of the storm

5. They heard,
Who rode the midnight mountain wave; the voice
Of death was in that cry unearthly. Oft,
In the red battle had they seen him stride
The glowing deck, scattering his burning hail,
And breathing liquid flame, until the winds,
The very winds grew faint, and on the waves
Rested the columned smokes; but on that night
He came with tenfold terrors; with a power
That shook at once heaven, earth; his ministers
Of vengeance round him, the great wind, the sea,
The thunder, and the fatal flash! Alas!
Day dawned not on the mariner; ere morn,
The lightning lit the seaman to his grave,
And the fierce sea-dog feasted on the dead!

LVII.—LIFE, A MIGHTY RIVER.

From Heber.

Reginald Heber, late Bishop of Calcutta, was born in 1783, and died suddenly at Trichinopoli, in 1826. Heber was truly a Christian poet, and a spirit of affectionate piety pervades all his writings.

1. Life bears us on, like the current of a mighty river. Our boat, at first, glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of its happy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

2. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry which passes before us; we are excited by some short-lived success, or depressed and made miserable by some equally short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but we can not anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but it can not be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens toward its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our last leave of the earth, and its inhabitants; and of our further voyage there is no witness but the Infinite and Eternal.

3. And do we still take so much anxious thought for future days, when the days which have gone by have so strangely and so uniformly deceived us? Can we still so set our hearts on the *creatures* of God, when we find, by sad experience, that the Creator only is permanent? Or shall we not rather lay aside every weight, and every sin which doth most easily beset us, and think ourselves henceforth as wayfaring persons only, who have no abiding inheritance but in the hope of a better world, and to whom even that world would be worse than hopeless, if it were not for our Lord Jesus Christ, and the interest we have obtained in his mercies?

LVIII.—THE FAMILY MEETING.

From Sprague.

Charles Sprague, a native of Boston, was born in 1791, and died in 1875. In his leisure moments, he wrote some admirable poems, marked by much beauty and finish of style. Among these are *Curiosity, Shakspeare Ode, Centennial Ode, The Winged Worshipers, The Family Meeting, etc.*

1. We are all here\!
Father′, mother′,
Sister′, brother\,
All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is filled\: we're all *at home*\:

To-night, let no cold stranger come\:
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we 're found.
Bless then the meeting and the spot\;
For once, be every care forgot\;
Let gentle Peace assert her power,
And kind Affection rule the hour\:
We 're *all′—all′* here.

2. We 're *not*\ all here!
Some are away\,—the *dead*\ ones dear.
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Looked in and thinned our little band\:
Some′, like a night-flash, passed away\,
And some′ sank, lingering, day by day\;
The quiet grave-yard\—some′ lie there\,
And cruel Ocean has *his*\ share:
We 're *not*\ all here.

3. We *are*\ all here!
Even *they*\, the *dead*\—though dead′, so dear
Fond Memory, to her duty true,
Brings back *their*\ faded forms to view.
How life-like through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears\!
We see them as in times long past;
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their *words*\, their *smiles*\ behold,
They 're round us as they were of old\:
We *are*\ all here.

4. We are all here\!
Father′, mother′,
Sister′, brother\,
You that I love with love so dear\.
This may not long of us be said;
Soon must we join the gathered dead;
And by the hearth we now sit round,
Some *other* circle will be found.
O, then, that wisdom may we know,
Which yields a life of peace below!
So, in the world to follow this,
May each repeat in words of bliss,
We 're *all′—all′—here*\ *!*

LIX—A VIEW OF THE COLISEUM.

From Dewey.

Coliseum, (pro. Col-i-se'-um,) the ruins of an ancient building at Rome.

1. On the eighth of November, from the high land, about fourteen miles distant, I first saw Rome'; and although there is something very unfavorable to impression in the expectation that you *are* to be greatly *impressed*, or that you *ought'* to be, or that such is the *fashion'*; yet Rome is too mighty a name to be withstood by *such* or any *other'* influences. Let you come upon that hill in what mood you *may'*, the scene will lay hold upon you as with the hand of a giant. I scarcely know how to *describe'* the impression, but it seemed to me, as if something strong and stately, like the slow and majestic march of a mighty whirlwind, swept around those eternal towers'; the storms of time, that had prostrated the proudest monuments of the world', seemed to have left their vibrations in the still and solemn air'; ages of history passed before me; the mighty procession of nations', kings', consuls', emperors', empires', and generations, had passed over that sublime theater. The fire, the storm, the earthquake, had gone by'; but there was yet left the still small voice like that, at which the prophet "wrapped his face in his mantle."

2. I went to see the Coliseum by moonlight. It is the monarch, the majesty of all ruins'; there is nothing *like'* it. All the associations of the place, too, give it the most impressive character. When you enter within this stupendous circle of ruinous walls and arches, and grand terraces of masonry, rising one above another, you stand upon the arena of the old gladiatorial combats and Christian martyrdom'; and as you lift your eyes to the vast amphitheater, you meet, in imagination, the eyes of a hundred thousand Romans, assembled to witness these bloody spectacles. What a multitude and mighty array of human beings'; and how little do we know in modern times of great assemblies'! One, two, and three, and at its last enlargement by Constantine, *more* than *three hundred thousand* persons could be seated in the Circus Maximus!

3. But to return to the Coliseum‘; we went up under the conduct of a guide, upon the walls and terraces, or embankments which supported the ranges of seats. The *seats* have long since disappeared‘; and grass overgrows the spots where the pride, and power, and wealth, and beauty of Rome sat down to its barbarous entertainments. What thronging life was here then‘! What voices, what greetings‘, what hurrying footsteps upon the staircases of the eighty arches of entrance! and *now*, as we picked our way carefully through the decayed passages, or cautiously ascended some moldering flight of steps, or stood by the lonely walls—ourselves silent, and, for a wonder, the guide silent, too—there was no sound here but of the bat, and none came from without, but the roll of a distant carriage, or the convent bell from the summit of the neighboring Esquiline.

4. It is scarcely possible to describe the effect of *moonlight* upon this ruin. Through a hundred lonely arches, and blackened passage-ways, it streamed in, pure, bright, soft, lambent, and yet distinct and clear, as if it came there at once to reveal, and cheer, and pity the mighty desolation. But if the Coliseum is a mournful and desolate spectacle as seen from *within—without*, and especially on the side which is in best preservation, it is glorious. We passed around‘ it; and, as we looked upward, the moon shining through its arches, from the opposite side, it appeared as if it were the coronet of the heavens‘, so *vast*‘ was it—or like a glorious crown upon the brow of night.

5. I feel that I *do* not and *can* not describe this mighty ruin I can only say that I came away paralyzed, and as passive as a child. A soldier stretched out his hand for "*un dono*," as we passed the guard‘; and when my companion said I did wrong to give, I told him that I should have given my *cloak*‘, if the man had asked‘ it. Would you break any spell that worldly feeling or selfish sorrow may have spread over your mind, go and see the Coliseum by moonlight.

LX.—ON MODULATION.

From Lloyd.

1. 'T is not enough the *voice'* be sound and clear',
'T is *modulation'* that must charm the ear.
When desperate heroes grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,
The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes,
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.
The voice all modes of passion can express,
That marks the proper word with proper stress:
But none emphatic can that speaker call,
Who lays an *equal* emphasis on *all.*

2. Some o'er the tongue the labored measure roll,
Slow and deliberate as the parting toll;
Point every stop, mark every pause so strong,
Their words like stage processions stalk along.

3. All affectation but creates disgust;
And e'en in *speaking*, we may seem too just.
In vain for *them'* the pleasing measure flows,
Whose recitation runs it all to prose;
Repeating what the poet sets not down,
The verb disjointing from its favorite noun,
While pause, and break, and repetition join
To make a discord in each tuneful line'.

4. *Some'* placid natures fill the allotted scene
With lifeless drawls, insipid and serene;
While *others'* thunder every couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar;
More nature oft, and finer strokes are shown
In the low whisper, than tempestuous tone;
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixed amaze,
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
Than he, who, swollen with impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom of the stage.

5. He who, in earnest, studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl:
A single *look'* more marks the internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthened *Oh'!*

Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes:
Love\, transport\, madness\, anger\, scorn\, despair′;
And all the passions′, all the soul is there.

LXI.—COMBAT AT A TOURNAMENT.

From Walter Scott.

Tournament; (*pro.* turn'a-ment.) Formerly, when the chief business of mankind was war, it was customary for knights to try their courage and skill, in mock-fights, armed with their usual weapons, the lance and sword. When several knights were engaged it was called a *tournament;* when but two, a *joust.*

The challenge to combat was given, by touching the shield of the knight whom the challenger wished to encounter. The challenge to a contest with headless or blunt lances, was given by touching the shield gently with the reversed spear, while a *blow* with the *point* denoted a challenge to mortal conflict.

List; the inclosure within which the tournaments were held.

Bois Guilbert; *pro.* Bwah Guil-bare′.

Gra-mer′cy; *many thanks.*

1. The music of the challengers breathed, from time to time, wild bursts, expressive of triumph or defiance; while the clowns grudged a holiday which seemed to pass away in inactivity; and old knights and nobles lamented the decay of martial spirit, and spoke of the triumphs of their younger days. Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making ready the banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois Guilbert, who had, with a single spear, overthrown two knights, and foiled a third.

2. At length, as the music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance, from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists.

3. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold;

and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the single word "Disinherited." He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists, he gracefully saluted the prince and the ladies, by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield, touch the Hospitaler's shield; *he* has the least sure seat; *he* is your cheapest bargain."

4. The champion, moving onward amid the well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois Guilbert, until it rang again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more so than the redoubted knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of his pavilion.

5. "Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar Guilbert, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?" "I am fitter to meet death than *thou* art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the book of the tourney. "Then take your place in the lists," said De Bois Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise." "Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight; "and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for, by my honor, you will need both."

6. Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

7. However incensed at his adversary for the precaution

which he recommended, the Templar did not neglect his advice; for his honor was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might insure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires.

8. When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators. The trumpets had no sooner given the signal, than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the center of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed, at the moment, that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backward upon its haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by the use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other, for an instant, with eyes that seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each retired to the extremity of the lists, and received a fresh lance from the attendants.

9. A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken in the encounter. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station, than the clamor of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so dead, that it seemed the multitude were afraid to breathe. A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, the trumpets again sounded the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and met in the center of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

10. In the second encounter, the Templar aimed at the

center of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fairly and forcibly, that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, the champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance toward Bois Guilbert's shield; but changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Templar on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet even at this disadvantage, Bois Guilbert sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man, rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

11. To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed, was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and stung with madness, both at his disgrace, and the acclamations by which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword, and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed', and also unsheathed his sword'. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between' them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter', but that to the "Disinherited Knight'" the meed of victory was fairly and honorably awarded.

LXII.—THE BANNER OF PULASKI.

From Longfellow.

Pulaski was a Polish officer who took part with the Americans, and fell at the taking of Savannah, during the American revolution. His standard of crimson silk was presented to him by the Moravians of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and it became his shroud.

1. When the dying flame of day,
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowléd head;
And the censer burning swung,

Where, before the altar, hung
That proud banner, which, with prayer,
Had been consecrated there.
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low, in the dim, mysterious aisle.

2. "Take thy banner\!—may it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave,
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the heart of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

3. Take thy banner! and, beneath
The war-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it—till our homes are free;
Guard\ it—God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

4. Take thy banner\! But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare\ him!—By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare\ him!—he our love hath shared!
Spare\ him!—as thou wouldst be spared!

5. Take thy banner\!—and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee."
And the warrior took that banner proud/,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud.

LXIII.—THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.

From Campbell.

Thomas Campbell is the most classical poet of the present century, and there are few modern bards whose works are more likely to be ranked among the standard classics of the language. He died in 1844.

Pan'dours; Hungarian soldiers.
Hus-sars'; Hungarian horsemen.

1. O sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to northern wars
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum and twanged her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland,—and to man!

2. Warsaw's last champion, from her height surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid;
(*h*) "O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise\, fellow-men! our *country*\ yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high′,
And swear *for her*—to *live—with her*—to *die!*"

3. (*l*) He said\, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge or *death*,—the watch-word′ and reply\;
(*h*) Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm.

4. In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank, your volleyed thunder flew!
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of time,
Sarmatia fell\, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And *Freedom shrieked*—as *Kosciusko* fell!

5. The sun went down\, nor ceased the carnage there\,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air;
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails\, the rampart yields away,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark\! as the smoldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook, red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

6. (*h*) O´righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was *thine*\ arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God;
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath and thundered from afar?
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

I. Departed spirits of the mighty dead´!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled´!
Friends of the world´! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause and lead the van!
Yet, for Sarmatia's tears of blood, atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell\—the Bruce of Bannockburn\!

LXIV.—SOUTH CAROLINA.

From Hayne.

Mr. Hayne was a Senator in Congress from the State of South Carolina. This is an extract from a speech delivered by him, while a member of that body.

1. If there be *one state* in the Union, Mr. President, that may challenge comparison with any other, for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union´, *that state* is *South Carolina*\. Sir´, from the very commencement of the revolution´, up to this hour\, there is no sacri-

fice, however great, she has not cheerfully made\; no service she has ever hesitated to perform.

2. She has adhered to you in your prosperity\; but in your adversity', she has clung to you with more than filial affection\. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs; though deprived of her resources\, divided by parties\, or surrounded by difficulties', the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God\. Domestic discord ceased at the sound\; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren\, and the sons of Carolina were all seen, crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country\.

3. What, sir, was the conduct of the South, during the revolution? Sir, I honor New England, for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her', I think at least *equal* honor is due to the South. *Never*\ were there exhibited, in the history of the *world*\, higher examples of noble daring\, dreadful suffering\, and heroic endurance', than by the whigs of Carolina, during the revolution\. The *whole state*, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe.

4. The plains of Carolina drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black, smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitation of her children. Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even *there*\, the spirit of liberty survived\, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumters' and her Marions', proved, by her conduct, that though her *soil*\ might be overrun, the *spirit* of her *people'* was invincible.

LXV.—MASSACHUSETTS AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

From Webster.

Daniel Webster was born in 1782. He graduated at the age of twenty, and established himself in the practice of the law in New Hampshire. He became a member of Congress at the age of thirty, in which he continued, with few intermissions, until his death, holding the foremost rank as an orator, statesman, and expounder of the Constitution. This is an extract from his answer to the preceding speech. He died in 1852.

1. The eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me, in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor; I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen', *one'* and *all'*—the Laurenses', the Rutledges', the Pinckneys', the Sumters', the Marions'—Americans *all'*—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

2. In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the *whole'* country, and their renown is of the treasures' of the whole country. *Him'*, whose honored name the gentleman *himself'* bears,—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for *his'* patriotism, or sympathy for *his'* suffering, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina'! Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit in Carolina a name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom'? No, sir,—increased *gratification'* and *delight'* rather. Sir, I thank God', that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals' to the skies', I have yet none', as I trust, of that other' spirit, which would drag angels' down.

3. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my *own'*

state or neigborhood; when I refuse for any such cause, or for *any*\ cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country′; or if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven′; if I see extraordinary capacity or virtue in any son of the South′; and if, moved by local *prejudice*\, or gangrened by state *jealousy*\, I get up here to abate a *tithe* of a *hair*\ from his just character and just fame′, māy mȳ tongue cleāve to the rōōf of mȳ mouth.

4. Mr. President, I shall enter on *no encomium* upon Massachusetts. She *needs*\ none. There she is\; behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history\; the world knows it by heart. The *past*′, at least, is secure\. There is Boston\, and Concord\, and Lexington\, and Bunker-Hill\; and there they will remain forever\. And, sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained′, there it still lives\, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound′ it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary restraint′, shall succeed to separate it from that Union′, by which alone its existence is made sure′, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked\; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gathered around it; and it will fall at last, if *fall* it must′, amid the proudest monuments of its glory and on the very spot of its origin.

LXVI.—THE LAST DAYS OF HERCULANEUM.

From Atherstone.

Herculaneum and Pompeii were cities of Italy, which were destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, being entirely buried under ashes and lava. During the last century, they have been dug out to a considerable extent, and the streets, buildings, and utensils have been found in a state of perfect preservation.

1. There was a man′,
A Roman soldier, for some daring deed
That trespassed on the laws, in dungeon low

Chained down. His was a noble spirit, rŏugh,
But generous, and brave, and kind.
He had a son‘; it was a rosy boy,
A little faithful copy of his sire,
In face and gesture. From infancy, the child
Had been his father's solace and his care.

2. Every sport
The father shared and heightened. But at length,
The rigorous law had grasped him, and condemned
To fetters and to darkness.

3. The captive's lot,
He felt in all its bitterness: the walls
Of his deep dungeon answered many a sigh
And heart-heaved groan. His tale was known, and touched
His jailer with compassion‘; and the boy,
Thenceforth a frequent visitor, beguiled
His father's lingering hours, and brought a balm
With his loved presence, that in every wound
Dropped healing. But, in this terrific hour,
He was a poisoned *arrow*‘ in the breast
Where he *had* been a cure.

4. With earliest morn
Of that first day of darkness and amaze,
He came. The iron door was closed‘—for them
Never to open more! The day′, the night‘
Dragged slowly by‘; nor did they know the fate
Impending o'er the city. Well they *heard*
The pent-up thunders in the earth beneath,
And *felt* its giddy rocking; and the air
Grew *hot*‘ at length, and *thick*‘; but in his straw
The boy was sleeping‘: and the father hoped
The earthquake might pass by‘: nor would he wake
From his sound rest the unfearing child, nor tell
The dangers of their state.

5. (*l*) On his low couch
The fettered soldier sank, and with deep awe,
Listened the fearful sounds‘: with upturned eye,
To the grēat gōds he brēathed a prāyer; then, strove
To *calm* himself, and lose in *sleep*‘ awhile
His useless terrors. But he *could*‘ not sleep:
His body *burned* with feverish heat‘; his chains
Clanked *loud*, although he moved not‘; deep in earth

Groaned unimaginable *thunders*\ ; sounds,
Fearful and ominous, arose and died\,
Like the sād mōanings of Novēmber's wīnd,
In the blānk mīdnight. (*ll*) Dēēpest hōrror chīlled
His blōod that būrned befōre: cōld, clāmmy swēats
Came ō'er hīm; then anon, a fiery thrill
Shot through his veins. Now, on his couch he shrunk,
And shivered as in fear\; now, upright leaped,
As though he heard the battle trumpet sound,
And longed to cope with death.

6. He *slept*\, at last,
A troubled, dreamy sleep. Wĕll had he slept
Never to waken more! His hours are few,
But *terrible* his agony.

7. Soon the storm
Burst forth; the lightnings glanced\; the air
Shook\ with the thunders. They awoke\; they sprung
Amazed upon their feet\. The dungeon glowed
A moment as in sunshine—and was dark:
Again, a flood of white flame fills the cell,
Dying away upon the dazzled eye
In darkening, quivering tints, as stunning *sound*\
Dies throbbing, ringing in the ear.

8 With intensest awe,
The soldier's frame was filled\; and many a thought
Of strange foreboding hurried through his mind,
As underneath he felt the fevered earth
Jarring ănd lifting\; and the massive walls,
Heard harshly grate and strain\: yet knew he not,
While evils undefined and yet to come
Glanced through his thoughts, what deep and cureless wound
Fate had *already*\ given.—*Where*\, man of woe′!
Where\, wretched father′! is thy *boy*\ ? Thou call'st
His name in vain\:—he can not answer\ thee.

9. *Loudly* the father called upon his child\:
No voice replied\. Trembling and anxiously
He searched their couch of straw\; with headlong haste
Trod round his stinted limits, and, low bent,
Groped darkling on the earth\:—nō chīld wās there.
(*h*) Again\ he called: again\, at farthest stretch
Of his accursèd fetters, till the blood
Seemed bursting from his ears, and from his eyes

Fire flashed, he strained with arm extended far,
And fingers widely spread, greedy to touch
Though but his idol's *garment*. Useless toil‵!
Yet still renewed‵: still round and round he goes,
And *strains*‵, and *snatches*‵, and with dreadful cries
Calls‵ on his boy.

10. (*hh*) Mad *frenzy* fires him now.
He plants against the wall his feet‵; his chain
Grasps‵; *tugs*‵ with giant strength to *force away*
The deep-driven staple‵; *yells*‵ and *shrieks* with rage:
And, like a desert lion in the snare,
Raging to break his toils,—to and fro bounds‵.
(*l*) But see! the ground is opening‵;—a blue light
Mounts, gently waving‵,—noiseless;—thin and cold
It seems, and like a rainbow‵ tint, not flăme;
But by its luster, on the earth outstretched,
Behōld the lĭfeless chĭld! his dress is singed,
And, o'er his face serene, a darkened line
Points out the lightning's track.

11. (*ll*) The father saw,
And all his fury fled‵:—a dead calm fell
That instant on‵ him:—speechless′—fixed′—he stood‵,
And with a look that *never wandered*′, gazed
Intensely on the corse‵. Those laughing eyes′
Were not yet closed‵,—and round those ruby lips
The wonted smile returned‵.

12. Silent and pale
The father stands‵:—no tear is in his eye:—
The thunders bellow‵;—but he *hears* them not′:—
The ground lifts like a sea‵;—he *knows*‵ it not′:—
The strong walls grind and gape‵:—the vaulted roof
Takes shape like bubble tossing in the wind‵;
See! he looks up and smiles‵; for death to him
Is happiness‵. Yet could one last embrace
Be given′, 't were still a *sweeter*‵ thing to die.

13. It *will*‵ be given. (*h*) Look‵! how the rolling ground,
At every swell, nearer and still more near
Moves toward the father's outstretched arm his boy.
Once he has touched his garment‵:—how his eye
Lightens with love, and hope, and anxious fears‵!
Ha‵, see‵! he *has*‵ him now!—he *clasps* him round;
Kisses his face; puts back the curling locks,

That shaded his fine brow; looks in his eyes;
Grasps‵ in his own those little dimpled hands‵;
(*l*) Then folds him to his breast, as he was wont
To lie when sleeping; and resigned, awaits
Undreaded death.

14. (*ll*) And dēath cāme sōōn and swīft
And pāngless. The hūge pīle sānk dōwn at ōnce
Into the ōpening ēarth. Walls—arches′—roof‵—
And deep foundation stones—āll—mīngling—fell‵!

LXVII.—THE KNAVE UNMASKED.

From Shakspeare.

Scene I.—Camp before Florence.

Enter Count Rosencrantz, *the captain of horse in the Duke of Florence's army, and* Capt. Dumain *and his brother, two officers under the Count.*

1*st Capt. Dumain.* Nay, good, my lord, try him. If your lordship find him not a knave, take *me* henceforth for a fool.

2*d Capt. Dumain.* On my life‵, my lord′, he is a mere bubble.

Count Rosencrantz. Do you think I am so far deceived′ in him?

1*st Capt. D.* Believe it, my lord. To my certain knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as gently as if he were my *kinsman*‵, he 's a notorious coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, and the owner of no one *good* quality worthy your lordship's respect.

2*d Capt. D.* It is important that you should understand him, lest, reposing too far in a virtue which he hath not, he might, on some important occasion, in some pressing danger, fail you.

Count R. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2*d Capt. D.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you heard him so confidently undertake‵ to do.

1*st Capt. D.* I′, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise‵ him. I will have men whom, I am sure, he knows

not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose he is carried into the enemy's camp, when we bring him to our tents. Be but your lordship present at the examination; if he do not', for the promise of his life, and under the compulsion of base fear, vilify *us all*, offer to *betray you*, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and *that* with the forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2*d Capt. D.* O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem' for 't. When your lordship sees the upshot of this affair, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your partiality is indeed beyond the influence of reason. Here he comes.

Enter DELGRADO.

1*st Capt. D.* O for the love of laughter, hinder not the humor of his design; let him fetch off his drum, anyhow.

Count R. How now', Monsieur'? This drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2*d Capt. D.* Hang' it, let it go'; 't is but a drŭm.

Delgrado. But a drum'! Is 't but a drum'? A drum *so* lost!

2*d Capt. D.* It was a disaster of war that Cæsar *himself'* could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Count R. Well', we have reason to be satisfied with our success'. Some dishonor we had in the loss of that drum', but it is not to be recovered.

Del. It *might'* have been recovered.

Count R. It *might*, but it *is* not *now*.

Del. It *is'* to be recovered; but that the merit of service is seldom attached to the real performer, I would have *that'* drum or *another'*, or *hic jacet*.

Count R. Why, if you have a *stomach'* to 't, Monsieur', if you think your skill in stratagem can *recover'* this instrument of honor, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on. I will do honor to the attempt as a worthy exploit. If you speed *well* in it, the Duke shall both *speak* of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost extent of your merit.

Del. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Count R. But you must not now slumber′ in it.

Del. I 'll about it this evening. I will contrive my plans', prepare myself for the encounter', and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Count R. I know thou art valiant. Farewell!

Del. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1*st Capt. D.* No more than a *fish* loves *water*. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently undertakes this business, which he knows is not to be done?

2*d Capt. D.* *You* do not *know*' him, my lord, as *we*′ do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favor, and for a week escape discovery'; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Count R. Why, do you think he will make no attempt at the deed, which he so boldly and seriously promises?

1*st Capt. D.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three plausible lies; but we have almost encompassed' him; you shall see him fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not worthy of your lordship's confidence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Without the Florentine Camp.

Enter 1*st* CAPT. DUMAIN, *with five or six soldiers in ambush.*

1*st Capt. D.* He can come no other way but by this hedge corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not *yourselves*, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him; but some one among us must be an interpreter.

1*st Soldier.* Good Captain, let *me*' be the interpreter.

1*st Capt. D.* Are you not *acquainted* with him? Knows he not your *voice?*

1*st Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1*st Capt. D.* But what linsey-woolsey have you to speak to *us* again?

1*st Sold.* Even such as you speak to me.

1*st Capt. D.* He must think us some band of *strangers* in the enemy's army. Now, he hath a smack of all neighboring languages; therefore, we must all gabble, each after his own fancy; so *we seem* to know what we say, is to know straight to our purpose. As for you, interpreter, you must

seem very politic. But, hide: ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in sleep, and then to return and swear to the lies he forges.

Enter DELGRADO.

Del. Ten o'clock: within these two hours t' will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very *plaŭsible invention* that carries it. They begin to smoke\ me; and disgraces have, of late, knocked too often at my door. I find my *tongue* is too fool-hardy; but my *heart* hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring to make good the reports of my tongue.

1*st Capt. D.* This is the *first truth* that thy tongue was ever guilty of. [*Aside.*

Del. What *madness*\ should move me to undertake the recovery of this *drum;* being not ignorant of the impossibility, and *knowing*\ I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in the exploit. Yet *slight* ones will not carry it: they will say:—Come you off with so *little?*—and *great* ones I *dare*\ not give. Tongue′, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into *these*\ perils.

1*st Capt. D.* Is it possible, he should *know′* what he is, and *be*\ what he is? [*Aside.*

Del. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1*st Capt. D.* We can not let you off so. [*Aside.*

Del. Or the shaving of my beard′, and say it was in stratagem′.

1*st Capt. D.* 'T would not do. [*Aside.*

Del. Or to drown my clothes′, and say, I was stripped′.

1*st Capt. D.* Hardly serve. [*Aside.*

Del. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel′—

1*st Capt. D.* How deep? [*Aside.*

Del. Thirty fathom.

1*st Capt. D.* *Three great oaths* would scarce make that be believed\. [*Aside.*

Del. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would *swear*\, I had recovered it.

1*st Capt. D.* You shall *hear*\ one anon. [*Aside.*

Del. A drum now of the enemy's! [*Alarm within.*

1*st Capt. D.* Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, villianda par cargo, cargo.

Del. O! ransom'! ransom'!—do not hide mine eyes'.

[*They seize him and blindfold him.*

1*st Sold.* Boskos thromuldo boskos.

Del. I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him *speak'* to me;
I will discover that, which shall *undo'*
The Florentine.

1*st Sold.* Boskos vanvado:—
I understand' thee, and can speak thy tongue;—
Kerely bonto:—Sir;
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Del. Oh! oh! oh!

1*st Sold.* O pray', pray', pray,—
Manka ravania dulche.

1*st Capt. D.* Oscorbi dulchos volivorca.

1*st Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwinked as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather news from thee; perhaps, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Del. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I 'll show;
Their force', their purposes'; nay, I 'll speak that,
Which thou wilt wonder' at.

1*st Sold.* But wilt thou speak truly'?

Del. If I do not, hang' me for a spy.

1*st Sold.* Acordo linta—
Come on', thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with Delgado guarded.*

1*st Capt. D.* Go', tell Count Rosencrantz and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled,
Till we do hear' from them.

2*d Sold.* Captain, I will.

1*st Capt. D.* He will betray us all unto ourselves:
Inform 'em *that'*.

2d Sold. So I will, sir.

1st Capt. D. Till then I 'll keep him dark and safely locked. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Florentine Camp.

Enter CAPTAIN DUMAIN, *his brother and soldiers.*

1st Capt. D. Shall we not have the Count to-night?

2d Capt. D. Yes, at the appointed hour.

1st Capt. D. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his follower anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgment, in which he hath set him so high.

2d Capt. D. We will not meddle with him till he come. But here is his lordship now.

Enter COUNT ROSENCRANTZ.

Count R. Come, shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Bring forth this counterfeit model; he has *deceived* me, like a double meaning prophesier.

1st Capt. D. Bring him forth. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] He has set in the stocks all night, poor knave.

Count R. No matter; his heels have *deserved* it, in usurping *spurs*\ so long. How does he *carry*\ himself?

1st Capt. D. I have told your lordship *already;* the stocks carry *him.* But, to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a sick girl: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to the very instant of his setting in the stocks. And what think you he has confessed?

Count R. Nothing of *me*, has he?

2d Capt. D. His confession is taken, and shall be read to his face. If your lordship be in it, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it——.

Re-enter Soldiers, with DELGRADO.

Count R. A *plague*\ upon him! muffled! he *can*\ say nothing of me; hush! hush!

2d Capt. D. Porto tartarossa.

1st Sold. He calls for tortures; what will you say without them?

Del. I will confess what I know, without constraint; if ye pinch me like a *pasty*, I can say no more.

1*st Sold.* Bosko chimurcho.

2*d Capt. D.* Boblifindo chicurmusco.

1*st Sold.* You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I ask you out of a note.

Del. And *truly*‵ as I hope to live.

1*st Sold.* [*Reading.*] *First demand of him, how many horses the Duke is strong.* What say you to *that?*

Del. Five or six thousand, but *very weak* and *unserviceable;* the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues‵, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1*st Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

Del. Do. I 'll take my sacrament‵ on 't, how and which way you will.

Count R. All 's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1*st Capt. D.* You are deceived‵, my lord; this is *Monsieur Delgrado*‵ the gallant *militarist*‵, (*that* was his *own phrase*‵,) that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the sheath of his dagger.

2*d Capt. D.* I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean‵; nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1*st Sold.* Well, *that 's*‵ set down‵.

Del. Five or six thousand horse, I said—I will say true —or thereabouts: set down—for I 'll speak truth.

Count R. He is very near the *truth*‵ in this.

1*st Capt. D.* No thanks to *him*, though.

Del. Poor rogues‵, I pray you, say.

1*st Sold.* Well, *that 's*‵ set down.

Del. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth 's a truth; the rogues *are* marvelously poor.

1*st Sold.* *Demand of him, of what strength they are afoot.* What say you to *that?*

Del. By my troth, sir, if I were to live but this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see‵; Spurio′, a hundred and fifty‵; Sebastian′, so many‵; Corambus′, so many‵; Cosmo′, Lodovick′, and Grati′, two hundred and fifty each‵; mine own company′, Lammond′, Bentii′, two hundred and fifty each′; so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand full; half of which

dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake *themselves*‵ to pieces.

Count R. What shall be done‵ to him?

1*st Capt. D.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my character, and what credit I have with the Duke.

1*st Sold.* Well, *that's*‵ set down. [*Reading from a note.*] *You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain*‵ *be in the camp: what his reputation is with the Duke*‵, *what his valor, honesty, expertness in wars*‵; *or whether he thinks it were possible, with well-weighed sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.* What say you to *this*‵? What do you know‵ of it?

Del. I beseech you let me answer to the particulars. Demand them singly.

1*st Sold.* Do you *know*‵ this Captain Dumain?

Del. I know‵ him. He was a butcher's apprentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for some paltry theft.

[*Dumain lifts up his hand to strike him.*

Count R. Nay‵, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1*st Sold.* Well‵, is this captain in the Duke's camp?

Del. Upon my knowledge he is‵, and a mean, dirty villain.

1*st Capt. D.* [*To Count R.*] Nay‵, look not so upon *me'*; we shall hear of your *lordship*‵ anon.

1*st Sold.* What is his *reputation* with the *Duke?*

Del. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine‵; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o' the band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1*st Sold.* Marry, we 'll *search.*

Del. In good sadness, I do not know′: either it is there′, or it is upon file‵, with the Duke's other letters, in my tent.

1*st Sold.* Here 't is‵; here 's a paper; shall I read it you?

Del. I do not know‵, if it be it, or no.

Count R. Our interpreter does it wĕll.

1*st Capt. D.* Excellently.

1*st Sold.* [*Reads.*] *The count's a fool and full of gold.*

Del. *That's*‵ not the Duke's letter, sir; that is a *notice* to a certain person to take heed of one *Count Rosencrantz*‵, a foolish, idle boy‵; for all that, very knavish. Pray you, sir, put it up‵ again.

1*st Sold.* Nay, I'll *read*' it first, by your favor.

[*Reading.*] When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take' it;
After he scores, he never pays' the score:
Half won is match well made'; match, and well make' it.
He ne'er pays *after*' debts, take it *before.*
For count of this, the count's a fool', I *know*' it,
Who pays before, but not when he does *owe*' it.

Count R. He shall be whipped through the army, with these rhymes on his forehead.

2*d Capt. D.* *This* is your *devoted friend*', the *learned linguist*, and the *gallant soldier.*

Count R. I could endure any thing before but a *cat*', and now he's a *cat*' to me.

1*st Sold.* I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang' you.

Del. My *life*', in *any*' case: not that I am *afrăid* to die; but that my offenses being many, I would repent out the remainder of my nature. Let me *live*', sir, in a *dungeon*', in the *stocks*', or anywhere, so I may *live.*

1*st Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you *confess* freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain. You have answered to his reputation with the Duke', and to his valor. What, his honesty?

Del. He will steal, sir, an *egg̃* out of a *cloister.* He *pretends* not to keep oaths; but in breaking them is stronger than Hercules. He will *lie*, sir, with such volubility', that you would think truth were a fool'; *drunkenness* is his *best virtue*'. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has *every thing*' that an honest man should *not*' have; what an honest man *should*' have, he has *nothing*'.

Count R. Hang him. He is more and more a cat.

1*st Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not *ask* you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Del. Sir, for the fourth part of a French crown, he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut the entail from all remainder.

1*st Sold.* What's his *brother*', the *other*' Captain Dumain?

2*d Capt. D.* Why does he ask of *me?*

1*st Sold.* What's *he?*

Del. E'en a crow of the same nest‵; not altogether so great as the other in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: in a retreat, he outruns a lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1*st Sold.* If your life is saved, will you undertake to betray your friends?

Del. Ay, the captain of their horse, Count Rosencrantz, and all‵ of them.

1*st Sold.* I 'll whisper with the general and know his pleasure.

Del. I 'll no more drumming‵; a *plague*‵ of all drums. Only to *seem* to deserve well, and to get the good opinion of that foolish young boy, the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*Aside.*

1*st Sold.* There is no remedy, sir′, but you must die‵. The general says, *you*′, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such villainous reports of men in high estimation′, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore, you *must die.* Come, headsman, off with his head.

Del. O sir, let me live′, or let me see‵ my death!

1*st Sold.* That you shall‵, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*

So‵, look about‵ you; know‵ you any here′?

Count R. Good morrow‵, noble captain.

2*d Capt. D.* God bless‵ you, Captain Delgrado.

1*st Capt. D.* God save‵ you, noble captain.

2*d Capt. D.* What greeting will you to my lord Lafeu‵? I 'm for France.

1*st Capt. D.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of your sonnet? If I were not a very cŏward, I 'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt Count R., Capt. D. and brother.*

1*st Sold.* You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, *that*‵ has a *knot* on 't yet.

Del. Who can not be crushed with a plot?

1*st Sold.* I 'm for France, too‵: farewell‵, we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*

Del. Yet I am thankful. If my heart were *grĕat*,
'T would *burst*‵ at *this*. *Captain*′ I 'll be no more‵;

But I will eat′, and drink′, and sleep as *soft′*
As *captain* shall; simply the thing I *am*
Shall make me *live*. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this.
Rust‘, sword′! cool‘, blushes′! and, Delgrado′, live!
Safest in shame! being fooled, by foolery thrive‘!
There ’s place and means for every man alive‘. [*Exit.*

LXVIII.—A PASSAGE IN HUMAN LIFE.

1. In my daily walks into the country, I was accustomed to pass a certain cottage. It had nothing particularly picturesque about it. It had its little garden, and its vine spreading over its front; but, beyond these, it possessed no feature likely to fix it in the mind of the poet or novel-writer, and which might induce him to people it with creatures of his own fancy. In fact, it appeared to be inhabited by persons as little extraordinary as itself. A "good man of the house" it might possess,—but he was never visible. The only inmates I ever saw, were a young woman, and another female, in the wane of life, no doubt the mother.

2. The damsel was a comely, fresh, mild-looking cottage girl, always seated in one spot, near the window, intent on her needle. The old dame was as regularly busied, to and fro, in household affairs. She appeared one of those good housewives, who never dream of rest, except when in sleep. The cottage stood so near the road, that the fire at the further end of the room, showed you, without your being rudely inquisitive, the whole interior in a single moment of passing. A clean hearth and a cheerful fire, shining upon homely but neat and orderly furniture, spoke of comfort: but whether the old dame enjoyed, or merely diffused that comfort, was a problem.

3. I passed the house many successive days. It was always alike,—the fire shining brightly and peacefully,—the girl seated at her post by the window,—the housewife going to and fro, catering and contriving, dusting and managing. One morning as I went by, there was a change. The dame

was seated near her daughter, her arms laid upon the table, and her head reclined upon her arms. I was sure that it was sickness which had compelled her to that action of repose; nothing less could have done it. I felt that I knew exactly the poor woman's feelings. She had felt a weariness stealing upon her; she had wondered at it, and struggled against it, and borne up, hoping it would pass by; till, loth as she was to yield, it had forced submission.

4. The next day, when I passed, the room appeared as usual; the fire burning pleasantly, the girl at her needle, but her mother was not to be seen; and, glancing my eye upward, I perceived the blind close drawn, in the window above. It is so, said I to myself, disease is in progress. Perhaps it occasions no gloomy fear of consequences, no extreme concern: and yet, who knows how it may end? It is thus, that begin those changes that draw out the central bolt that holds families together; which steal away our fire-side faces, and lay waste our affections.

5. I passed by, day after day. The scene was the same; the fire burning, the hearth beaming clear and beautiful; but the mother was not to be seen; the blind was still drawn above. At length, I missed the girl, and in her place appeared another woman, bearing considerable resemblance to the mother, but of a more quiet habit. It was easy to interpret this change. Disease had assumed an alarming aspect; the daughter was occupied in intense watching and caring for the suffering mother, and the good woman's sister had been summoned to her side, perhaps from a distant spot, and, perhaps, from her family cares, which no less important an event could have induced her to elude.

6. Thus appearances continued some days. There was silence around the house, and an air of neglect within it, till, one morning, I beheld the blind drawn, in the room below, and the window thrown open above. The scene was over; the mother was removed from her family, and one of those great changes effected in human life, which commence with so little observation, but leave behind them such lasting effects.

LXIX.—THANATOPSIS.

From Bryant.

Thanatopsis is composed of two Greek words, *thanatos* meaning *death*, and *opsis* a *view*. The word, therefore, signifies *a view of death*, or "Reflections on Death."

1. To him who in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.

2. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around,
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,
Comes a still voice:

3. Yet a few days, and thee,
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet, in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

4. Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down

With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher.

5. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages.

6. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep: the dead reign there alone.

7. So shalt *thou* rest; and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living; and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

8. So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

LXX.—THE DEPARTED.

From Park Benjamin.

1. The departed! the departed!
They visit us in dreams,
And they glide above our memories
Like shadows over streams;
But where the cheerful lights of home
In constant luster burn,
The departed, the departed,
Can never more return!

2. The good, the brave, the beautiful,
How dreamless is their sleep,
Where rolls the dirge-like music
Of the ever-tossing deep!
Or where the surging night-winds
Pale winter's robes have spread
Above the narrow palaces,
In the cities of the dead!

3. I look around, and feel the awe
Of one who walks alone,
Among the wrecks of former days,
In mournful ruin strown;
I start to hear the stirring sounds
Among the cypress-trees,
For the voice of the departed
Is borne upon the breeze.

4. That solemn voice! it mingles with
Each free and careless strain;
I scarce can think earth's minstrelsy
Will cheer my heart again.

The melody of summer waves,
The thrilling notes of birds,
Can never be so dear to me,
As their remembered words.

5. I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles
Still on me sweetly fall,
Their tones of love I faintly hear
My name in sadness call.
I *know* that they are happy,
With their angel-plumage on,
But my heart is very desolate,
To think that they are gone.

LXXI.—ELIJAH THE TISHBITE.

From the Bible.

1. And Ahab told Jezebel all that Elijah had done, and withal how he had slain all the prophets with the sword. Then Jezebel sent a messenger unto Elijah, saying, So let the gods do to me', and more also, if I make not *thy'* life as the life of one of *them'* by to-morrow about this time. And when he saw that', he arose and went for his *life'*, and came and sat down under a juniper-tree', and he requested for himself that he might die, and said, It is enough; now, O Lord', take away my life'; for I am not better than my fathers.

2. And as he lay and slept under a juniper-tree', behold, then an angel' touched him, and said unto him, Arise, and eat! And he looked, and behold, there was a cake baked on the coals, and a cruse of water at his head. And he did eat and drink, and laid him down' again. And the angel of the Lord came again the *second'* time, and touched him, and said, Arise and eat; because the journey is too great' for thee. And he arose, and did eat and drink', and went in the strength of that meat, forty days and forty nights', unto Horeb, the mount of God.

3. And he came thither unto a cave, and lodged' there; and, behold, the word of the Lord came to him, and he said unto him, What doest thou *here*, Elijah'? And he said, I

have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts; for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword: and I, even *I* only, am left; and they seek *my* life, to take it away.

4. And he said, Go forth and stand upon the mount before the Lord. And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks, before the Lord; but the Lord was *not* in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake: but the Lord was *not* in the earthquake: and after the earthquake, a fire: but the Lord was *not* in the fire: and after the fire, a still, small voice. And it was so, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out, and stood in the entering in of the cave.

5. And, behold, there came a voice unto him, and said, What doest thou *here*, Elijah? And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts; because the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even *I* only, am left; and they seek my life to take it away. And the Lord said unto him, Go, return on thy way to the wilderness of Damascus: and when thou comest, anoint Hazael to be king over Syria; and Jehu the son of Nimshi shalt thou anoint to be king over Israel; and Elisha shalt thou anoint to be prophet in thy room. And it shall come to pass, that him that escapeth the sword of Hazael, shall Jehu slay; and him that escapeth the sword of Jehu, shall Elisha slay. Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baäl, and every mouth which hath not kissed him. So, he departed thence.

LXXII.—ELIJAH AT MOUNT HOREB.

From Krummacher.

Krummacher was a German divine, who wrote several very interesting and instructive works, among which are "Elisha the Tishbite," "Parables," etc.

1. "Go forth\'," it had been said to Elijah′, "and stand upon the mount before the Lord." The prophet hears it, and leaves his cave\'; and no sooner is he gone forth, than signs occur which announce to him the approach of the Almighty. The sacred historian here, indeed, depicts in simple language, a most sublime scene.

2. The first sign was a tremendous wind\'. Just before, probably, the deepest silence had prevailed throughout this dreary wilderness. The mountain tempest breaks forth, and the bursting rocks thunder, as if the four winds, having been confined there, had in an instant broken from their prisons to fight\' together. The clouds are driven about in the sky, like squadrons of combatants rushing to the conflict. The sandy desert is like a raging sea, tossing its curling billows to the sky. Sinai is agitated, as if the terrors of the law-giving were renewed around it. The prophet feels the majesty of Jehovah; it is awful and appalling. It is not a feeling of peace, and of the Lord's blissful nearness, which possesses Elijah's soul in this tremendous scene′; it is rather a feeling of distressing distance\'; "a strong *wind*\' went before the Lord, but the Lord was *not* in the wind."

3. The terrors of an *earthquake*\' next ensue. The very foundations of the hills shake and are removed. The mountains and the rocks which were rent by the mighty wind, threaten now to fall upon one another. Hills sink down, and valleys rise; chasms yawn, and horrible depths unfold, as if the earth were removed out of his place. The prophet, surrounded by the ruins of nature, feels still more of that divine majesty, which "looketh upon the earth, and it trembleth." But he still remains without any gracious communication of Jehovah in the inner man. The *earthquake* was only the *second herald* of the Deity. It went *before* the Lord, "but the Lord was *not* in the *earthquake*."

4. When this had ceased, an awful *fire*\ passed by. As the *winds* had done *before*, so *now* the *flames*\ come upon him from every side, and the deepest shades of night are turned into the light of day. Elijah, lost in adoring astonishment′, beholds the awfully sublime spectacle\, and the inmost sensation of his heart must have been that of surprise and dread; but he enjoys, as yet, no delightful sensation of the divine presence\; "the Lord was *not* in the *fire*."

5. The fire disappears\, and tranquillity, like the stillness of the sanctuary, spreads gradually over all nature\, and it seems as if every hill and dale\, yea, the whole earth and skies\, lay in silent homage at the footstool of eternal Majesty. The very mountains seemed to worship\; the whole scene is hushed to profound peace\; and now, he hears a "stīll, smāll vōice." "And it was so when Elijah heard it he wrapt his face in his mantle," in token of reverential awe and adoring wonder, and went forth, "and stood at the entrance of the cave."

TO TEACHERS.

Rhetorical notation will now be omitted, as the learner may be supposed to have become sufficiently acquainted with the subject to judge for himself, with such occasional aid as the teacher may think proper to give.

LXXIII.—EARTH AND HEAVEN.

WORDS marked thus †, in the subsequent lessons, should be *spelled* and *defined* by the pupil; as, "†summoned" and "†couch" in the first paragraph of this lesson. The pupil may be required to *write* them upon a blackboard or slate. If resort to a *dictionary* is needed, *Webster's* should be referred to as standard authority in spelling and definition.

EARTH.

1. THERE is grief, there is grief, there is wringing of hands,
   And weeping and calling for aid;
   For Sorrow hath †summoned her group, and it stands
   Round the †couch where the †sufferer is laid;
   And lips are all pallid, and cheeks are all cold,
   And tears from the heart-springs are shed;
   Yet who that looks on, the sweet saint to behold,
   But would gladly lie down in her stead.

2. There is grief, there is grief, there is †anguish and strife.
   And the sufferer is striving for breath;
   For the spirit will cling, oh, how fondly, to life,
   And stern is the struggle with death!
   But the terrible †conflict grows deadlier still,
   Till the last fatal symptoms have birth;
   And the eyeball is glazed, and the heart-blood is chill;
   And this is the portion of EARTH!

HEAVEN.

3. There is bliss, there is bliss, in the regions above,
   They have opened the gates of the sky;
   A spirit has soared to those mansions of love,
   And seeks for †admittance on high;
   And friends long divided are hasting to greet,
   In a land where no sorrow may come,
   And the †seraphs are eager a sister to meet,
   And to welcome the child to its home.

4. There is bliss, there is bliss, at the foot of the throne;
   See the spirit all †purified bend;
   And it beams with delight, since it gazes alone,
   On the face of a father, a friend!
   Then it joins in the †anthems forever that rise,
   And its †frailty or folly forgiven,
   It is dead to the earth, and new-born to the skies,
   And this is the portion of HEAVEN!

LXXIV.—THE SLEEPERS.

1. They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Children wearied with their play;
For the stars of night are peeping,
And the sun hath sunk away;
As the dew upon the †blossoms
Bow them on their slender stem,
Lo, as light as their own bosoms,
Balmy sleep hath †conquered them.

2. They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Mortals †compassed round with woe,
Eyelids wearing out with weeping,
Close for very weakness now:
And that short relief from sorrow,
Harassed nature shall †sustain
Till they wake again to-morrow,
Strengthened to †contend with pain!

3 They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Captives in their gloomy cells;
Yet, sweet dreams are o'er them creeping,
With their many-colored spells;
All they love—again they clasp them;
Feel again their long lost joys;
But the haste with which they grasp them,
Every fairy form destroys.

4. They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Misers by their †hoarded gold;
And in fancy now are heaping
Gems and pearls of price untold.
Golden chains their limbs †encumber,
Diamonds seem before them strown;
But they waken from their slumber,
And the splendid dream is flown.

5. They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Pause a moment, softly tread;
Anxious friends are fondly keeping
Vigils by the sleeper's bed!

Other hopes have all forsaken;
One remains; that slumber deep
Break not, lest the slumberer waken
From that sweet, that saving sleep.

6. They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Thousands who have passed away
From a world of woe and weeping
To the regions of †decay!
Safe they rest, the green turf under;
Sighing breeze, or music's breath,
Winter's wind, or summer's thunder
Can not break the sleep of death!

LXXV.—THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

From Jane Taylor.

1. In a remote period of †antiquity, when the †supernatural and the marvelous obtained a readier credence than now, it was fabled that a stranger of extraordinary appearance was observed passing the streets of one of the magnificent cities of the east, remarking, with an eye of intelligent curiosity, every surrounding object. Several individuals gathering around him, questioned him concerning his country and his business; but they presently perceived that he was unacquainted with their language, and he soon discovered himself to be equally ignorant of the most common usages of society. At the same time, the dignity and intelligence of his air and demeanor, forbade the idea of his being either a †barbarian or a †lunatic.

2. When, at length, he understood by their signs, that they wished to be informed whence he came, he pointed with great significance to the sky; upon which, the crowd, concluding him to be one of their deities, were proceeding to pay him divine honors; but he no sooner comprehended their design, than he rejected it with horror; and, bending his knees and raising his hands toward heaven, in the attitude of prayer, gave them to understand that he also was a worshiper of the powers above. After a time, it is said, the mysterious stranger accepted the †hospitalities of one of the nobles of

the city; under whose roof he applied himself with great diligence to the †acquirement of the language, in which he made such surprising †proficiency, that in a few days, he was able to hold intelligent intercourse with those around him.

3. The noble host now resolved to take an early opportunity of satisfying his curiosity respecting the country and quality of his guest; and upon his expressing his desire, the stranger assured him, that he would answer his inquiries that evening, after sunset. Accordingly, as night approached, he led him forth upon the †balconies of the palace, which overlooked the wealthy and populous city. Innumerable lights from its busy streets and splendid palaces, were now reflected in the dark bosom of its noble river; where stately vessels, laden with rich †merchandise from all parts of the known world, lay anchored in the port. This was a city in which the voice of the harp and the viol, and the sound of the millstone were continually heard; and †craftsmen of all kinds of craft were there; and the light of a candle was seen in every dwelling; and the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride were heard there.

4. The stranger mused awhile upon the glittering scene; and listened to the confused murmur of mingling sounds. Then suddenly raising his eyes to the starry †firmament, he fixed them with an expressive gaze, on the beautiful evening star, which was just sinking behind a dark grove, that surrounded one of the principal temples of the city. "Marvel not," said he to his host, "that I am wont to gaze with fond affection on yon silvery star. That was my home; yes, I was lately an inhabitant of that tranquil planet; from whence a vain curiosity has tempted me to wander.

5. "Often had I beheld, with wondering admiration, this brilliant world of yours, even one of the brightest gems of our firmament, and the ardent desire I had long felt to know something of its condition, was at length unexpectedly gratified. I received permission and power from above to †traverse the mighty void, and to direct my course to this distant sphere. To that permission, however, one condition was annexed, to which my eagerness for the enterprise induced me hastily to consent, namely, that I must thenceforth remain an inhabitant of this strange earth, and undergo

all the †vicissitudes to which its natives are subject. Tell me, therefore, I pray you, what is the lot of man; and explain to me more fully than I yet understand, all that I see and hear around me."

6. "Truly, sir," replied the astonished noble, "although I am altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs, products and †privileges of your country, yet methinks, I can not but congratulate you on your arrival in our world; especially since it has been your good fortune to alight on a part of it, affording such various sources of enjoyment, as this our †opulent and †luxuriant city. And be assured it will be my pride and pleasure to introduce you to all that is most worthy the attention of such a distinguished foreigner."

7. Our adventurer, accordingly, was presently †initiated into those arts of luxury and pleasure, which were there well understood. He was introduced by his obliging friend to their public games and festivals; to their †theatrical †diversions and †convivial assemblies; and, in a short time, he began to feel some relish for amusements, the meaning of which, at first, he could scarcely comprehend. The next lesson which it became desirable to impart to him, was the necessity of acquiring wealth, as the only means of obtaining pleasure. This fact was no sooner understood by the stranger, than he gratefully accepted the offer of his friendly host, to place him in a situation in which he might †amass riches. To this object he began to apply himself with diligence; and soon became, in some measure, reconciled to the manners and customs of our planet, strangely as they differed from those of his own.

LXXVI.—THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER—CONCLUDED.

1. He had been but a few weeks diligently engaged in his new plans for the acquisition of wealth, when, walking in the cool of the day with his friend, in the outskirts of the city, his attention was arrested by the appearance of a †spacious inclosure near which they passed. He inquired the use to which it was appropriated. "It is," replied the nobleman,

"a place of public interment." "I do not understand you," said the stranger. "It is the place," repeated his friend, "where we bury our dead." "Excuse me, sir," replied his companion, with some †embarrassment, "I must trouble you to explain yourself yet further."

2. The nobleman repeated the information in still plainer terms. "I am still at a loss to comprehend you perfectly," said the stranger, turning deadly pale. "This must relate to something of which I was not only totally ignorant in my own world, but of which I have, as yet, had no †intimation in yours. I pray you, therefore, to satisfy my curiosity; for if I have any clue to your meaning, this surely, is a matter of more mighty concernment, than any to which you have hitherto directed me."

3. "My good friend," replied the nobleman, "you must indeed be a †novice among us, if you have yet to learn that we must all, sooner or later, submit to take our place in these dismal abodes. Nor will I deny, that it is one of the least desirable of the circumstances which †appertain to our condition; for which reason it is a matter rarely referred to in polished society; and this accounts for your being hitherto uninformed on the subject. But, truly, sir, if the inhabitants of the place from whence you came are not liable to any similar misfortune, I advise you to betake yourself back again with all speed; for be assured there is no escape here, nor could I guarantee your safety even for a single hour."

4. "Alas!" replied the adventurer, "I must submit to the conditions of my enterprise, of which, till now, I little understood the import. But explain to me, I beseech you, something more of the nature and consequence of this wondrous change, and tell me at what period it commonly happens to man." While he thus spoke, his voice †faltered, and his whole frame shook violently; his countenance was as pale as death. By this time his companion, finding the discourse becoming more serious than was agreeable, declared he must refer him to the priests for further information, this subject being very much out of his province. "How!" exclaimed the stranger, "then I could not have understood you. Do the priests only die? Are you not to die also?" His friend, †evading these questions, hastily conducted his

importunate companion to one of their †magnificent temples, where he gladly consigned him to the instructions of the priesthood.

5. The emotion which the stranger had betrayed when he received the first idea of death, was yet slight in comparison with that which he experienced as soon as he gathered, from the discourses of the priests, some notions of immortality, and of the †alternative of happiness or misery in a future state. But this agony of mind was exchanged for †transport, when he learned that, by the †performance of certain conditions before death, the state of happiness might be secured. His eagerness to learn the nature of these terms, excited the surprise and even the contempt of his sacred teachers. They advised him to remain satisfied, for the present, with the instructions he had received, and defer the remainder of the discussion till to-morrow. "How!" exclaimed the novice, "say ye not that death may come at any hour? May it not come this hour? And what if it should come, before I have performed these conditions? Oh! withhold not the excellent knowledge from me a single moment!"

6. The priests, suppressing a smile at his simplicity, proceeded to explain their †theology to their attentive auditor. But who can describe the †ecstasy of his happiness, when he was given to understand the required conditions were, generally, of easy and pleasant performance, and the occasional difficulties, which might attend them, would entirely cease with the short term of his earthly existence. "If, then, I understand you rightly," said he to his instructors, "this event which you call death, and which seems in itself strangely terrible, is most desirable and †blissful. What a favor is this which is granted to me, in being sent to inhabit a planet in which I can die!"

7. The priests again exchanged smiles with each other; but their ridicule was wholly lost on the †enraptured stranger. When the first †transports of his emotion had subsided, he began to reflect with more uneasiness on the time he had already lost since his arrival. "Alas! what have I been doing?" exclaimed he. "This gold which I have been collecting, tell me, reverend priests, will it avail me any thing when the thirty or forty years are expired, which you say I

may possibly †sojourn in your planet?" "Nay," replied the priests, "but verily you will find it of excellent use so long as you remain in it." "A very little of it will suffice me," replied he; "for consider how soon this period will be past. What avails it what my condition may be for so short a season? I will betake myself from this hour, to the grand concerns of which you have so charitably informed me."

8. Accordingly, from that period, continues the †legend, the stranger devoted himself to the performance of those conditions on which, he was told, his future welfare depended; but, in so doing, he had an opposition to †encounter wholly unexpected, and for which he was at a loss even to account. By thus devoting his chief attention to his chief interests, he excited the surprise, the contempt, and even the enmity of most of the inhabitants of the city; and they rarely mentioned him but with a term of reproach, which has been variously rendered in all the modern languages.

9. Nothing could equal the stranger's surprise at this circumstance; as well as that of his fellow-citizens' appearing, generally, so extremely indifferent as they did, to their own interest. That they should have so little prudence and forethought, as to provide only for their †necessities and pleasures, for that short part of their existence in which they were to remain on this planet, he could but consider as the effect of disordered intellect; so that he even returned their incivilities to himself with affectionate †expostulation, accompanied by lively emotions of compassion and †amazement.

10. If ever he was tempted for a moment to violate any of the conditions of his future happiness, he bewailed his own madness with †agonizing emotions; and to all the invitations he received from others to do any thing inconsistent with his real interest, he had but one answer—"Oh," he would say, "I am to die; I am to die!"

LXXVII.—A PSALM OF LIFE.

From Longfellow.

1. Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
   Life is but an empty dream!
   For the soul is dead that slumbers,
   And things are not what they seem.

2. Life is real! Life is earnest!
   And the grave is not its †goal;
   Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
   Was not spoken of the soul.

3. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
   Is our †destined end or way;
   But to act, that each to-morrow
   Find us farther than to-day.

4. Art is long, and Time is fleeting
   And our hearts, though stout and brave,
   Still, like †muffled drums, are beating
   Funeral marches to the grave.

5. In the world's broad field of battle,
   In the †bivouac of Life,
   Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
   Be a hero in the strife!

6. Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
   Let the dead Past bury its dead!
   Act—act in the living Present!
   Heart within, and God o'erhead.

7. Lives of great men all remind us
   We can make our lives †sublime,
   And, departing, leave behind us
   Foot-prints on the sands of time.

8. Foot-prints, that perhaps another,
   Sailing o'er life's solemn †main,
   A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
   Seeing, shall take heart again.

9. Let us, then, be up and doing,
   With a heart for any fate;
   Still †achieving, still pursuing,
   Learn to labor and to wait.

LXXVIII.—THE DREAM OF CLARENCE.

From Shakspeare.

Clarence, prisoner in the Tower of London.

Enter Brakenbury.

Brakenbury. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clarence. O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian, faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was †embarked to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster;
Who, from my cabin, tempted me to walk
Upon the †hatches; whence we looked toward England,
And †cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O then, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
†Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's sculls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the †envious flood

Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But †smothered it within my panting bulk;
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O no; my dream was lengthened after life!
O, then began the tempest of my soul!
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that †grim ferry-man which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud, "*What scourge for †perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanished.

Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud:
"*Clarence is come! false, fleeting, perjured Clarence!*
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury:
Seize on him, †Furies, take him to your torments!'
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
†Environed me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I, trembling, waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible †impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, my lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done those things,
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he †requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers can not appease thee,
But thou wilt be †avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet †execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!
—— I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest!

[CLARENCE *reposes himself on a chair.*

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.

LXXIX.—CHOICE OF HERCULES.

From The Tatler.

1. When Hercules was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and the solitude of the place very much favored his †meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life which he should choose, he saw two women of larger stature than ordinary, approaching him.

2. One of them had a very noble air and graceful †deportment; her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast toward the ground with an agreeable †reserve, her motion and behavior full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and †floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red; and she endeavored to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and †assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colors in her dress, that she thought were the most proper to show her complexion to advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular composed †carriage, and running up to him, †accosted him after the following manner:

3. "My dear Hercules, I find you are very much divided in your thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to choose: be my friend, and follow me: I will lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and entertain every sense with its proper gratifications. †Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, †concerts of music crowds of beauties, are all in readiness to

receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell forever to care, to pain, to business." Hercules, hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name; to which she answered, "My friends and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness: but my enemies and those who would injure my †reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure."

4. By this time, the other lady had come up, and addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner. "Hercules," said she, "I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the gods, and give proofs of that descent, by your love of virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope that you will gain, both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you; and must lay this down as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labor. The gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favor of †Deity, you must be at the pains of worshiping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honored by your country, you must take care to serve it; in short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can promise happiness."

5. The goddess of Pleasure here broke in upon her discourse; "You see," said she, "Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasures is long and difficult, whereas that which I propose is short and easy." "Alas!" said the other lady, whose †visage glowed with scorn and pity, "what are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are thirsty, sleep before you are tired; to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most †delicious music, which is the praise of yourself; or saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of your own hands. Your †votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures; while they are hoarding up †anguish. torment, and remorse, for old age.

6. "As for me, I am the friend of the gods and of good men; an agreeable companion of the †artisan; a household guardian to the fathers of families; a †patron and protector of servants; an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my †votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them, who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years: and those who are in years, of being honored by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favored by the gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and, after the close of their labors, honored by posterity."

7. We know, by the life of this †memorable hero to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart; and, I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the justice to approve of his choice.

LXXX.—AMBITION.

From Willis.

1. What is ambition? 'T is a glorious cheat!
It seeks the chamber of the gifted boy,
And lifts his humble window, and comes in;
The narrow walls †expand, and spread away
Into a kingly palace, and the roof
Lifts to the sky, and unseen fingers work
The ceilings with rich †blazonry, and write
His name in burning letters over all.
And ever, as he shuts his wildered eyes,
The †phantom comes and lays upon his lids
A spell that murders sleep, and in his ear
Whispers a deathless word, and on his brain
Breathes a fierce thirst no waters will allay.

2. He is its slave henceforth. His days are spent
In chaining down his heart, and watching where
To rise by human weaknesses. His nights
Bring him no rest in all their blessèd hours.
His kindred are forgotten or †estranged;
Unhealthful fires burn constant in his eye.

His lip grows restless, and its smile is curled
Half into scorn; till the bright, fiery boy,
That 't was a daily blessing but to see,
His spirit was so bird-like and so pure,
Is frozen, in the very flush of youth,
Into a cold, †care-fretted, heartless *man.*

3. And what is its reward? At best, a name!
Praise—when the ear has grown too dull to hear;
Gold—when the senses it should please are dead;
Wreaths—when the hair they cover has grown gray;
Fame—when the heart it should have †thrilled is numb;
All things but *love*—when *love* is all we want;
And close behind comes Death, and ere we know,
That even these †unavailing gifts are ours,
He sends us, stripped and naked, to the grave.

LXXXI.—LAMENT FOR THE DEAD.

From Ossian.

1. *Reyno.* The wind and rain are over; calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven; over the green hill flies the inconstant sun; red, through the stony vale, comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy †murmurs, O stream! But more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead. Bent is his head of age, and red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? Why complainest thou as a blast in the wood, as a wave on the lonely shore?

2. *Alpin.* My tears, O Reyno! are for the dead; my voice for the †inhabitants of the grave. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the slain. But thou shalt fall like Morar; and the mourners shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more, thy bow shall lie in the halls, unstrung.

3. Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the hill; terrible as a †meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm; thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was like a stream after rain; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun, after rain; like the moon,

in the silence of night; calm as the breast of the lake, when the loud wind is hushed into repose. Narrow is thy dwelling, now; dark the place of thine abode. With three steps, I †compass thy grave, O thou, who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only †memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass whistling in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye, the grave of mighty Morar.

4. Morar! thou art low indeed: thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth; fallen is the daughter of Morglan. Who, on his staff, is this? Who this, whose head is white with age, whose eyes are †galled with tears, who quakes at every step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. Weep, thou father of Morar, weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead, low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice, no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Farewell, thou bravest of men; thou conqueror of the field; but the field shall see thee no more, nor the gloomy wood be lightened by the splendor of thy steel. Thou hast left no son,—but the song shall preserve thy name.

LXXXII.—THE CHURCH-YARD.

From Karamisin.

[The two Voices from the Grave.]

First Voice.

How frightful the grave! how deserted and drear!
With the howls of the storm-wind, the †creaks of the bier,
And the white bones all †clattering together!

Second Voice.

How peaceful the grave; its quiet how deep!
Its †zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,
And flow'rets perfume it with ether.

First Voice.

There †riots the †blood-crested worm on the dead,
And the yellow scull serves the foul toad for a bed,
And snakes in the nettle-weeds hiss.

Second Voice.

How lovely, how sweet the repose of the tomb!
No tempests are there; but the nightingales come,
And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

First Voice.

The ravens of night flap their wings o'er the grave;
'T is the vulture's abode; 't is the wolf's dreary cave,
Where they tear up the dead with their fangs.

Second Voice.

There the †cony, at evening, †disports with his love,
Or rests on the sod; while the turtles above
Repose on the bough that o'erhangs

First Voice.

There darkness and dampness, with poisonous breath,
And loathsome decay, fill the dwelling of death;
The trees are all barren and bare.

Second Voice.

O! soft are the breezes that play round the tomb,
And sweet, with the violets' wafted perfume,
With lilies and jessamine fair.

First Voice.

The pilgrim, who reaches this valley of tears,
Would fain hurry by; and, with trembling and fears,
He is launched on the wreck-covered river

Second Voice.

Here the traveler, worn with life's pilgrimage dreary,
Lays down his rude staff, like one that is weary,
And sweetly reposes forever.

LXXXIII.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

From Addison.

Joseph Addison, an English author, was born in 1672. He contributed largely to the Tatler, a periodical paper, and was also the chief writer of the Spectator. His writings afford the best models of style in our language. He died in 1719.

1. When I am in a serious humor, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity

of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed the whole afternoon in the church-yard, the †cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another; the whole history of his life being †comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these †registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of †satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born, and that they died.

2. Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave, and saw in every shovelful of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull, intermixed with a kind of fresh, †moldering earth, that, sometime or other, had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this, I began to consider with myself, what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient †cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and †prebendaries, were crumbled among one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same †promiscuous heap of matter.

3. After having thus surveyed this †magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments, which are raised in every quarter of that ancient †fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant †epitaphs, that if it were posssible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and, by that means, are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had

filled the church with many of those uninhabited †monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons, whose bodies were, perhaps, buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

4. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but, for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can, therefore, take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means, I can improve myself with those objects, which others consider with terror.

5. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every †inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for them, whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who †deposed them, when I see rival wits lying side by side, or holy men that divided the world by their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little †competitions, †factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, some, six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be †cotemporaries, and make our appearance together.

LXXXIV.—ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

From Gray.

Thomas Gray, an English poet, was born 1716, and was educated at Cambridge. *The Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard,* is the most celebrated and popular of his poems. He died in 1771.

1. The †curfew tolls the †knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the †lea,
The plowman homeward †plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

2. Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his †droning flight,
And drowsy †tinklings lull the distant folds

3. Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The †moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient †solitary reign.

4. Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mold'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the †hamlet sleep.

5. The breezy call of †incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill †clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6. For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

7. Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn †glebe has broke:
How †jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke

8. Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and †destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple †annals of the poor.

9. The boast of †heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike, th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

10. Nor you, ye proud, †impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no †trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing †anthem swells the note of praise.

11. Can †storied urn, or animated †bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

12. Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart once pregnant with †celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to †ecstasy the living lyre:

13. But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill †penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the †genial current of the soul.

14. Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

15. Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

16. Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

17. Their lot forbade: nor, †circumscribed alone
Their glowing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

18. The struggling pangs of †conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of †ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,
With †incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

19. Far from the madding crowd's †ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, †sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless †tenor of their way.

20. Yet e'en these bones, from insult to protect,
Some frail †memorial still, erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing †tribute of a sigh.

21. Their names, their years, spelled by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
Teaching the rustic †moralist to die.

22. For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm †precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

23. On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

24. For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate
If, chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

25. Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty step, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn:

26. There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old, †fantastic roots so high,
His listless length, at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

27. Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward †fancies, he would rove;
Now, drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

28. One morn, I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

29. The next, with †dirges due, in sad †array,
Slow through the church-yard path, we saw him borne:—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
'Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

30. Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame, unknown:
Fair †Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

31. Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere:
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:

He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear,
He gained from Heav'n ('t was all he wished) a friend.

32. No further seek his merits to †disclose,
Or draw his †frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father, and his God.

LXXXV.—THE VOYAGE.

From Irving.

1. To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. The temporary absence of worldly scenes and employments produces a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions. The vast space of waters that separates the †hemispheres is like a blank page in existence. There is no gradual †transition, by which, as in Europe, the features and population of one country blend almost †imperceptibly with those of another. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is †vacancy until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched, at once, into the bustle and novelties of another world.

2. In traveling by land, there is a †continuity of scene, and a connection of persons and †incidents that carry on the story of life, and lessen the effect of absence and separation. We drag, it is true, "a lengthened chain," at each remove of our pilgrimage; but the chain is unbroken: we can trace it back link by link; and we feel that the last of them still †grapples us to home. But a wide sea-voyage severs us at once. It makes us conscious of being cast loose from the secure anchorage of settled life, and sent adrift upon a doubtful world. It interposes a gulf, not merely imaginary, but real, between us and our homes; a gulf, subject to tempests, and fear, and uncertainty, that make distance †palpable, and return †precarious.

3. Such, at least, was the case with myself. As I saw the last blue line of my native land fade away like a cloud in the †horizon, it seemed as if I had closed one volume of the world and its concerns; and I had time for meditation before

I opened another. That land, too, now vanishing from my view, which contained all that was most dear to me in life; what †vicissitudes might occur in it, what changes might take place in me, before I should visit it again! Who can tell, when he sets forth to wander, whither he may be driven by the uncertain currents of existence; or when he may return; or whether it may ever be his lot to revisit the scenes of his childhood?

4. I said, that at sea all is vacancy. I should correct the expression. To one given to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea-voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly †themes. I delighted to †loll over the quarter-railing, or to climb to the main-top, of a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds, just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own; to watch the gentle †undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

5. There was a delicious †sensation of mingled security and awe with which I looked down, from my giddy height, at the monsters of the deep at their uncouth †gambols; shoals of porpoises, tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus, slowly heaving his huge form above the surface, or the †ravenous shark, darting, like a specter, through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of the shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth, and of those wild †phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

6. Sometimes, a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle †speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the world into communion; has established an †interchange of blessings, pouring into the †sterile

regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; has diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an †insurmountable †barrier.

7. We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, every thing that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse, attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to the spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained.

8. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over; they have gone down amid the roar of the tempest; their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence and †oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been †wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside of home! How often has the father, the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some †casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas! not one †memento shall ever return, for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known, is, that she sailed from her port, "and was never heard of more."

LXXXVI.—THE VOYAGE—CONCLUDED.

1. The sight of the wreck gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms that will sometimes break in upon the †serenity of a summer's voyage. As we sat around the dull

light of a lamp in the cabin, that made the gloom more †ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck by a short one related by the captain.

2. "As I was once sailing," said he, "in a fine, stout ship, across the banks of Newfoundland, one of those heavy fogs that prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for us to see far ahead, even in the day-time; but at night, the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of the ship. I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch forward to look out for †fishing-smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly, the watch gave the alarm of 'a sail ahead!' It was scarcely uttered before we were upon her. She was a small schooner, at anchor, with her broadside toward us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light.

3. "We struck her just †amid-ships. The force, the size, the weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves; we passed over her and were hurried on our course. As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches, rushing from her cabin; they just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack had anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired signal guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any †survivors: but all was silent—we never saw or heard any thing of them more."

4. I confess these stories, for a time, put an end to all my fine fancies. The storm increased with the night. The sea was hushed into †tremendous confusion. There was a fearful, sullen sound of rushing waves, and broken †surges. At times the black volume of clouds overhead seemed rent asunder by flashes of lightning that quivered along the

foaming billows, and made the succeeding darkness doubly terrible. The thunders bellowed over the wild waste of waters, and were echoed and prolonged by the mountain waves. As I saw the ship staggering and plunging among these roaring caverns, it seemed †miraculous that she regained her balance, or preserved her †buoyancy. Her yards would dip into the water: her bow was almost buried beneath the waves. Sometimes, an †impending †surge appeared ready to overwhelm her, and nothing but a †dexterous movement of the helm preserved her from the shock.

5. When I retired to my cabin, the awful scene still followed me. The whistling of the wind through the rigging sounded like funeral wailings. The creaking of the masts, the straining and groaning of †bulk-heads, as the ship labored in the †weltering sea, were frightful. As I heard the waves rushing along the sides of the ship, and roaring in my very ear, it seemed as if Death were raging round this floating prison, seeking for his prey: the mere starting of a nail, the yawning of a seam, might give him entrance.

6. A fine day, however, with a tranquil sea and favoring breeze, soon put all these dismal reflections to flight. It is impossible to resist the gladdening influence of fine weather and fair wind at sea. When the ship is decked out in all her †canvas, every sail swelled, and †careering gayly over the curling waves, how lofty, how gallant she appears! how she seems to lord it over the deep!—But it is time to get ashore.

7. It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "land!" was heard from the mast-head. None but those who have experienced it can form an idea of the delicious throng of sensations which rush into an American's bosom, when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations with the very name. It is the land of promise, †teeming with every thing of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have †pondered. From that time until the moment of arrival, it was all feverish †excitement. The ships of war, that †prowled like †guardian giants along the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds; all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey, my eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages,

with their trim shrubberies and green grass-plots. I saw the moldering ruins of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of the village church, rising from the brow of a neighboring hill. All were †characteristic of England.

8. The tide and wind were so favorable that the ship was enabled to come at once to the pier. It was thronged with people; some, idle lookers-on; others, eager expectants of friends or relatives. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship was †consigned. I knew him by his calculating brow and restless air. His hands were thrust into his pockets; he was whistling thoughtfully, and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded to him by the crowd, in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheerings and salutations interchanged between the shore and the ship, as friends happened to †recognize each other.

9. I particularly noticed one young woman, of humble dress, but interesting †demeanor. She was leaning forward from among the crowd; her eye hurried over the ship as it neared the shore, to catch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated; when I heard a faint voice call her name. It was from a poor sailor who had been ill, all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his messmates had spread a mattress for him on deck in the shade, but of late his illness had so increased, that he had taken to his †hammock, and only breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died. He had been helped on deck as we came up the river, and was now leaning against the shrouds, with a countenance so wasted, so pale, so ghastly, that it was no wonder even the eye of affection did not recognize him. But at the sound of his voice, her eye darted on his features: it read, at once, the whole volume of sorrow; she clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek, and stood wringing them in silent agony.

10. All was now hurry and bustle. The meetings of acquaintances; the greetings of friends; the consultations of men of business. I alone was †solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers, but felt that I was a stranger in the land.

LXXXVII.—SONG OF EMIGRATION.

From Mrs. Hemans.

1. There was heard a song on the †chiming sea,
A mingled breathing of grief and †glee;
Man's voice, unbroken by sighs, was there,
Filling with triumph the sunny air;
Of fresh, green lands, and of pastures new,
It sang, while the bark through the †surges flew,
But ever and anon
A murmur of farewell,
Told, by its †plaintive tone,
That from woman's lip it fell.

2. "Away, away, o'er the foaming main!"
This was the free and joyous strain,
"There are clearer skies than ours afar,
We will shape our course by a brighter star;
There are plains whose †verdure no foot hath pressed,
And whose wealth is all for the first brave guest."
"But, alas! that we should go,"
Sang the farewell voices then,
"From the †homestead, warm and low,
By the brook and in the glen!"

3. "We will rear new homes, under trees that glow
As if gems were the †fruitage of every bough;
O'er our white walls, we will train the vine,
And sit in its shadow at day's decline;
And watch our herds as they range at will
Through the green †savannas, all bright and still."
"But woe for that sweet shade
Of the flowering orchard trees,
Where first our children played
'Mid the birds and honey-bees!"

4. "All, all our own shall the forests be,
As to the bound of the †roebuck free!
None shall say, 'Hither, no further pass!'
We will track each step through the wavy grass;
We will chase the elk in his speed and might,
And bring proud spoils to the hearth at night."
"But O, the gray church tower,
And the sound of the sabbath bell,
And the sheltered garden bower,
We have bid them all farewell!"

5. "We will give the names of our fearless race
To each bright river whose course we trace;
We will leave our memory with mounts and floods,
And the path of our daring in boundless woods;
And our works on many a lake's green shore,
Where the Indians' graves lay alone, before."
"But who shall teach the flowers,
Which our children loved, to dwell
In a soil that is not ours?
Home, home and friends, farewell!"

LXXXVIII.—SCENE FROM THE POOR GENTLEMAN.

From Colman.

Sir Robert Bramble and Humphrey Dobbins.

Sir R. I 'll tell you what, Humphrey Dobbins, there is not a syllable of sense in all you have been saying. But I suppose you will maintain there is.

Hum. Yes.

Sir R. Yes! is that the way you talk to me, you old boor? What 's my name?

Hum. Robert Bramble.

Sir R. An't I a baronet? Sir Robert Bramble of Blackberry Hall, in the county of Kent? 'T is time you should know it, for you have been my clumsy, two-fisted valet these thirty years: can you deny that?

Hum. Hem!

Sir R. Hem? What do you mean by hem? Open that rusty door of your mouth, and make your ugly voice walk out of it. Why don't you answer my question?

Hum. Because, if I †contradict you, I shall tell you a lie, and when I agree with you, you are sure to fall out.

Sir R. Humphrey Dobbins, I have been so long endeavoring to beat a few brains into your †pate, that all your hair has tumbled off before my point is carried.

Hum. What then? Our parson says my head is an †emblem of both our honors.

Sir R. Ay; because honors, like your head, are apt to be empty.

Hum. No; but if a servant has grown bald under his mas-

ter's nose, it looks as if there was honesty on one side, and regard for it on the other.

Sir R. Why, to be sure, old Humphrey, you are as honest as a—pshaw! the parson means to †palaver us; but, to return to my position, I tell you, I don't like your flat †contradiction.

Hum. Yes, you do.

Sir R. I tell you I don't. I only love to hear men's arguments. I hate their †flummery.

Hum. What do you call flummery?

Sir R. Flattery, blockhead! a dish too often served up by paltry poor men to paltry rich ones.

Hum. I never serve it up to you.

Sir R. No, you give me a dish of a different description.

Hum. Hem! what is it?

Sir R. †Sour-krout, you old crab.

Hum. I have held you a stout tug at argument this many a year.

Sir R. And yet I could never teach you a †syllogism. Now mind, when a poor man assents to what a rich man says, I suspect he means to flatter him: now I am rich, and hate flattery. *Ergo*—when a poor man subscribes to my opinion, I hate him.

Hum. That's wrong.

Sir R. Very well; *negatur;* now prove it.

Hum. Put the case then, I am a poor man.

Sir R. You an't, you scoundrel. You know you shall never want, while I have a shilling.

Hum. Well, then, I am a poor—I must be a poor man now, or I never shall get on.

Sir R. Well, get on, be a poor man.

Hum. I am a poor man, and argue with you, and convince you, you are wrong; then you call yourself a blockhead, and I am of your opinion: now, that's no flattery.

Sir R. Why, no; but when a man's of the same opinion with me, he puts an end to the argument, and that puts an end to the conversation, and so I hate him for that. But where's my nephew, Frederic?

Hum. Been out these two hours.

Sir R. An undutiful cub! Only arrived from Russia last

night, and though I told him to stay at home till I rose, he 's scampering over the fields like a Calmuc †Tartar.

Hum. He 's a fine fellow.

Sir R. He has a touch of our family. Don't you think he is a little like me, Humphrey?

Hum. No, not a bit; you are as ugly an old man as ever I clapped my eyes on.

Sir R. Now that 's plaguy impudent, but there 's no flattery in it, and it keeps up the independence of argument. His father, my brother Job, is of as tame a spirit—Humphrey, you remember my brother Job?

Hum. Yes, you drove him to Russia five-and-twenty years ago.

Sir R. I did not drive him.

Hum. Yes, you did. You would never let him be at peace in the way of argument.

Sir R. At peace! Zounds, he would never go to war.

Hum. He had the merit to be calm.

Sir R. So has a duck-pond. He received my arguments with his mouth open, like a poor-box gaping for half-pence, and, good or bad, he swallowed them all without any resistance. We could n't disagree, and so we parted.

Hum. And the poor, meek gentleman went to Russia for a quiet life.

Sir R. A quiet life! Why, he married the moment he got there, tacked himself to the shrew †relict of a Russian merchant, and continued a †speculation with her in furs, flax, potashes, tallow, linen, and leather; what 's the consequence? Thirteen months ago he broke.

Hum. Poor soul, his wife should have followed the business for him.

Sir R. I fancy she did follow it, for she died just as he broke, and now this madcap, Frederic, is sent over to me for protection. Poor Job, now he is in distress, I must not neglect his son.

Hum. Here comes his son; that 's Mr. Frederic.

Fred. O, my dear uncle, good morning! Your park is nothing but beauty.

Sir R. Who bid you caper over my beauty? I told you to stay in-doors till I got up.

Fred. So you did, but I entirely forgot it.

Sir R. And pray, what made you forget it?

Fred. The sun.

Sir R. The sun! he 's mad! you mean the moon, I believe.

Fred. O, my dear uncle, you do n't know the effect of a fine spring morning, upon a fellow just arrived from Russia. The day looked bright, trees budding, birds singing, the park was so gay that I took a leap out of your old †balcony, made your deer fly before me like the wind, and chased them all around the park to get an appetite for breakfast, while you were snoring in bed, uncle.

Sir R. Oh, oh! So the effect of English sunshine upon a Russian, is to make him jump out of a balcony, and worry my deer.

Fred. I confess it had that influence upon me.

Sir R. You had better be influenced by a rich old uncle, unless you think the sun likely to leave you a fat †legacy.

Fred. I hate legacies.

Sir R. Sir, that 's mighty singular. They are pretty solid tokens, at least.

Fred. Very melancholy tokens, uncle; they are †posthumous †dispatches, affection sends to gratitude, to inform us we have lost a gracious friend.

Sir R. How charmingly the dog argues!

Fred. But I own my spirits ran away with me this morning. I will obey you better in future; for they tell me you are a very worthy, good sort of gentleman.

Sir R. Now who had the †familiar †impudence to tell you that?

Fred. Old rusty, there.

Sir R. Why Humphrey, you did n't?

Hum. Yes, but I did though.

Fred. Yes, he did, and on that score I shall be anxious to show you obedience, for 't is as †meritorious to attempt sharing a good man's heart, as it is paltry to have designs upon a rich man's money. A noble nature aims its attentions full breast high, uncle; a mean mind levels its dirty †assiduities at the pocket.

Sir R. [*Shaking him by the hand.*] Jump out of every window I have in the house; hunt my deer into high fevers,

my fine fellow! Ay, that 's right. This is spunk, and plain speaking. Give me a man, who is always flinging his †dissent to my doctrines smack in my teeth.

Fred. I disagree with you there, uncle.

Hum. And so do I.

Fred. You! you forward puppy! If you were not so old, I 'd knock you down.

Sir R. I 'll knock *you* down, if you do. I won't have my servants thumped into dumb flattery.

Hum. Come, you are ruffled. Let us go to the business of the morning.

Sir R. I hate the business of the morning. Do n't you see we are engaged in †discussion. I tell you, I hate the business of the morning.

Hum. No you do n't.

Sir R. Do n't I? Why not?

Hum. Because 't is charity.

Sir R. Pshaw! Well, we must not neglect the business, if there be any distress in the parish. Read the list, Humphrey.

Hum. [*Taking out a paper and reading.*] "Jonathan Huggins, of Muck Mead, is put in prison for debt."

Sir R. Why, it was only last week that Gripe, the attorney, recovered two cottages for him by law, worth sixty pounds.

Hum. Yes, and charged a hundred for his trouble; so seized the cottages for *part* of his bill, and threw Jonathan into jail for the remainder.

Sir R. A harpy! I must relieve the poor fellow's distress.

Fred. And *I* must kick his attorney.

Hum. [*Reading.*] "The curate's horse is dead."

Sir R. Pshaw! There 's no distress in that.

Hum. Yes, there is, to a man that must go twenty miles every Sunday, to preach, for thirty pounds a year.

Sir R. Why won't the vicar give him another nag?

Hum. Because 't is cheaper to get another curate already mounted.

Sir R. Well, send him the black pad which I purchased last Tuesday, and tell him to work him as long as he lives. What else have we upon the list?

Hum. Something out of the common; there 's one Lieutenant Worthington, a disabled officer and widower, come to lodge

at farmer Harrowby's, in the village; he is, it seems, very poor, and more proud than poor, and more honest than proud.

Sir R. And so he sends to me for assistance.

Hum. He 'd see you hanged first! No, he 'd sooner die than ask you or any man for a shilling! There 's his daughter, and his wife's aunt, and an old corporal that served in the wars with him, he keeps them all upon his half-pay.

Sir R. *Starves* them all, I 'm afraid, Humphrey.

Fred. [*Going.*] Good morning, uncle.

Sir R. You rogue, where are you running, now?

Fred. To talk with Lieutenant Worthington.

Sir R. And what may you be going to say to him?

Fred. I can't tell till I encounter him; and then, uncle, when I have an old gentleman by the hand, who has been disabled in his country's service, and is struggling to support his motherless child, a poor relation, and a faithful servant, in honorable †indigence, impulse will supply me with words to express my sentiments.

Sir R. Stop, you rogue; I must be before you in this business.

Fred. That depends on who can run the fastest; so, start fair, uncle, and here goes.—[*Runs out.*]

Sir R. Stop, stop; why, Frederic—a †jackanapes—to take my department out of my hands! I 'll disinherit the dog for his assurance.

Hum. No, you won't.

Sir R. Won't I? Hang me if I—but we 'll argue that point as we go. So, come along Humphrey.

LXXXIX.—THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

From Southey.

St. Keyne was a Welch princess, who lived and died near the well which was named after her. It was †popularly believed, that she laid upon this well the spell described in this ballad.

* An; an obsolete word, meaning if.

1. A well there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country,
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

2. An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above,
Droops to the water below.

3. A traveler came to the well of St. Keyne:
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been traveling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

4. He drank of the water, so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he;
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow-tree.

5. There came a man from the neighboring town,
At the well to fill his pail;
On the well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger †hail.

6. "Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,
"For an thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

7. "Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For an she have, I'll venture my life,
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne."

8. "I have left a good woman, who never was here,"
The stranger he made reply;
"But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why."

9. "St. Keyne," †quoth the Cornish-man, "many a time
Drank of this †crystal well;
And before the angel summoned her,
She laid on the water a spell.

10. "If the husband, of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

11. "But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then!"
The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

12. "*You* drank of the well, I warrant, †betimes!
He to the Cornish-man said:
But the Cornish-man smiled, as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

13. "I hastened, as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch;
But in faith! she had been wiser than I,
For *she* took a bottle to church."

XC.—THE FOLLY OF INTOXICATION.

From Shakspeare.

Cassio *and* Iago.

Iago. What! are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cassio. Past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. †Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is †bestial. My reputation! Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound. there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition: oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again. Sue to him, and he 's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised. Drunk! and squabble! swagger! swear! and discourse †fustian with one's own shadow! Oh, thou †invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is 't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains: that we should, with joy, gayety, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It has pleased the devil, Drunkenness, to give place to the devil, Wrath; one imperfection shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a †moralizer. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. If I ask him for my place again, he will tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! Every †inordinate cup is unblessed, and the †ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir. I, drunk!

Iago You or any living man, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. Confess yourself freely to her; †importune her help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so apt, so kind, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any †lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest in all the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely, and betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me.

Iago. You are in the right. Good-night, lieutenant, I must go to the watch.

Cas. Good-night, honest Iago.

XCI.—AN ELEGY ON MADAM BLAIZE.

From Goldsmith.

1. Good people all, with one †accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

2. The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

3. She strove the neighborhood to please,
With manner wondrous winning;
She never followed wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

4. At church, in silks and satin new,
With †hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

5. Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her—
When she has walked before.

6. But now, her wealth and †finery fled,
Her †hangers-on cut short all,
Her doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

7. Let us lament, in sorrow sore;
For Kent Street well may say,
That, had she lived a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

XCII.—THE EVILS OF WAR.

1. Nobody sees a battle. The common soldier fires away amid a smoke-mist, or hurries on to the charge in a crowd, which hides every thing from him. The officer is too anxious about the †performance of what he is †especially charged with, to mind what others are doing. The com-

mander can not be present every-where, and see every wood, water-course, or †ravine, in which his orders are carried into execution; he learns, from reports, how the work goes on. It is well; for a battle is one of those jobs which men do, without daring to look upon. Over miles of country, at every field-fence, in every †gorge of a valley, or entry into a wood, there is murder committing—wholesale, continuous, †reciprocal murder. The human form, God's image, is †mutilated, deformed, †lacerated, in every possible way, and with every variety of torture. The wounded are jolted off in carts to the rear, their bared nerves crushed into maddening pain at every stone or rut; or the flight and pursuit trample over them, leaving them to writhe and groan, without assistance; and fever and thirst, the most enduring of painful †sensations, possess them entirely.

2. Thirst, too, has seized upon the yet able-bodied soldier, who with blood-shot eye and tongue lolling out, †plies his trade; blaspheming; killing, with savage delight; callous, when the brains of his best-loved comrade are spattered over him! The battle-field is, if possible, a more painful object of contemplation than the combatants. They are in their †vocation, earning their bread: what will not men do for a shilling a day? But their work is carried on amid the fields, gardens, and homesteads of men unused to war. They left their homes, with all that habit and happy associations have made precious, to bear its brunt. The poor, the aged, the sick are left in a hurry, to be killed by stray shots or beaten down as the charge or counter-charge goes over them. The ripening grain is trampled down; the garden is trodden into a black mud; the fruit-trees, bending beneath their †luscious load, are shattered by the cannon-shot; churches and private dwellings are used as fortresses, and ruined in the †conflict; barns and †granaries take fire, and the conflagration spreads on all sides.

3. At night, the steed is stabled beside the altar, and the weary †homicides of the day complete the wrecking of houses, to make their †lairs for slumber. The fires of the †bivouac complete what the fires kindled by the battle have not consumed. The surviving soldiers march on, to act the same scene over again, elsewhere; and the remnant of the

scattered inhabitants return, to find the mangled bodies of those they had loved, amid the blackened ruins of their homes; to mourn, with more than agonizing grief, over the missing, of whose fate they are uncertain; to feel themselves bankrupts of the world's stores, and look from their children to the desolate fields and garners, and think of famine and pestilence, †engendered by the rotting bodies of the half-buried myriads of slain.

4. The soldier marches on and on, inflicting and suffering as before. War is a continuance of battles, an †epidemic, striding from place to place, more horrible than the typhus, pestilence, or cholera, which not unfrequently follow in its train. The siege is an aggravation of the battle. The peaceful inhabitants of the †beleaguered town are cooped up, and can not fly the place of conflict. The mutual injuries, inflicted by †assailants and assailed, are †aggravated; their wrath is more frenzied; then come the storm and the capture, and the riot and excesses of the victor soldiery, striving to quench the drunkenness of blood in the drunkenness of wine.

5. The †eccentric movements of war, the marching and counter-marching, often repeat the blow on districts, slowly recovering from the first. Between destruction and the wasteful consumption of the soldiery, poverty pervades the land. Hopeless of the future, hardened by the scenes of which he is a daily witness, perhaps goaded by revenge, the peasant becomes a plunderer and assassin. The families of the upper classes are †dispersed; the discipline of the family circle is removed; a habit of living in the day, for the day, of drowning the morrow in transient and †illicit pleasure, is †engendered. The waste and desolation which a battle spreads over the battle-field, is as nothing, when compared with the moral desolation which war diffuses through all ranks of society, in the country which is the scene of war.

XCIII.—THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

From Jane Taylor.

1. A monk, when his rites †sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depth of his cell with his stone-covered floor,
Resigning to thought his †chimerical brain,
Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain;
But whether by magic's or †alchemy's powers,
We know not; indeed, 't is no business of ours.

2. Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
At last, that he brought his invention to bear;
In youth 't was †projected, but years stole away,
And ere 't was complete, he was wrinkled and gray;
But success is secure, unless energy fails;
And, at length, he produced the philosopher's scales.

3. "What were they?" you ask. You shall presently see,
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;
O no; for such †properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts, they could weigh;
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets, to †atoms of sense.

4 Naught was there so bulky, but there it would lay,
And naught so †ethereal, but there it would stay,
And naught so †reluctant, but in it must go:
All which some examples more clearly will show.

5 The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the †penitent thief;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.

6 One time, he put in Alexander the Great,
With a garment that Dorcas had made, for a weight.
And, though †clad in armor from †sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

7 A long row of alms-houses, amply †endowed
By a well-esteemed †Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded one scale; while the other was prest
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest.
Up flew the †endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing-worth came with a bounce.

8. By further †experiments, (no matter how,)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plow;
A sword with gilt trapping rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail;
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's †uncrystalized tear.

9. A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale;
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counselors' wigs, full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than a few grains of †candor and sense;

10. A first water †diamond, with †brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato, just washed from the dirt;
Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice,
One pearl to outweigh, 't was the pearl of great price.

11. Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the grate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,
When the former sprang up with so strong a †rebuff,
That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof;
When, balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky;
While the scale with the soul in 't so mightily fell,
That it jerked the †philosopher out of his cell.

XCIV.—ORIGIN OF PROPERTY.

From Blackstone.

1. In the beginning of the world, we are informed by Holy Writ, the all-bountiful Creator gave to man "dominion over all the earth, and over the fishes of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moved upon the earth." This is the only true and solid foundation of man's dominion over external things, whatever airy, †metaphysical notions may have been started by fanciful writers on this subject. The earth, therefore, and all things therein, are the general property of mankind, †exclusive of other beings, from the immediate gift of the Creator. And while the earth continued bare of inhabitants, it is reasonable to

suppose that all was in common among them, and that every one took from the public stock, to his own use, such things as his immediate necessities required.

2. These general notions of property were then sufficient to answer all purposes of human life; and might, perhaps, still have answered them, had it been possible for mankind to have remained in a state of †primeval simplicity, in which "all things were common to him." Not that this communion of goods seems ever to have been applicable, even in the earliest stages, to aught but the *substance* of the thing; nor could it be extended to the *use* of it. For, by the law of nature and reason, he who first began to use it, acquired therein, a kind of †transient property, that lasted so long as he was using it, and no longer. Or, to speak with greater †precision, the *right* of possession continued for the same time, only, that the *act* of possession lasted.

3. Thus, the ground was in common, and no part of it was the property of any man in particular; yet, whoever was in the occupation of any determined spot of it, for rest, for shade, or the like, acquired for the time, a sort of ownership, from which, it would have been unjust and contrary to the law of nature, to have driven him by force; but, the instant he quitted the use or occupation of it, another might seize it without injustice. Thus, also, a vine or a tree might be said to be in common, as all men were equally entitled to its produce; and yet, any private individual might gain the sole property of the fruit which he had gathered for his own repast: a doctrine well illustrated by Cicero, who compares the world to a great theater which is common to the public, and yet the place which any man has taken, is, for the time, his own.

4. But when mankind increased in number, †craft, and ambition, it became necessary to entertain †conceptions of a more permanent dominion; and to †appropriate to individuals, not the immediate *use* only, but the very *substance* of the thing to be used. Otherwise, innumerable tumults must have arisen, and the good order of the world been continually broken and disturbed, while a variety of persons were striving who should get the first occupation of the same thing, or disputing which of them had actually gained it. As human life

grew more and more refined, many conveniences were devised to render it more easy, commodious, and agreeable; as habitations for shelter and safety, and raiment for warmth and decency. But no man would be at the trouble to provide either, so long as he had only an †usufructuary property in them, which was to cease the instant that he quitted possession; if, as soon as he walked out of his tent or pulled off his garment, the next stranger who came by would have a right to inhabit the one and to wear the other.

5. In the case of habitations, in particular, it was natural to observe that even the brute creation, to whom every thing else was in common, maintained a kind of permanent property in their dwellings, especially for the protection of their young; that the birds of the air had nests, and the beasts of the fields had caverns, the invasion of which they esteemed a very †flagrant injustice, and in the preservation of which, they would sacrifice their lives. Hence a property was soon established in every man's house and †homestead; which seem to have been originally mere temporary huts or movable cabins, suited to the design of Providence for more speedily peopling the earth, and to the wandering life of their owners, before any extensive property in the soil or ground was established.

6. There can be no doubt but that movables of every kind became sooner appropriated than the †permanent, substantial soil; partly because they were more †susceptible of a long occupancy, which might be continued for months together, without any sensible interruption, and at length, by usage, ripen into an established right; but, principally, because few of them could be fit for use, till improved and †meliorated by the bodily labor of the occupant; which bodily labor, bestowed upon any subject that lay in common to all men, is universally allowed to give the fairest and most reasonable title to an exclusive property therein.

7. The article of food was a more immediate call, and therefore a more early consideration. Such as were not contented with the †spontaneous products of the earth, sought for a more solid refreshment in the flesh of beasts, which they obtained by hunting. But the frequent disappointments incident to that method of provision, induced them to gather together such animals as were of a more tame and †sequacious

nature, and to establish a more permanent property in their flocks and herds, in order to sustain themselves in a less †precarious manner, partly by the milk of the dams, and partly by the flesh of the young.

8. The support of these their cattle, made the article of *water* also a very important point. And, therefore, the book of Genesis, (the most venerable monument of †antiquity, considered merely with a view to history,) will furnish us with frequent instances of violent contentions concerning wells; the exclusive property of which appears to have been established in the first digger or occupant, even in places where the ground and †herbage remained yet in common. Thus, we find Abraham, who was but a sojourner, asserting his right to a well in the country of Abimelech, and exacting an oath for security, "because he had digged that well." And Isaac, about ninety years afterward, reclaimed this his father's property; and, after much contention with the Philistines, was suffered to enjoy it in peace.

9. All this while, the soil and pasture of the earth, remained still in common as before, and open to every occupant; except, perhaps, in the neighborhood of towns, where the necessity of a sole and exclusive property in lands, (for the sake of agriculture,) was earlier felt, and therefore more readily complied with. Otherwise, when the multitude of men and cattle had consumed every convenience on one spot of ground, it was deemed a natural right to seize upon, and occupy such other lands, as would more easily supply their necessities.

10. We have a striking example of this, in the history of Abraham and his nephew Lot. When their joint substance became so great, that pasture and other conveniences grew scarce, the natural consequence was, that a strife arose between their servants; so that it was no longer †practicable to dwell together. This contention, Abraham thus endeavored to compose: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." This plainly implies an acknowledged right in either, to occupy whatever ground he

pleased, that was not preoccupied by other tribes. "And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered every-where, even as the garden of the Lord. Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan, and journeyed east; and Abraham dwelt in the land of Canaan."

11. As the world grew by degrees more populous, it daily became more difficult to find out new spots to inhabit, without encroaching upon former occupants; and, by constantly occupying the same individual spot, the fruits of the earth were consumed, and its spontaneous products destroyed, without any provision for future supply or succession. It, therefore, became necessary to pursue some regular method of providing a constant subsistence; and this necessity produced, or at least promoted and encouraged the art of agriculture. And the art of agriculture, by a regular connection and consequence, introduced and established the idea of a more permanent property in the soil, than had hitherto been received and adopted.

12. It was clear that the earth would not produce her fruits in sufficient quantities, without the assistance of †tillage; but who would be at the pains of tilling it, if another might watch an opportunity to seize upon and enjoy the product of his industry, art, and labor? Had not, therefore, a separate property in lands, as well as movables, been vested in some individuals, the world must have continued a forest, and men have been mere animals of prey. Whereas, now, (so graciously has Providence interwoven our duty and our happiness together,) the result of this very necessity has been the ennobling of the human species, by giving it opportunities of improving its *rational*, as well as of exerting its *natural* faculties.

13. Necessity begat property; and, in order to insure that property, recourse was had to civil society, which brought along with it a long train of inseparable †concomitants; states, government, laws, punishments, and the public exercise of religious duties. Thus connected together, it was found that a part only of society was sufficient to provide, by their manual labor, for the necessary subsistence of all; and leisure was given to others to cultivate the human mind, to invent useful arts, and to lay the foundations of science.

XCV.—BRITISH REFUGEES.

From Patrick Henry.

Extract from a speech delivered in the Legislature of Virginia, in favor of permitting the British †refugees, or those who had joined the English party in the war of Independence, to return to the United States.

1. We have, Mr. Chairman, an extensive country without population. What can be a more obvious policy, than that this country ought to be peopled? *People* form the strength and constitute the wealth of a nation. I want to see our vast forests filled up, by some process a little more speedy than the ordinary course of nature. I wish to see these states rapidly ascending to that rank, which their natural advantages authorize them to hold among the nations of the earth. Cast your eyes over this extensive country. Observe the †salubrity of your climate; the variety and fertility of your soil; and see that soil intersected in every quarter, by bold, navigable streams, flowing to the east and to the west, as if the finger of heaven were marking out the course of your settlements, inviting you to enterprise, and pointing the way to wealth.

2. Sir, you are destined, at some period or other, to become a great agricultural and †commercial people: the only question is, whether you choose to reach this point by slow †gradations, and at some distant period, lingering on through a long and sickly †minority, subjected meanwhile to the machinations, insults, and oppression of enemies, foreign and domestic, without sufficient strength to resist and chastise them; or whether you choose rather to rush at once, as it were, to the full enjoyment of those high destinies, and be able to †cope, single-handed, with the proudest †oppressor of the world.

3. If you prefer the latter course, as I trust you do, encourage †emigration; encourage the husbandmen, the mechanics, the merchants of the old world to come and settle in the land of promise. Make it the home of the skillful, the fortunate, and the happy, as well as the †asylum of the distressed. Fill up the measure of your population as speedily as you can, by the means which Heaven has placed in your

power; and I venture to prophesy there are now those living, who will see this favored land among the most powerful on earth; able to take care of herself, without resorting to that policy so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid. Yes, they will see her great in arts and in arms; her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent; her commerce †penetrating the most distant seas; and her cannon silencing the vain boast of those who now proudly affect to rule the waves.

4. Instead of refusing permission to the refugees to return, it is your true policy to encourage †emigration to this country, by every means in your power. Sir, you must have *men*. You can not get along without them. Those heavy forests of timber, under which your lands are groaning, must be cleared away. Those vast riches which cover the face of your soil, as well as those which lie hid in its bosom, are to be developed and gathered only by the skill and enterprise of men. Your timber must be worked up into ships, to †transport the productions of the soil, and find the best markets for them abroad. Your great want is the want of men; and these you *must have*, and *will* have speedily, if you are wise.

5. Do you ask, how you are to get them? Open your doors, sir, and they will come. The population of the old world is full to overflowing. That population is ground, too, by the oppressions of the governments under which they live. They are already standing on tiptoe upon their native shores, and looking to your coasts with a wishful and longing eye. They see here a land blessed with natural and †political advantages, which are not equaled by those of any other country on earth; a land, on which a gracious Providence hath emptied the horn of abundance; a land, over which peace hath now stretched forth her white wings, and where content and plenty lie down at every door.

6. They see something still more †attractive than this. They see a land in which Liberty has taken up her abode; that Liberty whom they had considered a fabled goddess, existing only in the fancies of the poets. They see her here, a real †divinity; her altars rising on every hand, throughout these happy states; her glories †chanted by three millions of tongues; and the whole region smiling under her blessed

influence. Let but this †celestial goddess, Liberty, stretch forth her fair hand toward the people of the old world, tell them to come and bid them welcome; and you will see them pouring in from the north, from the south, from the east, and from the west. Your wilderness will be cleared and settled; your deserts will smile; your ranks will be filled; and you will soon be in a condition to defy the powers of any adversary.

7. But gentlemen object to any †accession from Great Britain, and particularly to the return of the British refugees. Sir, I feel no objection to the return of those deluded people. They have, to be sure, mistaken their own interests most wonderfully, and most wofully have they suffered the punishment due to their offenses. But the relations which we bear to them and to their native country, are now changed. Their king has acknowledged our †independence. The quarrel is over. Peace has returned, and found us a free people.

8. Let us have the magnanimity to lay aside our †antipathies and prejudices, and consider the subject in a political light. They are an enterprising, moneyed people. They will be serviceable in taking off the surplus produce of our lands, and supplying us with necessaries during the infant state of our †manufactures. Even if they be †inimical to us, in point of feeling and principle, I can see no objection, in a political view, to making them †tributary to our advantage. And as I have no prejudices to prevent my making use of them, so I have no fear of any mischief they can do us. Afraid of *them!* What, sir, shall *we*, who have laid the proud British *lion* at our feet, now be afraid of his *whelps?*

CXVI.—ANTONY OVER CÆSAR'S DEAD BODY.

From Shakspeare.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is often †interrèd with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men—
Come I to speak on Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general †coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him †reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here 's a †parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 't is his will;
Let but the Commons hear this †testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
†Bequeathing it as a rich †legacy
Unto their issue.

One of the people. We 'll hear the will: read it.

All. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read *it*
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Citizen. Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar. I do fear it.

Citizen. They were traitors: honorable men?

All. The will! the testament!

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii;
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it.

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

While bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The †dint of pity. These are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's †vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, †marred, as you see, by traitors.

1st Citizen. O piteous spectacle!

2d Cit. O noble Cæsar!

3d Cit. We will be revenged! Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1st Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

2d Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with [him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of †mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
†Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on:

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would †ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

XCVII.—THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

From Jane Taylor.

1. An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the

hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; and each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the †stagnation; when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence.

2. But now, a faint tick was heard below, from the †pendulum, who thus spoke: "I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and I am willing for the general †satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged, that it was on the very point of *striking*. "Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands. "Very good!" replied the pendulum; "It is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every body knows, set yourself up above me, it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! you, who have had nothing to do, all your life, but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backward and forward, year after year, as I do."

3. "As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house, on purpose for you to look through?" "For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and, although there is a window, I dare not stop even for an instant, to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and if you wish, I 'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened, this morning, to be †calculating, how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some one of you, above there, can give me the exact sum."

4. The minute hand being *quick* at figures, presently replied, "Eighty-six thousand, four hundred times." "Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I †appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue any one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect. So, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I 'll stop."

5. The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this †harangue; but resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself, should have been seized by this sudden weariness. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; which, although it may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to *do*. Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to †illustrate my argument?"

6. The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire if that †exertion is at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?" "Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions*." "Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect that, although you may *think* of a million of strokes in an instant, you are required to †*execute* but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will be always given you to swing in." "That †consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum. "Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "that we shall all return to our duty immediately; for the maids will lie in bed, if we stand idling thus."

7. Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed: when, as if with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

8. When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

MORAL.

9. A celebrated †modern writer says, "Take care of the *minutes*, and the hours will take care of themselves." This is an admirable remark, and might be very seasonably recollected, when we begin to be "weary in well-doing," from the

thought of having too much to do. The present moment is all we have to do with in any sense; the past is †irrecoverable, the future is uncertain; nor is it fair to burden one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the *moment* is the trouble thereof. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we still should have to step but one step at a time; and this process continued, would †infallibly bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins, and is always increased, by calculating, in a minute, the exertion of hours.

10. Thus, in looking forward to future life, let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toil, to endure all its sufferings, or encounter all its crosses, at once. One moment comes laden with its own *little* burdens, then flies, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last. If *one* could be borne, so can another and another. Even looking forward to a single day, the spirit may sometimes faint from an †anticipation of the duties, the labors, the trials to temper and patience that may be expected. Now this is unjustly laying the burden of many thousand moments upon *one*. Let any one resolve always to do right *now*, leaving *then* to do as it can, and if he were to live to the age of †Methuselah, he would never do wrong. But the common error is to resolve to act right after breakfast, or after dinner, or to-morrow morning, or *next time;* but *now*, *just now*, *this once*, we must go on the same as ever.

11. It is easy, for instance, for the most ill-tempered person to resolve, that the next time he is provoked, he will not let his temper overcome him; but the victory would be to subdue temper on the *present* †provocation. If, without taking up the burden of the future, we would always make the *single* effort at the *present* moment, while there would be, at any one time, very little to do, yet, by this simple †process, continued from day to day, every thing would at last be done.

12. It seems easier to do right to-morrow than to-day, merely because we forget, that when to-morrow comes, *then* will be *now*. Thus life passes with many, with resolutions for the future, which the present never fulfills. It is not thus with those, who, "by *patient continuance in well-doing*, seek for glory, honor, and †immortality." Day by day, minute by minute, they execute the appointed task, to which the

requisite measure of time and strength is proportioned; and thus, having worked while it is called day, they at length, "rest from their labors, and their works follow them." Let us then, whatever our hands find to do, do it with all our might, recollecting that *now* is the proper and accepted time.

XCVIII.—THE NOSE AND THE EYES.

From Cowper.

William Cowper, an English poet, was born in 1731. His poetry exhibits a mixture of playful humor, and of the somber melancholy which darkened the latter part of his life. In beauty and delicacy of thought, and in his high tone of moral and religious sentiment, he has no superior among English poets. He died in 1800.

1. Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose;
   The spectacles set them, unhappily, wrong;
   The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
   To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

2. So Tongue was the lawyer, and †argued the cause,
   With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
   While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
   So famed for his talent in nicely †discerning.

3. "In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
   And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find
   That the nose has the spectacles always to wear,
   Which amounts to possession, time out of mind."

4. Then, holding the spectacles up to the court,
   "Your lordship observes, they are made with a straddle
   As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
   Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

5. "Again, would your lordship a moment suppose,
   ('Tis a case that has happened, and may happen again,)
   That the †visage or countenance had *not a Nose*,
   Pray, who *would*, or who *could* wear *spectacles* then?

6. "On the whole it appears, and my †argument shows,
   With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
   That the spectacles, plainly, were made for the Nose,
   And the Nose was, as plainly, intended for them."

7. Then shifting his side, (as a lawyer knows how,)
   He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes:

But what were his arguments, few people know,
For the court did not think them equally wise.

8. So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*,
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By day-light or candle-light,—*Eyes* should be *shut*.

XCIX.—GRATEFUL OLD AGE.

From the German of Gessner.

1. How beautifully the dawn shines through the hazel-bush, and the wild roses blossom at the window! How joyfully the swallow sings on the rafter, under my roof, and the little lark in the high air! Every thing is cheerful, and every plant is revived in the dew. I also feel revived. My staff shall guide my tottering steps to the threshold of my cottage, and there will I sit down facing the rising sun, and look abroad on the green meadows. How beautiful is all around me here! All that I hear are voices of joy and thanks. The birds in the air, and the shepherds on the hill, sing their delight, and the flocks from the grassy slopes and out of the †variegated valleys, bellow out their joy.

2. How long, how long, shall I yet be a witness of divine goodness? Ninety times, have I already seen the change of the seasons; and when I look back from the present hour to the time of my birth,—a beautiful and extended prospect which at last is lost in pure air,—how swells my heart! The †emotion which my tongue can not utter, is it not rapture? And are not these tears, tears of joy? And yet, are not both too feeble an expression of thanks? Ah! flow, ye tears! flow down these cheeks.

3. When I look back, it seems as if I had lived only through a long spring, my sorrowful hours being only short storms, which refreshed the fields and enlivened the plants. Hurtful †pestilences have never diminished our flocks; never has a †mischance happened to our trees, nor a lingering misfortune rested on this cottage. I looked out †enraptured into futurity, when my children played smiling in my arms, or when my hand guided their tottering footsteps. With tears of joy I

looked out into the future, when I saw these young sprouts spring up. "I will protect them from mischance," said I; "I will watch over their growth, and Heaven will bless my endeavors. They will grow up and bear excellent fruit, and become trees, which shall shelter my declining age with their spreading branches."

4. So I spake, and pressed them to my heart, and now, they have grown up, full of blessings, covering my weary years with their refreshing shade. So, the apple-trees, the pear-trees, and the tall nut-trees, planted by me while yet a boy, around my cottage, have grown up, carrying their widely-extended branches high into the air; and my little home nestles in their covering shade. This, this was my most †vehement grief, O Myrta, when thou didst expire on my agitated breast, within my arms. Spring has already covered thy grave, twelve times, with flowers. But the day approaches, a joyful day, when my bones shall be laid with thine. Perhaps, the coming night conducts it hither. O, I see with delight, how my gray beard flows down over my breast. Yes, play with the white hair on my breast, thou little †zephyr, who †hoverest about me! It is as worthy of thy †caresses, as the golden hair of joyful youth, or the brown curls on the neck of the blooming maiden.

5. This day shall be to me a day of joy! I will assemble my children around me here, even down to the little †stammering grandchild, and will offer thanksgiving to God; the altar shall be here before my cottage. I will †garland my bald head, and my trembling hand shall take the lyre, and then will we, I and my children, sing songs of praise. Then, will I †strew flowers over my table, and with joyful †discourses partake of the bounty of the Most High.

6. Thus spake Palæmon, and rose trembling upon his staff, and having called his children together, held a glad †festival of devout and joyous †thanksgiving to the Deity.

C.—THE THREE WARNINGS.

From Mrs. Thrale.

1. The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'T was therefore said by ancient †sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old †assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

2. When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day;
Death called aside the †jocund groom
With him into another room;
And looking grave, "You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side?
With you!" the hapless bridegroom cried:
"Young as I am, 't is monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared."

3. What more he urged, I have not heard;
His reasons could not well be stronger:
So Death the poor †delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke;
"Neighbor," he said, "farewell! no more
Shall Death disturb your †mirthful hour;
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for †preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summoned to the grave:
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind †reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to say,

But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."
To these †conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

4. What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wisely, and how well,
It boots not that the muse should tell;
He plowed, he sowed, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no †shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But, while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road,
The beaten track, content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, †unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

5. And now, one night, in musing mood
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.
Half-killed with wonder and surprise,
"So soon returned!" old Dodson cries.
"So *soon* d' ye call it?" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you 're but in jest;
Since I was here before,
'T is six and thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."
"So much the worse!" the clown †rejoined;
"To spare the aged would be kind:
Besides, you promised me *three warnings*,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings!'

6 "I know," cries Death, "that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be †captious, friend; at least,
I little thought that you 'd be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length,
Yet still you seem to have your strength."

7. "Hold!" says the farmer, "not so fast!
I have been lame, these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death replies;
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And surely, sir, to see one's friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking story, faith;
But there's some comfort still," says Death;
"Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."
"There's none," cries he, "and if there were,
I've grown so deaf, I could not hear."

8. "Nay, then," the †specter stern rejoined,
"These are unpardonable †yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've *had* your *three* sufficient warnings,
So, come along; no more we'll part:"
He said, and touched him with his dart:
And now old Dodson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

CI.—THE MEMORY OF OUR FATHERS.

From Dr. Beecher.

1. We are called upon to cherish with high veneration and grateful recollections, the memory of our fathers. Both the ties of nature and the dictates of †policy, demand this. And surely no nation had ever less occasion to be ashamed of its ancestry, or more occasion for †gratulation in that respect; for while most nations trace their origin to †barbarians, the foundations of our nation were laid by civilized men, by Christians. Many of them were men of distinguished families, of powerful talents, of great learning and of †pre-eminent wisdom, of decision of character, and of most inflexible integrity. And yet not unfrequently, they have been treated as if they had no virtues; while their sins and follies have been †sedulously immortalized in †satirical anecdote.

2. The influence of such treatment of our fathers is too †manifest. It creates, and lets loose upon their institutions,

the †vandal spirit of †innovation and overthrow; for after the memory of our fathers shall have been rendered contemptible, who will appreciate and sustain their institutions? *The memory of our fathers*, should be the watch-word of liberty throughout the land; for, imperfect as they were, the world before had not seen their like, nor will it soon, we fear, behold their like again. Such models of moral excellence, such apostles of civil and religious liberty, such shades of the illustrious dead looking down upon their descendants with approbation or reproof, according as they follow or depart from the good way, constitute a †censorship inferior only to the eye of God; and to ridicule them is national †suicide.

3. The doctrines of our fathers have been represented as gloomy, †superstitious, severe, irrational, and of a licentious tendency. But when other systems shall have produced a piety as devoted, a morality as pure, a patriotism as disinterested, and a state of society as happy, as have prevailed where their doctrines have been most prevalent, it may be in season to seek an answer to this objection.

4. The persecutions instituted by our fathers, have been the occasion of ceaseless †obloquy upon their fair fame. And truly, it was a fault of no ordinary magnitude, that sometimes they did persecute. But let him whose ancestors were not ten times more guilty, cast the first stone, and the ashes of our fathers will no more be disturbed. Theirs was the fault of the age, and it will be easy to show, that no class of men had, at that time, †approximated so nearly to just †apprehensions of religious liberty; and that it is to them that the world is now indebted, for the more just and definite views which now prevail.

5. The †superstition and †bigotry of our fathers, are themes on which some of their descendants, themselves far enough from superstition, if not from bigotry, have delighted to dwell. But when we look abroad, and behold the condition of the world, compared with the condition of New England, we may justly exclaim, "Would to God that the ancestors of all the nations had been not only almost, but altogether such bigots as our fathers were."

CII.—LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

From Mrs. Hemans.

1. The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed;

2. And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of †exiles †moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

3. Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

4. Not as the flying come,
In silence, and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

5. Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the sounding †aisles of the dim woods rang
To the †anthem of the free.

6. The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;
This was their welcome home.

7. There were men with hoary hair,
Amid that pilgrim band:
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

8. There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, †serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

9. What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure †shrine!

10. Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod:
They have left unstained what there they found!
Freedom to worship God.

CIII.—THE FOURTEENTH CONGRESS.

From R. H. Wilde.

1. I had the honor to be a member of the fourteenth Congress. It was an honor *then*. What it is *now*, I shall not say. It is what the twenty-second Congress have been pleased to make it. I have neither time, nor strength, nor ability, to speak of the legislators of that day, as they deserve; nor is this a fit occasion. Yet the coldest or most careless nature can not †recur to such associates, without some touch of generous feeling, which, in quicker spirits, would kindle into high and almost holy †enthusiasm.

2. †Pre-eminent among them was a gentleman of South Carolina,* now no more, the purest, the calmest, the most philosophical of our country's modern statesmen: one, no less remarkable for gentleness of manners and kindness of heart, than for that passionless, unclouded intellect, which rendered him deserving of the praise, if ever man deserved it, of merely standing by, and letting reason argue for him: the true patriot, incapable of all selfish ambition, who shunned office and distinction, yet served his country faithfully, because he loved her: he, I mean, who †consecrated, by his example, the noble precept, so entirely his own, that the first station in a republic was neither to be sought after nor declined; a sentiment so just and so happily expressed, that it continues to be repeated, because it can not be improved.

3. There was, also, a gentleman from Maryland,† whose ashes now slumber in your †cemetery. It is not long since I stood by his tomb, and recalled him, as he was then, in all the pride and power of his genius. Among the first of his countrymen and †cotemporaries, as a †jurist and †statesman, first as an orator, he was, if not truly eloquent, the prince of

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* Lowndes. † Pinckney.

†rhetoricians. Nor did the soundness of his †logic suffer any thing, by a comparison with the richness and classical purity of the language, in which he †copiously poured forth those figurative illustrations of his argument, which enforced while they adorned it. But let others pronounce his †eulogy. I must not. I feel as if his mighty spirit still haunted the scenes of its triumphs, and when I dared to wrong them, indignantly rebuked me.

4. These names have become †historical. There were others, of whom it is more difficult to speak, because yet within the reach of praise or envy. For one who was, or aspired to be, a politician, it would be prudent, perhaps wise, to avoid all mention of these men. Their acts, their words, their thoughts, their very looks, have become subjects of party controversy. But he whose ambition is of a higher or lower order, has no such need of reserve. Talent is of no party exclusively; nor is justice.

5. Among them, but not of them, in the fearful and solitary sublimity of genius, stood a gentleman from Virginia*—whom it were †superfluous to †designate; whose speeches were universally read; whose †satire was universally feared. Upon whose accents, did this habitually listless and unlistening House, hang so frequently, with rapt attention? Whose fame was †identified with that body for so long a period? Who was a more †dexterous debater? a riper scholar? better versed in the politics of our own country? or deeper read in the history of others? Above all, who was more thoroughly †imbued with the †idiom of the English language? more completely master of its strength, and beauty, and delicacy? or more capable of breathing thoughts of flame, in words of magic and tones of silver?

6. There was, also, a son of South Carolina,† still in the service of the republic, then, undoubtedly, the most influential member of this house. With a genius eminently †metaphysical, he applied to politics his habits of †analysis, †abstraction, and †condensation, and thus gave to the †problems of government, something of that †grandeur, which the higher mathematics have borrowed from astronomy. The

* Randolph. † Calhoun.

wings of his mind were rapid, but capricious, and there were times, when the light which flashed from them as they passed, glanced like a mirror in the sun, only to dazzle the beholder. †Engrossed with his subject, careless of his words, his loftiest flights of eloquence were sometimes followed by †colloquial or †provincial †barbarisms. But, though often incorrect, he was always fascinating. Language, with him, was merely the scaffolding of thought, employed to raise a dome, which, like Angelo's, he suspended in the heavens.

7. It is equally impossible to forget or to omit, a gentleman from Kentucky,* whom party has since made the fruitful topic of unmeasured †panegyric and †detraction. Of †sanguine †temperament, and impetuous character, his declamation was impassioned, his retorts †acrimonious. Deficient in †refinement, rather than in strength, his style was less elegant and correct, than animated and impressive. But it swept away your feelings with it, like a mountain torrent, and the force of the stream left you little leisure to remark upon its clearness. His estimate of human nature was, probably, not very high. Unhappily, it is, perhaps, more likely to have been lowered, than raised, by his subsequent experience. Yet then and ever since, except when that imprudence so natural to genius prevailed over his better judgment, he adopted a lofty tone of sentiment, whether he spoke of measures or of men, of friend or adversary. On many occasions, he was noble and captivating. One, I can never forget. It was the fine burst of indignant eloquence, with which he replied to the taunting question, "What have we gained by the war?"

8. Nor may I pass over in silence a Representative from New Hampshire,† who has almost †obliterated all memory of that distinction, by the superior fame he has attained as a Senator from Massachusetts. Though then but in the bud of his political life, and hardly conscious, perhaps, of his own extraordinary powers, he gave promise of the greatness he has since †achieved. The same vigor of thought; the same force of expression; the short sentences; the calm, cold, collected manner; the air of solemn dignity; the deep, †sepul-

* Clay. † Webster.

chral, †unimpassioned voice; all have been developed only, not changed, even to the intense bitterness of his †frigid †irony. The piercing coldness of his sarcasm was indeed peculiar to him; it seemed to be an †emanation from the spirit of the icy ocean. Nothing could be at once so novel and so powerful; it was frozen mercury, becoming as †caustic as red hot iron.

CIV.—THE AMERICAN FLAG.

From Drake.

1. When Freedom, from her mountain height,
   †Unfurled her standard to the air,
   She tore the †azure robe of night,
   And set the stars of glory there;
   She mingled with its †gorgeous dyes,
   The milky †baldric of the skies,
   And striped its pure, †celestial white
   With streakings of the morning light;
   Then, from his mansion in the sun,
   She called her eagle bearer down,
   And gave into his mighty hand
   The †symbol of her chosen land.

2. †Majestic monarch of the cloud!
   Who rear'st aloft thy †regal form,
   To hear the tempest trumping loud,
   And see the lightning lances driven,
   When strive the warriors of the storm,
   And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven!
   Child of the sun! to thee 't is given
   To guard the banner of the free,
   To †hover in the sulphur smoke,
   To ward away the battle stroke,
   And bid its †blendings shine afar,
   Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
   The †harbinger of victory.

3. Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
   The sign of hope and triumph high,
   When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
   And the long line comes †gleaming on;

Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has †dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy †meteor glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the cannon's †mouthings loud
Heave, in wild wreaths, the battle †shroud,
And †gory sabers rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy victor glances glow,
And †cowering foes shall sink below
Each gallant arm, that strikes beneath
That awful †messenger of death.

4. Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, †careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back,
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
The dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

5. Flag of the free heart's only home,
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the †welkin †dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner waving o'er us?

CV. — THE EAGLE.

From Percival.

James G. Percival, a native of Connecticut, was a poet of distinction. He was also distinguished as a geologist, botanist, and philologist. He was remarkable for his extreme modesty and reserve, as well as for his learning and poetic talent. He died in 1856.

1. Bird of the broad and sweeping wing!
Thy home is high in heaven,

Where the wide storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain-top;
Thy fields, the boundless air;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies, thy dwellings are.

2. Thou art perched aloft, on the †beetling crag,
And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that can not lag,
They rush in an endless flow.
Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight,
To lands beyond the sea,
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,
Thou hurriest, wild and free.

3. Lord of the †boundless realm of air!
In thy †imperial name,
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare
The dangerous path of fame.
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,
The Roman †legions bore,
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
Their pride, to the polar shore.*

4. For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
And their oath on thee was laid;
To thee the †clarions raised their swell,
And the dying warrior prayed.
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,
The image of pride and power,
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years,
Burst forth in one awful hour.†

5. And then, a deluge of wrath it came,
And the nations shook with dread;
And it swept the earth, till its fields were flame,
And piled with the mingled dead.
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood,
With the low and †crouching slave;
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.

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* The Roman standard was the image of an eagle. The soldiers swore by it, and the loss of it was considered a disgrace.

† Alluding to the destruction of Rome by the northern barbarians.

6. And where was then thy fearless flight?
"O'er the dark and †mysterious sea,
To the land, that caught the setting light,
The cradle of Liberty.
There, on the silent and lonely shore,
For ages I watched alone,
And the world, in its darkness, asked no more
Where the glorious bird had flown.

7. "But then, came a bold and hardy few,
And they breasted the unknown wave;
I saw from far the wandering crew,
And I knew they were high and brave.
I wheeled around the welcome bark,
As it sought the †desolate shore,
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,
My †quivering †pinions bore.

8. "And now that bold and hardy few
Are a nation wide and strong,
And danger and doubt I have led them through.
And they †worship me in song;
And over their bright and †glancing arms,
On field, and lake, and sea,
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,
I guide them to †victory!"

CVI.—THE SHIPWRECK.

1. In the winter of 1824, Lieutenant G———, of the United States navy, with his beautiful wife and infant child, †embarked in a packet at Norfolk, bound to South Carolina. For the first day and night after their departure, the wind continued fair, and the weather clear; but, on the evening of the second day, a severe gale sprung up, and, toward midnight, the captain, judging himself much further from the land than he really was, and dreading the Gulf Stream, hauled in for the coast; but with the intention, it is presumed, of lying to when he supposed himself clear of the Gulf. Lieut. G. did not approve of the captain's determination, and the result proved that his fears were well-founded; for toward morning the vessel grounded.

2. Vain would it be, to attempt a description of the horror which was †depicted in every countenance, when the awful shock, occasioned by the striking of the vessel's bottom, was first experienced. The terror of such a situation can be known only to those, who have themselves been shipwrecked. No others can have a tolerable idea of what passed in the minds of the wretched crew, as they gazed with vacant horror on the thundering †elements, and felt, that their frail bark must soon, perhaps the next thump, be dashed to pieces, and they left at the mercy of the billows, with not even a plank between them and †eternity. First, comes the thumping of the vessel; next, the dashing of the surge over her sides; then, the †careening of the vessel on her beam ends, as the waves, for an instant, †recede; and lastly, the crashing of the spars and timbers, at each returning wave; the whole forming a scene of confusion and horror which no language can describe.

3. But awful as is the shipwrecked sailor's prospect, what are *his* feelings compared to the agony of a fond *husband* and *father*, who clasps in a last embrace his little world, his beloved wife and child! The land was in sight, but to approach it was scarcely less dangerous, than to remain in the raging sea around them. Lieut. G. was a seaman, and a brave one; accustomed to danger, and quick in seizing upon every means of rescuing the unfortunate. But *now*, *who* were the unfortunate, that called on him for †rescue? *Who* were they, whose screams were heard louder than the roaring elements, imploring that aid which no human power could afford them? His *wife* and *child!* O! heart-rending †agony.

4. But why attempt to describe what few can imagine? In a word, the only boat which could be got, was manned by two gallant tars. Mrs. G., and her child, and its nurse were lifted into it; it was the thought of †desperation! The freight was already too much. Mr. G. saw this, and knew that the addition of himself would diminish the chances of the boat's reaching the shore in safety; and horrible as was the †alternative, he himself gave the order;—"Push off, and make for the land, my brave lads!"—the last words that ever passed his lips! The order was obeyed; but ere the little boat had proceeded fifty yards, (about half the

distance to the beach,) it was struck by a wave, †capsized, and boat, passengers, and all, †enveloped in the angry surge! The wretched husband saw but too distinctly the destruction of all that he held dear. But here, alas, and forever were shut out from him all †sublunary prospects. *He fell upon the deck—powerless, senseless, a* CORPSE—the victim of a sublime sensibility.

5. But what became of the unhappy wife and child? The answer shall be brief. Mrs. G. was borne through the breakers to the shore by one of the brave sailors; the nurse was thrown upon the beach with the drowned infant in her arms. Mrs. G. was taken to a hut senseless, continued †delirious many days, but finally recovered her senses, and with them, a consciousness of the awful †catastrophe which, in a moment, had made her a CHILDLESS WIDOW.

CVII.—TO MY MOTHER.

1. I KNOW thou art gone to the land of thy rest;
   Then why should my soul be so sad?
   I know thou art gone where the weary are blest,
   And the mourner looks up and is glad;
   Where Love has put off in the land of its birth,
   The stain it had gathered in this,
   And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
   Lies asleep in the bosom of bliss.

2. I know thou art gone where thy forehead is starred
   With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,
   Where the light of thy loveliness can not be †marred,
   Nor thy heart be flung back from its †goal;
   I know thou hast drunk of the Lethe that flows
   Through a land where they do not forget;
   That sheds over memory only †repose,
   And takes from it only regret.

3. This eye must be dark, that so long has been dim,
   Ere again it may gaze upon thine;
   But my heart has †revealings of thee and thy home,
   In many a token and sign;

I never look up, with a vow, to the sky,
But a light like thy beauty is there;
And I hear a low murmur, like thine, in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

4. In the far-away dwelling, wherever it be,
I believe thou hast †visions of mine;
And the love that made all things as music to me,
I have not yet learned to resign.
In the †hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze, on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still.

5. And though like a mourner that sits by a tomb,
I am wrapped in a †mantle of care;
Yet the grief of my bosom—oh! call it not gloom—
Is not the black grief of despair.
By sorrow †revealed, as the stars are by night,
Far off a bright vision appears;
And hope, like the rainbow—a creature of light,
Is born, like the rainbow, in tears.

CVIII.—THE EAGLE'S NEST.

From Wilson.

Bairn; child. Wee Wean; a little child.

1. Almost all the people in the parish were loading in their meadow-hay on the same day of midsummer, so drying was the sunshine and the wind; and huge heaped-up †wains, that almost hid from view the horses that drew them along the sward beginning to get green with second growth, were moving in all directions toward the snug farm-yards. Never had the parish seemed before so populous. †Jocund was the balmy air with laughter, whistle, and song. But the †tree-gnomons threw the shadow of "one o'clock" on the green dial-face of the earth; the horses were unyoked and took instantly to grazing; groups of men, women, lads, lasses, and children, collected under grove, and bush, and hedge-row; graces were pronounced, some of them rather too tedious in presence of the †mantling milk-cans, bullion-bars of butter,

and crackling cakes; and the great Being who gave them that day their daily bread, looked down from his eternal throne, well-pleased with the piety of his thankful creatures.

2. The great golden eagle, the pride and the pest of the parish, stooped down, and flew away with something in its talons. One single, sudden, female shriek arose; and, then, shouts and outcries, as if a church spire had tumbled down on a congregation at a †sacrament: "Hannah Lamond's bairn! Hannah Lamond's bairn!" was the loud, fast-spreading cry. "The eagle has ta'en off Hannah Lamond's bairn!" and many hundred feet were, in another instant hurrying toward the mountain. Two miles of hill and †dale, and †copse, and shingle, and many †intersecting brooks lay between; but, in an incredibly short time, the foot of the mountain was alive with people.

3. The †aerie was well known, and both old birds were visible on the rock-ledge. But who shall scale that dizzy cliff, which Mark Steuart, the sailor, who had been at the storming of many a fort, attempted in vain? All kept gazing, weeping, wringing their hands in vain, rooted to the ground, or running back and forward, like so many ants †essaying their new wings in †discomfiture. "What 's the use, what 's the use o' ony puir human means? We have no power but in prayer!" and many knelt down—fathers and mothers thinking of their own babies—as if they would force the deaf heavens to hear!

4. Hannah Lamond had all this while been sitting on a rock, with a face perfectly white, and eyes like those of a mad person, fixed on the aerie. Nobody had noticed her; for strong as all sympathies with her had been at the swoop of the eagle, they were now swallowed up in the agony of eye-sight. "Only last sabbath was my sweet wee wean baptized in the name o' the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost!" and on uttering these words, she flew off through the brakes and over the huge stones, up—up—up—faster than ever hunstsman ran in to the death, fearless as a goat playing among the precipices.

5. No one doubted, no one could doubt, that she would soon be dashed to pieces. But have not people who walk in their sleep, obedient to the mysterious guidance of dreams,

climbed the walls of old ruins, and found footing, even in †decrepitude, along the edge of unguarded †battlements, and down †dilapidated staircases, deep as draw-wells or coal-pits, and returned with open, fixed, and unseeing eyes, unharmed to their beds, at midnight! It is all the work of the soul, to whom the body is a slave; and shall not the agony of a mother's passion, who sees her baby whose warm mouth had just left her breast, hurried off by a demon to a hideous death, bear her limbs aloft wherever there is dust to dust, till she reach that devouring den, and fiercer and more furious far, in the passion of love, than any bird of prey that ever bathed its beak in blood, throttle the fiends, that with their heavy wings would fain flap her down the cliffs, and hold up her child in deliverance before the eye of the all-seeing God?

6. No stop—no stay,—she knew not that she drew her breath. Beneath her feet, Providence fastened every loose stone, and to her hands strengthened every root. How was she ever to descend? That fear but once crossed her heart, as she went up—up—up—to the little image of her own flesh and blood. "The God who holds me now from perishing, will not the same God save me when my child is on my bosom?" Down came the fierce rushing of the eagles' wings; each savage bird dashing close to her head, so that she saw the yellow of their wrathful eyes. All at once, they †quailed and were cowed. Yelling, they flew off to the stump of an ash †jutting out of a cliff, a thousand feet above the cataract; and the Christian mother falling across the aerie, in the midst of bones and blood, clasped her child—dead—dead—dead—no doubt—but unmangled and untorn, and †swaddled up just as it was, when she laid it down asleep among the fresh hay in a nook of the harvest field.

7. Oh! what a pang of perfect blessedness †transfixed her heart from that faint, feeble cry,—"It lives—it lives—it lives!" and baring her bosom, with loud laughter and eyes dry as stones, she felt the lips of the †unconscious innocent, once more murmuring at the fount of life and love! "O thou great and thou dreadful God! whither hast thou brought me, one of the most sinful of thy creatures? Oh! save my soul, lest it perish, even for thy own name's sake! O thou, who diedst to save sinners, have mercy upon me!"

8. Below, were cliffs, †chasms, blocks of stone, and the †skeletons of old trees—far—far down—and †dwindled into specks, and a thousand creatures of her own kind, †stationary, or running to and fro! Was that the sound of the waterfall, or the faint roar of voices? Is that her native strath? and that tuft of trees, does it contain the hut, in which stands the cradle of her child? Never more shall it be rocked by her foot! Here must she die; and when her breast is exhausted, her baby, too! And those horrid beaks, and eyes, and talons, and wings, will return, and her child will be devoured at last, even within the dead bosom, that can protect it no more.

CIX.—THE EAGLE'S NEST—CONCLUDED.

Screes; precipices. Maun; must. Claes; clothes.

1. Where, all this time, was Mark Steuart, the sailor? Half way up the cliffs. But his eye had got dim, and his heart sick; and he, who had so often reefed the top-gallant sail, when, at midnight, the coming of the gale was heard afar, covered his face with his hands, and dared look no longer on the swimming heights. "And who will take care of my poor, bed-ridden mother?" thought Hannah, whose soul, through the †exhaustion of so many passions, could no more retain in its grasp that hope, which it had †clutched in despair. A voice whispered "God." She looked around expecting to see an angel, but nothing moved, except a rotten branch, that, under its own weight, broke off from the crumbling rock. Her eye, by some secret †sympathy of her soul with the inanimate object, watched its fall; and it seemed to stop not far off, on a small †platform.

2. Her child was bound within her bosom—she remembered not how or when,—but it was safe—and, scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the shelving rocks, and found herself on a small piece of firm, root-bound soil, with the tops of bushes appearing below. With fingers suddenly strengthened into the power of iron, she swung herself down, by briar, and broom, and †heather, and dwarf birch. Here, a loosened stone leaped over a ledge, and no sound was heard,

so profound was its fall. There, the shingle rattled down the screes, and she hesitated not to follow. Her feet bounded against the huge stone that stopped them, but she felt no pain. Her body was †callous as the cliff. Steep, as the upright wall of a house, was now the side of the precipice. But it was †matted with ivy, †centuries old, long ago dead, and without a single green leaf, but with thousands of arm-thick stems, †petrified into the rock, and covering it, as with a †trellis. She bound her baby to her neck, and, with hands and feet, clung to the fearful ladder.

3. Turning round her head and looking down, lo! the whole population of the parish—so great was the multitude—on their knees! and, hush! the voice of psalms! a hymn, breathing the spirit of one united prayer! Sad and solemn was the strain, but nothing dirge-like, breathing not of death, but deliverance. Often had she sung that tune, perhaps the very words,—but them she heard not—in her own hut, she and her mother; or, in the kirk, along with the congregation. An unseen hand seemed fastening her fingers to the ribs of ivy, and, in sudden †inspiration, believing that her life was to be saved, she became almost as fearless as if she had been changed into a winged creature. Again her feet touched stones and earth, the psalm was hushed, but a †tremulous, sobbing voice was close beside her, and lo! a she-goat, with two little kids, at her feet! "Wild heights," thought she, "do these creatures climb, but the dam will lead down her kid by the easiest paths; for, oh! even in the brute creatures, what is the holy power of a mother's love!" and turning round her head, she kissed her sleeping baby, and, for the first time, she wept.

4. Overhead, frowned the front of the precipice, never before touched by human hand or foot. No one had ever dreamed of †scaling it, and the golden eagles knew that well, in their instinct, as, before they built their aerie, they had brushed it with their wings. But all the rest of this part of the mountain side, though †scarred, and †seamed, and †chasmed, was yet †accessible; and more than one person in the parish had reached the bottom of the Glead's Cliff. Many were now attempting it; and, ere the cautious mother had followed her dumb guides a hundred yards, though among

dangers, that, although enough to terrify the stoutest heart, were †traversed by her without a shudder, the head of one man appeared, and then the head of another; and she knew that God had delivered her and her child, in safety, into the care of their fellow-creatures.

5. Not a word was spoken, eyes said enough, she hushed her friends with her hands, and, with uplifted eyes, pointed to the guides lent to her by Heaven. Small, green †plats, where those creatures nibble the wild flowers, became now more frequent; trodden lines, almost as easy as sheep-paths, showed that the dam had not led her young into danger; and now, the brush-wood dwindled away into straggling shrubs, and the party stood on a little †eminence above the stream, and forming part of the strath.

6. There had been trouble and agitation, much sobbing, and many tears, among the multitude, while the mother was scaling the cliffs; sublime was the shout that echoed afar, the moment she reached the †aerie; then, had succeeded a silence, deep as death; in a little while, arose that hymning prayer, succeeded by mute supplication; the wildness of thankful and †congratulatory joy, had next its sway; and now, that her salvation was sure, the great crowd rustled like a wind-swept wood. And for whose sake was all this alternation of †agony? A poor, humble creature, unknown to many, even by name; one who had but few friends, nor wished for more; contented to work all day, here, there, anywhere, that she might be able to support her aged mother, and her little child; and who, on sabbath, took her seat in an obscure pew, set apart for †paupers, in the kirk!

7. "Fall back, and give her fresh air!" said the old minister of the parish; and the circle of close faces widened around her, lying as in death. "Give me the bonnie bit bairn into my arms," cried first one mother, and then another; and it was tenderly handed around the circle of kisses, many of the snooded maidens bathing its face in tears. "There 's na a scratch about the puir innocent, for the eagle, you see, maun hae stuck its †talons into the lang claes, and the shawl. Blin', blin', maun they be, who see not the finger o' God in this thing!"

8. Hannah started up from her †swoon, and, looking

wildly around, cried, "Oh! the bird! the bird! the eagle! the eagle has carried off my bonnie wee Walter! is there nane to pursue?" A neighbor put her baby to her breast, and, shutting her eyes, and smiting her forehead, the sorely bewildered creature said, in a low voice, "Am I wauken? oh! tell me if I am wauken? or if a' this be the wark o' a fever, and the delirium o' a dream!"

CX.—THE DEAD EAGLE.

1. It is a desolate eve;
Dim, cheerless is the scene my path around;
†Patters the rain; the breeze-stirred forests grieve;
And wails the scene with †melancholy sound,
While at my feet, behold,
With vigorous †talons †clinched, and bright eyes shut,
With proud, curved beak, and wiry †plumage bold,
Thou liest, dead eagle of the desert; but
Preserving yet, in look, thy tameless mood,
As if, though stilled by death, thy heart were unsubdued.

2. How cam'st thou to thy death?
Did †lapsing years o'ercome, and leave thee weak,
Or whirlwinds, on thy heaven-descending path,
Dash thee against the precipice's peak?
'Mid rack and floating cloud,
Did scythe-winged lightning flash †athwart thy brain,
And drive thee from thy elevation proud,
Down whirling, lifeless, to the dim-seen plain?
I know not, may not guess; but here alone
Lifeless thou liest, outstretched beside the desert stone.

3. A proud life hath been thine:
High on the herbless rock, thou 'wok'st to birth,
And, gazing down, saw far beneath thee shine
Outstretched, †horizon-girt, the map-like earth.
What rapture must have gushed
Warm round thy heart, when first thy wings †essayed,
†Adventurously, their heavenward flight, and rushed
Up toward day's blazing eye-star, undismayed,
Above thee, space's vacancy unfurled,
And, far receding down, the dim, material world!

4. How fast, how far, how long,
Thine hath it been, from cloud-veiled †aerie high,
To †swoop, and still the wood-lark's †lyric song,
The †leveret's gambols, and the lambkin's cry?
The terror-stricken dove
†Cowered down amid the oak-wood's †central shade,
While †ferny glens below, and cliffs above,
To thy fierce shriek, †responsive echo made,
Carrying the wild alarm from vale to vale,
That thou, the forest king, wert out upon the gale!

5. When wooded glens were dark,
And o'er moist earth, glowed morning's rosy star,
High o'er the scarce †tinged clouds, 't was thine to mark
The orient chariot of the sun afar:
And oh! how grand to soar
Beneath the full moon, on full pinion driven;
To pierce the regions of gray cloud-land o'er,
And drift amid the star-isled seas of heaven!
Even like a courier, sent from earth to hold
With †space-dissevered worlds, unawed, communion bold.

6 Dead king bird of the waste!
And is thy †curbless span of freedom o'er?
No more shall thine ascending form be traced?
And shall the hunter of the hills no more
Hark to thy regal cry,
While soaring o'er the †stream-girt vales, thy form,
Lessening, †commingles with the azure sky,
Glimpsed 'mid the masses of the gathering storm,
As if it were thy proud resolve to see,
Betwixt thee and dim earth, the †zigzag lightnings flee?

7. A child of freedom thou,
Thy birthright the tall cliff and sky beyond:
Thy feet were fetterless; thy fearless brow,
Ne'er †quailing, tyrant man's dominion owned.
But nature's general law
The slave and freeman must alike obey:
Pride reels; and Power, that kept a world in awe,
The dreadful summons hears; and where are they?
Vanished, like night-dreams, from the sleeper's mind,
Dust, 'mid dissolving day, or clouds before the wind!

CXI.—NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

From Sprague.

1. Not many generations ago, where you now sit, †encircled with all that exalts and †embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here, lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your head, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his †dusky mate. Here, the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, and the council-fire glared on the wise and daring. Now, they dipped their noble limbs in your †sedgy lakes, and now, they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here, they warred; the echoing †whoop, the bloody †grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger-strife was over, here, curled the smoke of peace.

2. Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a fervent prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of Revelation, but the God of the †universe he acknowledged in every thing around. He beheld him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid †warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired †pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own †matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent in humble, though blind adoration.

3. And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a †pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face, a whole, peculiar people. Art has †usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there, a

stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamable †progenitors. The Indian of †falcon glance and lion bearing, the †theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded †offspring crawls upon the soil where *he* walked in majesty, to remind *us* how miserable is man, when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

4. As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their †council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast fading to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever. Ages hence, the †inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the †structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of persons they belonged. They will live only in the songs and †chronicles of their †exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues, as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate, as a people.

CXII.—RED JACKET, THE INDIAN CHIEF.

From Halleck.

Fitz Greene Halleck, a native of Connecticut; he has written little, but ranks high among American poets.

Rob Roy and Robin Hood; celebrated outlaws, the one of Scotland, the other of England. Upas; a poisonous tree which grows in India.

1. Thou wert a monarch born. Tradition's pages
Tell not the planting of thy parent tree,
But that the forest tribe have bent for ages,
To thee, and to thy sires, the subject knee.

2. Thy name is princely, though no poet's †magic
Could make Red Jacket grace an English rhyme,
Unless he had a genius for the tragic,
And introduced it into †pantomime.

3. Yet it is music in the language spoken
Of thine own land; and on her herald roll,

As nobly fought for, and as proud a token
As [1]Cœur de Lion's, of a warrior's soul.

4. Thy †garb—though Austria's bosom-star would frighten
That metal pale, as diamonds the dark mine,
And George the Fourth wore in the dance at Brighton,
A more becoming evening dress than thine;

5. Yet 'tis a brave one, scorning wind and weather,
And fitted for a couch on field and flood,
As Rob Roy's tartan for the Highland †heather,
Or forest green for England's Robin Hood.

6. Is strength a monarch's merit, like a whaler's?
Thou art as tall, as †sinewy, and as strong
As earth's first kings—the Argo's gallant sailors,
†Heroes in history, and gods in song.

7. Is eloquence? Her spell is thine, that reaches
The heart, and makes the wisest head its sport;
And there 's one rare, strange virtue in thy speeches—
The secret of their †mastery—they are *short.*

8. Is beauty? Thine has with thy youth departed;
But the †love-legends of thy manhood's years,
And she who perished, young and broken-hearted,
Are—but I rhyme for smiles, and not for tears.

9. The monarch mind,—the mystery of commanding,
The godlike power, the art Napoleon,
Of winning, fettering, †molding, †wielding, banding,
The hearts of millions till they move as one;

10. Thou hast it. At thy bidding, men have crowded
The road to death as to a †festival;
And minstrel-minds, without a blush, have †shrouded
With †banner-folds of glory, their dark pall.

11. Who will believe—not I—for in deceiving
Lies the dear charm of life's delightful dream;
I can not spare the †luxury of believing
That all things beautiful are what they seem:—

12. Who would believe that, with a smile whose blessing
Would, like the †patriarch's, soothe a dying hour,
With voice as low, as gentle, as †caressing,
As e'er won maiden's lip in moonlight bower;

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[1] Cœur de Lion, (pro. *Kur de Lee'on,*) lion-hearted, a name given to Richard I, of England.

13. With look, like patient Job's, †eschewing evil;
With motions graceful as a bird's in air;
Thou art, in sober truth, the †veriest devil,
That e'er clinched fingers in a captive's hair?

14. That in thy veins there springs a poison fountain,
Deadlier than that which bathes the Upas-tree:
And, in thy wrath, a nursing cat o' mountain
Is calm as her babe's sleep compared with thee!

15. And, underneath that face, like summer ocean's,
Its lips as moveless, and its cheek as clear,
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's †emotions,
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow,—all, save fear.

16. Love—for thy land, as if she were thy daughter,
Her pipe in peace, her †tomahawk in wars;
Hatred—of missionaries and cold water;
Pride—in thy rifle-trophies and thy scars;

17. Hope—that thy wrongs will be, by the Great Spirit,
Remembered and †revenged, when thou art gone;
Sorrow—that none are left thee to inherit
Thy name, thy fame, thy passions, and thy throne.

CXIII.—THE TWINS.

From Wilson.

Manse; a clergyman's house.

1. The Kirk of Auchindown stands, with its burial-ground, on a little, green hill, surrounded by an irregular and straggling village, or rather about a hundred †hamlets clustering round it, with their fields and gardens. A few of these gardens come close up to the church-yard wall, and, in spring-time, many of the fruit-trees hang, rich and beautiful, over the †adjacent graves. The voices and the laughter of the children at play on the green before the parish school, or their composed murmur, when at their various lessons together in the room, may be distinctly heard all over the burial-ground. So may the song of the maidens going to the well; while all around, the singing of birds is thick and hurried; and a small rivulet, as if brought there to be an

†emblem of passing time, glides away beneath the mossy wall, †murmuring continually a dream-like tune round the dwellings of the dead.

2. In the quiet of the evening, my venerable friend took me with him into the church-yard. We walked to the eastern corner, where, as we approached, I saw a monument standing almost by itself, and, even at that distance, appearing to be of a somewhat different character from any other in the burial-ground. And now we stood close to, and before it. It was a low †monument of the purest white marble; simple, but perfectly elegant and graceful withal, and upon its unadorned slab, lay the †sculptured images of two children asleep in each other's arms.

3. Around it, was a small piece of the greenest ground, without the protection of any rail, but obviously belonging to the monument. It shone, without offending them, among simpler or ruder burial-beds round about it; and, although the costliness of the materials, the affecting beauty of the design, and the delicacy of its execution, all showed that there slept the offspring neither of the poor nor low in life, yet so meekly and sadly did it lift up its unstained little walls, and so well did its unusual elegance meet and blend with the character of the common tombs, that no heart could see it without sympathy, and without owning, that it was a pathetic ornament of a place, filled with the ruder †memorials of the very humblest dead.

4. "Six years ago," said my †venerable companion, "I was an old man, and wished to have silence and stillness in my house, that my communion with Him before whom I expected every day to be called, might be undisturbed. Accordingly, my Manse, that used to ring with boyish †glee, was now quiet; when, a lady, elegant, graceful, beautiful, young, and a widow, came to my dwelling, and her soft, sweet, silver voice, told me that she was from England. She was the †relict of an officer slain in war; and having heard one who had lived in my house, speak of his happy and innocent time there, she earnestly requested me to receive beneath my roof, her two sons. She, herself, lived with the bed-ridden mother of her dead husband; and anxious for the growing minds of her boys, she sought to commit them, for a short time, to my

care. They and their mother soon won an old man's heart, and I could say nothing in †opposition to her request, but that I was upward of three-score and ten years old. But I am living still; and that is their monument."

5. We sat down at these words, on the sloping head-stone of the grave, just opposite to this little, beautiful †structure; and without entreaty, and as if to bring back upon his heart the delight of old, tender remembrances, the venerable man thus continued.

6. "The lady left them with me in the Manse; surely the two most beautiful and engaging creatures that ever died in youth. They were twins. Like were they unto each other, as two bright-plumaged doves of one color, or two flowers with the same blossom and the same leaves. They were dressed alike, and whatever they wore, in that did they seem more especially beautiful. Their hair was the same, a bright auburn; their voices were as one; so that the twins were †inseparable in my love, whether I beheld them, or my dim eyes were closed.

7. "From the first hour they were left alone with me, and without their mother in the Manse, did I begin to love them; nor were they slow in returning an old man's affection. They stole up to my side, and submitted their smooth, †glossy, leaning heads to my withered and trembling hand; nor, for awhile, could I tell, as the sweet beings came gliding †gladsomely near me, which was Edward and which was Henry; and often did they, in winning playfulness, try to deceive my loving heart. But they could not defraud each other of their tenderness; for whatever the one received, that was ready to be †bestowed upon the other. To love the one more than the other was impossible.

8. "Sweet creatures! It was not long before I learned to distinguish them. That which seemed to me, at first, so perfectly the same, soon unfolded itself with many delightful †varieties, and then I wondered how I ever could have mistaken them for one another. Different shadows played upon their hair; that of the one being silky and smooth, and of the other slightly curled at the edges, and †clustering thickly, when he flung back his locks in playfulness or joy. His eyes, though of a hazel hue, like those of his brother, were

considerably lighter, and a smile seemed native there; while those of the other seemed almost dark, and fitter for the mist of tears. Dimples marked the cheeks of the one, but those of the other were paler and smooth.

9. "Their voices too, when I listened to them, and knew their character, had a faint, †fluctuating difference of inflection and tone, like the same instrument blown upon with a somewhat stronger or weaker breath. Their very laugh grew to be different to my ear; that of the one, free and more frequent, that of the other, mild in its utmost glee. And they had not been many days in the Manse, before I knew in a moment, dim as my eyes had long been, the soft, timid, stealing step of Edward, from the dancing and fearless motion of Henry Howard."

10. Here the old man paused, not as it seemed from any fatigue in speaking so long, but as if to indulge more profoundly in his remembrance of the children whom he had so tenderly loved. He fixed his dim eyes on their †sculptured images, with as fond an expression as if they had been alive, and had lain down there to sleep; and when, without looking on me, whom he felt to have been listening with a quiet attention, he again began to speak, it was partly to tell the tale of these fair sleepers, and partly to give vent to his loving grief.

11. "All strangers, even many who thought they knew them well, were pleasantly perplexed with the faces and figures of the bright English twins. The poor beggars, as they went their rounds, blessed them, without knowing whether it was Edward or Henry that had bestowed his alms. Even the mother of the cottage children with whom they played, confused their images in her affectionate heart, as she named them in her prayers. When only one was present, it gave a start of strange delight to them who did not know the twins, to see another creature, so beautifully the same, come gliding in upon them, and join his brother in a share of their suddenly bestowed affection.

12. "They soon came to love, with all their hearts, the place of their new habitation. Not even in their own merry England, had their young eyes ever seen brighter green fields; trees more †umbrageous; or, perhaps, even †rural gardens more flowery and blossoming, than those of this Scottish

village. They had lived, indeed, mostly in a town; and in the midst of the freshness and †balminess of the country, they became happier and more †gleesome; it was said, by many, even more beautiful. The affectionate creatures did not forget their mother. †Alternately did they write to her every week, and every week did one or other receive from her a letter, in which the sweetest maternal feelings were traced, in small, delicate lines, that bespoke the hand of an accomplished lady.

13. "Their education had not been neglected; and they learned every thing they were taught with a surprising quickness and docility. Morning and evening too, did they kneel down with clasped hands—these lovely twins—even at my feet, and resting on my knees; and †melodiously did they murmur together the hymns which their mother had taught them, and passages selected from the Scriptures. And always, the last thing they did before going to sleep in each other's arms, was to look at their mother's picture, and to kiss it with fond kisses, and many an endearing name."

14. Just then two birds alighted softly on the white marble monument, and began to trim their plumes. They were doves from their nests in the †belfry of the †spire, from which a low, deep †plaintive murmuring was now heard to come, deepening the profound silence of the burying-ground. The two bright birds walked about for a few minutes, around the image of the children, or stood quietly at their feet; and then, clapping their wings, flew up and disappeared. The incident, though at any other time, common and uninteresting, had a strange effect upon my heart, and seemed dimly †emblematic of the innocence and beauty of the inhabitants of the tomb, and of the flight of their innocent souls to heaven.

CXIV.—THE TWINS—CONCLUDED.

1. "One evening in early autumn, (they had been with me from the middle of May,) Edward, the elder, complained, on going to bed, of a sore throat, and I proposed that his brother should sleep in another bed. I saw them myself, accordingly, in separate places of repose. But on going, about an hour afterward, into their room, there I found them.

locked, as usual, in each other's arms, face to face; and their innocent breath mingling from lips that nearly touched. I could not find heart to separate them; nor could I have done so without awaking Edward. His cheeks were red and flushed, and his sleep broken and full of starts.

2. "Early in the morning, I went to their bedside. Henry was lying apart from his brother, looking at him with a tearful face, and his little arm laid so as to touch his bosom. Edward was unable to rise. His throat was painful, his pulse high, and his heart sick. Before evening he became slightly †delirious, and his illness was evidently a fever of a dangerous and †malignant kind. He was, as I told you, a bold and gladsome child; when not at his task, dancing and singing almost every hour; but the fever quickly †subdued his spirit; the †shivering fits made him weep and wail; and †rueful indeed was the change which a single night and day had brought forth.

3. "His brother seemed to be afraid more than children usually are of sickness, which they are always slow to link with the thoughts of death. But he told me, weeping, that his eldest brother had died of a fever, and that his mother was always alarmed about that disease. 'Did I think,' asked he, with wild eyes and a †palpitating heart, 'did I think that Edward was going to die?' I looked at the affectionate child, and taking him to my bosom, I felt that his own blood was beating but too quickly, and, that fatal had been that night's sleeping embrace in his brother's bosom. The fever had tainted his sweet veins also, and I had soon to lay him shivering on his bed. In another day, he too was delirious, and too plainly chasing his brother into the grave.

4. "Never in the purest hours of their healthful happiness, had their innocent natures seemed to me more beautiful, than now, in their delirium. As it increased, all †vague fears of dying left their souls, and they kept talking as if to each other, of every thing here or in England, that was pleasant and interesting. Now and then, they murmured the names of persons of whom I had not formerly heard them speak; friends who had been kind to them before I had known of their existence, and servants in their mother's or their father's †household. Of their mother they spoke to themselves,

although necessarily kept apart, almost in the very same words, expecting a visit from her at the †Manse, and then putting out their little hands to embrace her. All their little, innocent plays were acted over and over again, on the bed of death. They were looking into the nests of the little singing-birds, which they never injured, in the hedge-rows and the woods. And the last intelligible words that I heard Edward utter were these—'Let us go, brother, to the church-yard, and lie down on the daisies, among the little, green mounds!'

5. "They died within an hour of each other. I lifted up Henry, when I saw he too was dead, and laid him down beside his brother. There lay the twins, and had their mother at that hour come into the room, she would have been thankful to see that sight, for she would have thought that her children were in a calm and refreshing sleep!"

6. My eyes were fixed upon the sculptured images of the dead, lying side by side, with their faces turned to heaven; their little hands folded, as in prayer, upon their bosoms, and their eyelids closed. The old man drew a sigh, almost like a sob, and wept. They had been †intrusted to his care; they had come smilingly from another land; for one summer they were happy, and then disappeared, like fading flowers, from the earth. I wished that the old man would cease his touching narrative, both for his sake and my own. So I rose, and walked up quite close to the monument, inspecting the spirit of its design, and marking the finish of its execution. But he called me to him, and requesting me to resume my seat beside him on the grave-stone, he thus continued:

7. "I had written to their mother in England, that the children were in extreme danger; but it was not possible that she could arrive in time to see them die; not even to see them buried. Decay was fast preying upon them, and the beauty of death was beginning to disappear; so we could not wait the arrival of their mother, and their grave was made. Even the old, gray-headed sexton wept; for in this case of †mortality, there was something to break in upon the ordinary †tenor of his thoughts, and to stir up in his heart, feelings that he could not have known existed there. There was sadness, indeed, over all the parish for the fair English

twins, who had come to live in the Manse after all the other boys had left it: and who, as they were the last, so were they the loveliest of all my flock. The very sound, or †accent of their southern voices, so pretty and engaging to our ears, in the simplicity of childhood, had won many a heart, and touched, too, the imaginations of many with a new delight; and, therefore, on the morning when they were buried, it may be said there was here a fast-day of grief.

8. "The next day their mother arrived at the Manse. She knew, before she came, that her children were dead and buried. It is true that she wept, and at the sight of the grave,—for they both lay in one coffin,—her grief was passionate and bitter. But that fit soon passed away. Her tears were tears of pity for them, but, as for herself, she hoped that she was soon to see them in heaven. Her face pale, yet flushed; her eyes hollow, yet bright; and general languor and †lassitude over her whole frame, all told that she was in the first stage of a consumption. Soon, other duties called her back to England, for the short remainder of her life. She herself drew the design of that monument with her own hand, and left it with me when she went away. I soon heard of her death. Her husband lies near Grenada, in Spain; she lies in the †chancel of the †cathedral of Salisbury, in England; and there, sleep her twins, in the little burial-ground of Auchindown, a Scottish parish."

CXV.—MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

From Cowper.

1. O THAT those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly, since I heard them last.
My mother, when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou †conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss,
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss
Ah, that †maternal smile! it answers—Yes!

2. I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day;
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,

And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a *last* adieu!
But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown,
And, if I meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.

3. Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my †concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return;
What ardently I wished, I long believed;
And disappointed still, was still deceived;
By expectation, every day †beguiled,
†Dupe of *to-morrow*, even when a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned at last, submission to my lot;
But, though I less †deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

4. My boast is not, that I derive my birth
From loins †enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud †pretensions rise,
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell! Time, †unrevoked, has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.

5. By †contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of †violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this †mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft:
Thyself removed, thy power to †soothe me left.

CXVI.—AN EVENING ADVENTURE.

1. Not long since, a gentleman was traveling in one of the counties of Virginia, and about the close of the day stopped at a public house to obtain refreshment and spend the night. He had been there but a short time, before an old man alighted from his gig, with the †apparent intention of becoming his fellow guest at the same house.

2. As the old man drove up, he observed that both the

shafts of his gig were broken, and that they were held together by withes, formed from the bark of a hickory sapling. Our traveler observed further, that he was plainly clad, that his knee buckles were loosened, and that something like negligence †pervaded his dress. Conceiving him to be one of the honest †yeomanry of our land, the †courtesies of strangers passed between them, and they entered the tavern. It was about the same time, that an addition of three or four young gentlemen, was made to their number; most, if not all of them, of the legal profession.

3. As soon as they became conveniently †accommodated, the conversation was turned, by one of the latter, upon the eloquent harangue which had that day been displayed at the bar. It was replied by the other, that he had witnessed, the same day, a degree of eloquence, no doubt equal, but it was from the pulpit. Something like a †sarcastic †rejoinder was made as to the eloquence of the pulpit, and a warm and able †altercation ensued, in which the merits of the Christian religion became the subject of †discussion. From six o'clock until eleven, the young champions wielded the sword of argument, adducing with ingenuity and ability every thing that could be said pro and con.

4. During this protracted period, the old gentleman listened with the meekness and modesty of a child, as if he were adding new information to the stores of his own mind; or perhaps he was observing with a †philosophic eye, the †faculties of the youthful mind, and how new †energies are †evolved by repeated action; or perhaps, with patriotic emotion, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation, upon whom those future destinies must †devolve; or, most probably, with a sentiment of moral and religious feeling, he was collecting an †argument which no art would be "able to elude, and no force to resist." Our traveler remained a spectator, and took no part in what was said.

5. At last, one of the young men, remarking that it was impossible to combat with long and established †prejudices, wheeled around, and with some familiarity, exclaimed, "Well, my old gentleman, what think *you* of these things?" If, said the traveler, a streak of vivid lightning had at that

moment crossed the room, their amazement could not have been greater than it was from what followed. The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal that he had ever heard or read, was made for nearly an hour, by the old gentleman. So perfect was his recollection, that every argument urged against the Christian religion, was met in the order in which it was advanced. Hume's †sophistry on the subject of miracles, was, if possible, more perfectly answered, than it had already been done by Campbell. And in the whole lecture there was so much simplicity and energy, †pathos and sublimity, that not another word was uttered.

6. An attempt to describe it, said the traveler, would be an attempt to paint the sunbeams. It was now a matter of curiosity and inquiry, who the old gentleman was. The traveler concluded that it was the preacher from whom the pulpit eloquence was heard; but no; it was JOHN MARSHALL, the CHIEF-JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

CXVII.—NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNHAPPY MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RICHTER.

1. ON new-year's night, an old man stood at his window, and looked, with a glance of fearful despair, up to the immovable, unfading heaven, and down upon the still, pure, white earth, on which no one was now so joyless and sleepless as he. His grave stood near him; it was covered only with the snows of age, not with the verdure of youth; and he brought with him out of a whole, rich life, nothing but errors, sins, and diseases; a wasted body; a desolate soul; a heart, full of poison; and an old age, full of repentance.

2. The happy days of his early youth passed before him, like a †procession of †specters, and brought back to him that lovely morning, when his father first placed him on the cross-way of life, where the right hand led by the sunny paths of virtue, into a large and quiet land, full of light and harvests; and the left plunged by the †subterranean walks of vice, into a black cave, full of †distilling poison, of hissing snakes, and of dark, sultry vapors.

3. Alas, the snakes were hanging upon his breast, and

the drops of poison on his tongue; and he now, at length, felt all the horror of his situation. †Distracted with unspeakable grief, and with face up-turned to heaven, he cried, "My father! give me back my youth! O, place me once again upon life's cross-way, that I may choose aright." But his father and his youth were long since gone. He saw †phantom-lights dancing upon the marshes and disappearing at the church-yard; and he said, "These are my foolish days!" He saw a star shoot from heaven, and †glittering in its fall, vanish upon the earth. "Behold an †emblem of my career," said his bleeding heart, and the serpent tooth of repentance digged deeper into his wounds.

4. His excited †imagination showed him specters flying upon the roof, and a skull, which had been left in the †charnel-house, gradually assumed his own features. In the midst of this confusion of objects, the music of the new-year flowed down from the steeple, like distant †church-melodies. His heart began to melt. He looked around the horizon, and over the wide earth, and thought of the friends of his youth, who now, better and happier than he, were the wise of the earth, prosperous men, and the fathers of happy children; and he said, "Like you, I also might slumber, with tearless eyes, through the long nights, had I chosen aright in the outset of my career. Ah, my father! had I hearkened to thy instructions, I too might have been happy."

5. In this feverish remembrance of his youthful days, a skull bearing his features, seemed slowly to rise from the door of the †charnel-house. At length, by that †superstition, which, in the new-year's night, sees the shadow of the future, it became a living youth. He could look no longer; he covered his eyes; a thousand burning tears streamed down, and fell upon the snow. In accents scarcely audible, he sighed †disconsolately: "O, days of my youth, return, return!" And they *did* return. It had only been a horrible dream. But, although he was still a youth, his *errors* had been a *reality*. And he thanked God, that he, still young, was able to pause in the degrading course of vice, and return to the sunny path which leads to the land of harvests.

6. Return with him, young reader, if thou art walking in the same downward path, lest his *dream* become *thy reality*.

For if thou turnest not now, in the spring-time of thy days, vainly, in after years, when the shadows of age are darkening around thee, shalt thou call, "Return, O beautiful days of youth!" Those beautiful days, gone, gone forever, and hidden in the shadows of the misty past, shall close their ears against thy miserable cries, or answer thee in hollow accents, "*Alas! we return no more.*"

CXVIII.—THE CLOSING YEAR.

From Prentice.

1. 'T is midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds,
The bell's deep tones are swelling; 't is the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred,
As by a mourner's sigh; and, on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the Seasons seem to stand,
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter, with his aged locks,—and breathe
In mournful †cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching †wail,
A melancholy †dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.

2. 'T is a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a †specter dim,
Whose tones are like the †wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions, that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. The †specter lifts
The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,
And bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers,
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

3. The year
Has gone, and with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow, in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its †pallid hand
Upon the strong man; and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of †revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous; and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
And †reckless shout ⌜resounded. It passed o'er
The battle-plain, where sword, and spear, and shield,
Flashed in the light of midday; and the strength
Of †serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of †carnage, waves above
The crushed and †moldering †skeleton. It came,
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the †viewless air,
It †heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

4. †Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! What power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity! On, still on,
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The †condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's †unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's ⌜home,
Furls his broad wing at night-fall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag; but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness;
And Night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion.

5. †Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their †mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bold and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; and empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,

And rush down, like the Alpine †avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and glorious †blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
To darkle in the trackless void; yet Time,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon that fearful ruin he hath wrought.

CXIX.—THE PASSIONS.

From Collins.

1. When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet, in early Greece, she sung,
The †Passions, oft, to hear her shell,
†Thronged around her magic cell;
†Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting:
By turns they felt the †glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, †refined;
Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting †myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart,
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own †expressive power.

2. First Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords †bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

3. Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

4. With †woful measures, wan Despair
Low, sullen sounds, his grief †beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air:
'T was sad by fits; by starts 't was wild.

5. But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain †prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still, through all her song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft, †responsive voice was heard at every close:
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

6. And longer had she sung, but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose;
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er †prophetic sounds so full of woe,
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien;
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head

7. Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed,
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing †themes the veering song was mixed;
And now it courted Love; now, raving, called on Hate.

8 With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And from her wild †sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound:
Through †glades and glooms the mingled measures stole;

Or, o'er some †haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round a holy calm †diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

9. But, oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her †buskins †gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an †inspiring air, that †dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known.
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up and seized his beechen spear

10. Last, came Joy's †ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet †entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amid the †festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied †minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay †fantastic round;
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amid his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand †odors from his dewy wings.

CXX.—DISCONTENT.—AN ALLEGORY.

From Addison.

1. It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a good deal further, and supposes that

the hardships or misfortunes we lie under, are more easy to us, than those of any other person would be, in case we could change †conditions with him.

2. As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and †calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for the purpose. I took my stand in the center of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

3. There was a certain lady of a thin, airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose, flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and specters, that discovered themselves in a thousand †chimerical shapes, as her garments hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very †officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their †respective burdens, and to consider that †prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

4. There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a pack, very carefully concealed under an old †embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be *poverty*. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his baggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his *wife*. There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very †whimsical burdens, composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but, after a few faint efforts, shook their heads and marched away, as heavy laden as they came.

5. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their

wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a *tawny skin*. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of *bodily* †*deformities*. Observing one advancing toward the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a *natural hump*, which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries.

6. There were, likewise, †*distempers* of all sorts, though I could not but observe, that there were many more *imaginary* than *real*. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people. *This* was called the *spleen*. But what most of all surprised me was, that there was not a single *vice* or *folly* thrown into the whole heap: at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his *passions*, *prejudices*, and *frailties*.

7. I took notice in particular of a very †profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came loaded with his *crimes*, but upon searching his bundle, I found, that instead of throwing his *guilt* from him, he had only laid down his *memory*. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his *modesty* instead of his *ignorance*.

8. When the whole race of mankind had thus cast away their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing *me* an idle spectator of what had passed, approached toward me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when, of a sudden, she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my *face* in it, than I was startled at the *shortness* of it, which now appeared in its utmost †aggravation. The †immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance, upon which, I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down *his* visage, which, it seems, was too *long* for him. It was, indeed, extended to a most *shameful length;* I believe the very *chin* was, modestly speaking, as long as my *whole face*. We had

both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person.

9. As we stood round the heap, and †surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought *pleasures* and *blessings* of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as *burdens* and *grievances.* As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamities, Jupiter issued a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as he should select. Upon this, Fancy began to bestir herself, and parceling out the whole heap with incredible †activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations, which I made at the time, I shall communicate to the public.

10. A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who, I found, wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been thrown into the heap by an angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had liked to have knocked his brains out; so that, the true father coming toward him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his *son* again, and give him back his *colic;* but they were †incapable, either of them, to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley-slave, who had thrown down his *chains*, took up the *gout* in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great *gainer* by the bargain.

11. The female world were very busy among themselves in †bartering for *features;* one was †trucking a lock of gray hairs for a †carbuncle; and another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; but on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the *new* blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the *old* one.

12. I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as

I looked upon him, I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done. On the other side, I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Beside, as my nose was exceedingly †prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it.

13. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swap between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trap-sticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up in the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it, while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of a fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it on a straight line, in a quarter of an hour.

14. The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with †murmurs and complaints, groans and †lamentations. Jupiter at length taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a *second* time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his *own* again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom, who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead, a goddess of quite a *different* figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her †aspect serious, but cheerful. She, every now and then, cast her eyes toward heaven, and fixed them on Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the Mount of Sorrows, than, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree that it did not appear a third so big as before. She afterward returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most †commodious manner,

he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evil which fell to his lot.

15. Beside the several pieces of morality to be drawn from this vision, I learnt from it, never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another; since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason also, I am determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

CXXI.—RESOLUTION OF RUTH.

"And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave 'hee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go: and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.

1. Farewell? O no! it may not be;
   My firm resolve is heard on high:
   I will not breathe farewell to thee,
   Save only in my dying sigh.
   I know not, that I now could bear
   Forever from thy side to part,
   And live without a friend to share
   The treasured sadness of my heart.

2. I did not love, in former years,
   To leave thee †solitary; now,
   When sorrow dims thine eyes with tears.
   And shades the beauty of thy brow,
   I'll share the trial and the pain;
   And strong the furnace fires must be,
   To melt away the willing chain
   That binds a daughter's heart to thee

3. I will not boast a †martyr's might,
   To leave my home without a sigh;
   The dwelling of my past delight,
   The shelter where I hoped to die.
   In such a duty, such an hour,
   The weak are strong, the timid, brave,
   For love puts on an angel's power,
   And faith grows mightier than the grave.

4. It was not so, ere he we loved,
And vainly strove with heaven to save,
Heard the low call of death, and moved
With holy calmness to the grave,
Just at that brightest hour of youth,
When life spread out before us lay,
And charmed us with its tones of truth,
And colors, †radiant as the day.

5. When morning's tears of joy were shed,
Or nature's evening †incense rose,
We thought upon the grave with dread,
And †shuddered at its dark repose.
But all is altered now: of death
The morning †echoes sweetly speak,
And like my loved one's dying breath,
The evening †breezes fan my cheek.

6. For rays of heaven, †serenely bright,
Have gilt the caverns of the tomb;
And I can †ponder with delight,
On all its gathering thoughts of gloom.
Then, mother, let us haste away
To that blessed land to Israel given,
Where faith, †unsaddened by decay,
Dwells nearest to its native heaven.

7. We 'll stand within the temple's bound,
In courts by kings and †prophets trod;
We 'll bless, with tears, the sacred ground,
And there be earnest with our God,
Where peace and praise forever reign,
And glorious †anthems duly flow,
Till †seraphs learn to catch the strain
Of heaven's devotions, here below.

8. But where thou goest, I will go;
With thine my earthly lot is cast;
In pain and pleasure, joy and woe,
Will I attend thee to the last.
That hour shall find me by thy side;
And where thy grave is, mine shall be
Death can but for a time divide
My firm and faithful heart from thee.

CXXII.—FAMILY OF MARCO BOZZARIS.

From Stevens.

Stevens was a celebrated American traveler, who visited the family of Marco Bozzaris, which he describes in this extract.

Marco Bozzaris was a leader of the Greeks in their revolution. He was killed in battle at Missolonghi, a Greek town, in 1823. His last words were, "To die for liberty is a pleasure, not a pain."

Mustapha Pacha was leader of the Turkish troops.

1. Moving on beyond the range of ruined houses, though still within the line of crumbling walls, we came to a spot, perhaps as interesting as any that Greece, in her best days, could show. It was the tomb of Marco Bozzaris! No †monumental marble †emblazoned his deeds and fame; a few round stones, piled over his head, which, but for our guide, we should have passed without noticing, were all that marked his grave.

2. I would not disturb a proper †reverence for the past. Time covers, with its dim and twilight glories, both distant scenes and the men who acted in them; but to my mind, Miltiades was not more of a hero at Marathon, or Leonidas at Thermopylæ, than Marco Bozzaris at Missolonghi. When they went out against the hosts of Persia, Athens and Sparta were great and free, and they had the prospect of *glory* and the praise of men,—to the Greeks always dearer than life. But when the Suliote chief drew his sword, his country lay bleeding at the feet of a giant, and all Europe condemned the Greek revolution as fool-hardy and desperate.

3. For two months, with but a few hundred men, protected only by a ditch, and a slight †parapet of earth, he defended the town, where his body now rests, against the whole Egyptian army. In stormy weather, living upon bad and unwholesome bread, with no covering but his cloak, he passed his days and nights in constant †vigil; in every assault his sword cut down the foremost assailant; and his voice, rising above the din of battle, struck terror into the hearts of the enemy. In the struggle which ended with his life, with two thousand men, he proposed to attack the whole army of Mustapha Pacha, and called upon all who were willing to die for their country, to stand forward.

4. The whole band advanced, to a man. Unwilling to sacrifice so many brave men in a death-struggle, he chose three hundred, the sacred number of the Spartan band, his true and trusty Suliotes. At midnight, he placed himself at their head, directing that not a shot should be fired, till he sounded his bugle; and his last command was, "If you lose sight of me, seek me in the †pacha's tent." In the moment of victory, and while ordering the pacha to be seized, he received a ball in the loins; his voice still rose above the din of battle, cheering his men, until he was struck by another ball in the head, and borne dead from the field of his glory.

* * * * * *

5. But the most interesting part of our day at Missolonghi was to come. Returning from a ramble round the walls, we noticed a large, square house, which our guide told us was the residence of Constantine, the brother of Marco Bozzaris. We were all interested in this intelligence; and our interest was in no small degree increased, when he added, that the widow and two of the children of the Suliote chief were living with his brother. The house was surrounded by a high stone-wall, a large gate stood invitingly open, and we turned toward it in the hope of catching a glimpse of the inhabitants; but before we reached the gate our interest had increased to such a point, that, after consulting with our guide, we requested him to say, that if it would not be considered an †intrusion, three travelers, two of them Americans, would feel honored in being permitted to pay their respects to the widow and children of Marco Bozzaris.

6. We were invited in, and shown into a large room on the right, where three Greeks were sitting cross-legged on a †divan, smoking the long Turkish pipe. Soon after, the brother entered, a man about fifty, of middling height, spare built, and wearing a Bavarian uniform, as holding a Colonel's †commission in the service of king Otho. In the dress of the dashing Suliote, he would have better looked the brother of Marco Bozzaris, and I might then more easily have recognized the daring warrior, who, on the field of battle, in a moment of extremity, was deemed, by universal †acclamation, worthy of succeeding the fallen hero. Now, the straight, military frock-coat, buttoned tight across the breast, the stock,

tight pantaloons, boots, and straps, seemed to repress the free †energies of the mountain warrior; and I could not but think how awkward it must be, for one who had spent his whole life in a dress which hardly touched him, at fifty, to put on a stock, and straps to his boots. Our guide introduced us, with an †apology for our intrusion. The colonel received us with great kindness, thanked us for the honor done his brother's widow, and requested us to be seated, ordering coffee and pipes.

7. And here, on the very first day of our arrival in Greece, and from a source which made us proud, we had the first evidence of what afterward met me at every step, the warm feeling existing in Greece toward America; for almost the first thing that the brother of Marco Bozzaris said, was to express his gratitude as a Greek, for the services rendered his country by our own; and after referring to the provisions sent out for his famishing countrymen, his eye sparkled and his cheek flushed, as he told us, that when the Greek †revolutionary flag first sailed into the port of Napoli di Romania, among hundreds of vessels of all nations, an American captain was the first to recognize and salute it.

8. In a few moments, the widow of Marco Bozzaris entered. I have often been disappointed in my †preconceived notions of personal appearance, but it was not so with the lady who now stood before me. She looked the widow of a hero; as one worthy of those Grecian mothers, who gave their hair for bow-strings, and their girdles for sword-belts, and while their heart-strings were cracking, sent their young lovers from their arms, to fight and perish for their country. Perhaps it was she that led Marco Bozzaris into the path of †immortality, that roused him from the wild †guerrilla warfare in which he had passed his early life, and fired him with the high and holy ambition of freeing his country. Of one thing I am certain: no man could look her in the face, without finding his wavering purposes fixed, without treading more firmly in the path of high and honorable enterprise. She was under forty, tall and stately in person, and habited in deep black, fit emblem of her widowed condition. We all rose as she entered the room; and, though living †secluded, and seldom seeing the face of a stranger, she received our

compliments and returned them with far less †embarrassment, than we both felt and exhibited.

9. But our embarrassment—at least, I speak for myself—was induced by an unexpected circumstance. Much as I was interested in her appearance, I was not insensible to the fact, that she was accompanied by two young and beautiful girls, who were introduced to us as her daughters. This somewhat †bewildered me; for, while waiting for their appearance, and talking with Constantine Bozzaris, I had, in some way, conceived the idea that the daughters were mere children, and had fully made up my mind to take them both on my knee and kiss them; but the appearance of the stately mother recalled me to the grave of Bozzaris; and the daughters would probably have thought that I was taking liberties, upon so short an acquaintance, if I had followed up my benevolent purpose in regard to them; so, with the long pipe in my hand, which at that time, I did not know how to manage well, I can not flatter myself that I exhibited any of the advantages of †continental travel.

10. The elder was about sixteen, and even in the opinion of my friend, Dr. W., a cool judge in these matters, a beautiful girl, possessing all the elements of Grecian beauty; a dark, clear complexion; dark hair, set off by a little red cap, embroidered with gold thread, and a long blue tassel hanging down behind; and large black eyes expressing a melancholy quiet, but which might be excited to shoot forth glances of fire more terrible than her father's sword. Happily too, for us, she talked French, having learned it from a French marquis, who had served in Greece, and been †domesticated with them; but young, and modest, and unused to the company of strangers, she felt the †embarrassment common to young ladies, when attempting to speak a foreign language. And we could not talk to her on common themes. Our lips were sealed, of course, upon the subject which had brought us to her house. We could not sound for her the praises of her gallant father.

11. At parting, however, I told them that the name of Marco Bozzaris was as familiar in America, as that of a hero of our own revolution; and that it had been hallowed by the †inspiration of an American poet; and I added, that if it

would not be unacceptable, on my return to my native country, I would send the †tribute referred to, as an evidence of the feeling existing in America toward the memory of Marco Bozzaris. My offer was gratefully accepted; and afterward, while in the act of mounting my horse to leave Missolonghi, our guide, who had remained behind, came to me with a message from the widow and her daughters, reminding me of my promise.

12. I make no apology for introducing to the public, the widow and daughters of Marco Bozzaris. True, I was received by them in private, without any expectation, either on their part or mine, that all the particulars of the †interview would be noted and laid before the eyes of all who choose to read. I hope it will not be considered †invading the †sanctity of private life; but, at all events, I make no apology; the widow and children of Marco Bozzaris are the property of the world.

CXXIII.—MARCO BOZZARIS.

From Halleck.

1. At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in †suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The †trophies of a †conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's †signet-ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne, a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

2. At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There, had the Persian's thousands stood,
There, had the glad earth drunk their blood,
In old Platæa's day:
And now, there breathed that haunted air,
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

3. An hour passed on; the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last:
He woke, to hear his †sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke, to die mid flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings, from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band;
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!"

4. They fought, like brave men, long and well;
They piled the ground with Moslem slain:
They conquered, but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few †surviving †comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurra,
And the red field was won:
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

5. Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come, when the blessèd seals
Which close the †pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come, in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm,
Come, when the heart beats high and warm,
With †banquet-song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art terrible; the tear,
The groan, the †knell, the †pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of †agony, are thine.
But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be

6. Bozzaris! with the †storied brave,
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee; there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh,
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's
One of the few, the †immortal names,
That were not born to die.

CXXIV.—SONG OF THE GREEK BARD.

From Byron.

George Gordon Byron, one of the most distinguished of English poets, was born in London, in 1788. His poems are numerous, and display astonishing skill in versification, a wonderful perception of the sublime and beautiful, and an intellectual power, perhaps never surpassed. Unfortunately, however, his great genius was exerted too much against all that is good, if not in favor of all that is evil. He embarked in the cause of the Greek revolution, and died at Missolonghi, in 1824.

A modern Greek is here supposed to compare the present †degeneracy of his country with its ancient glory, and to utter his lamentations in the words of the song. The king referred to in the 4th stanza is *Xerxes*, king of Persia.

1. The Isles of Greece! the Isles of Greece!
Where burning †Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where †Delos rose, and †Phœbus sprung!
†Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

2. The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds that echo further west,
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

3. The mountains look on †Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea:
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

4. A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born †Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations,—all were his!
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set, where were they?

5. And where are they? And where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The †heroic lay is tuneless now,
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy †lyre, so long divine,
†Degenerate into hands like mine?

6. Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush? Our fathers *bled.*
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred, grant but three,
To make a new †Thermopylæ!

7. What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no! the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant †torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But *one* arise,—we come, we come!"
'T is but the *living* who are dumb.

8. In vain—in vain!—strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish †hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the †ignoble call,
How answers each bold †Bacchanal!

9. You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic †phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave;
Think you he meant them for a slave?

10. Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made †Anacreon's song divine:
He served, but served Polycrates,
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

11. The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was Freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another †despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

12. Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade;
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must pillow slaves.

13. Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die;
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine;
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

CXXV.—ON THE REMOVAL OF THE BRITISH TROOPS.

EXTRACT from Lord Chatham's speech, in favor of the removal of the British troops from Boston, delivered in the House of Lords, January 20, 1775.

1. MY LORDS: when I urge this measure of recalling the troops from Boston, I urge it on the pressing principle, that it is necessarily preparatory to the restoration of your peace, and the establishment of your prosperity. It will then appear, that you are disposed to treat †amicably and †equitably; and to consider, revise, and repeal those violent acts and declarations which have †disseminated confusion throughout your empire.

2. Resistance to your acts was necessary, as it was just; and your vain declarations of the †omnipotence of parliament, and your imperious doctrines of the necessity of submission, will be found equally impotent to convince, or to enslave your fellow-subjects in America, who feel, that tyranny, whether exercised by an individual part of the †legislature, or by the bodies which compose it, is equally †intolerable to British subjects. I therefore urge and conjure your lordships, immediately, to adopt this †conciliating measure. I will pledge

myself for its immediately producing conciliating effects, by its being thus well-timed; but, if you delay till your vain hope shall be accomplished of triumphantly †dictating terms of †reconciliation, you delay forever.

3. But admitting that this hope (which, in truth, is desperate,) should be accomplished, what do you gain by the interposition of your victorious †amity? You will be untrusted and unthanked. Adopt this measure, then, and allay the †ferment prevailing in America, by removing the cause; a cause, †obnoxious and unserviceable; for the merit of our army can only be in action. Its force would be most †disproportionately exerted against a brave, generous, and united people, with arms in their hands, and courage in their hearts; three millions of people, the genuine descendants of a valiant and pious ancestry, driven to those deserts by the narrow †maxims of a superstitious tyranny.

4. And is the spirit of persecution never to be appeased? Are the brave sons of those brave forefathers to inherit their sufferings as they have inherited their virtues? Are they to sustain the infliction of the most oppressive and unexampled †severity, and finally, because it is the wish of the ministry, be condemned unheard? My lords, the Americans *have* been condemned, unheard. The indiscriminate hand of vengeance has lumped together innocent and guilty; and, with all the formalities of hostility has blocked up the town of Boston, and reduced to beggary and famine, its thirty thousand inhabitants.

5. But, ministers say, that the union in America can not last. Ministers have more eyes than I have, and should have more ears; but, with all the information I have been able to procure, I can pronounce it a union, solid, permanent, and effectual. It is based upon an unconquerable spirit of independence, which is not new among them. It is, and has ever been, their established principle, their confirmed †persuasion; it is their nature and their doctrine.

6. I remember, some years ago, when the repeal of the stamp act was in agitation, conversing, in a friendly confidence, with a person of undoubted respect and †authenticity on that subject; and he assured me, with a certainty which his judgment and opportunity gave him, that these were the †prevalent

and steady principles of America; that you might destroy their towns, and cut them off from the †superfluities, perhaps, the conveniences of life; but that they were prepared to despise your power, and would not lament their loss, while they have—what, my lords? their *woods* and their *liberty!*

7. When your lordships look at the papers †transmitted us from America; when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you can not but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must declare and avow, that, in all my reading and observation, and it has been my favorite study,—I have read †Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master states of the world—that, for solidity of reasoning, force of †sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a †complication of difficult circumstances, no nation or body of men, can stand in preference to the general Congress at Philadelphia.

8. I trust it is obvious to your lordships, that all attempts to impose †servitude upon such men; to establish †despotism over such a mighty †continental nation, must be vain; must be fatal. We shall be forced †ultimately to retract; let us retract while we can, not when we must. I say we must necessarily undo these violent, oppressive acts; they must be repealed; you will repeal them; I pledge myself for it, that you will, in the end, repeal them; I stake my reputation on it; I will consent to be taken for an idiot, if they are not finally repealed. Avoid, then, this humiliating, this disgraceful necessity. With a dignity becoming your exalted situation, make the first advances to concord, to peace, and happiness; for that is your true dignity, to act with prudence and justice.

9. Every motive, therefore, of justice and of †policy, of dignity and of prudence, urges you to allay the †ferment in America, by a removal of your troops from Boston; by a repeal of your acts of parliament, and by a †demonstration of your amicable disposition toward your colonies. On the other hand, every danger and every hazard †impend, to deter you from perseverance in your present ruinous measures. Foreign war is hanging over your heads by a slight and brittle thread, and France and Spain are watching your conduct, and waiting for the maturity of your errors.

10. To conclude, my lords, if the ministers thus persevere in misadvising and misleading the king, I will not say that they can †alienate the affections of his subjects from his crown; but I *will* affirm, that they will make *the crown not worth his wearing!* I will not say, that the king is betrayed; but I will pronounce that *the kingdom is undone!*

CXXVI.—BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE.

From Walter Scott.

Beal' an Duine, an abbreviation for Beallach an Duine, is the name of a pass or †defile between two eminences, where the battle described in this extract is supposed to have taken place. The parties in this battle were the forces of James V. of Scotland, on one side, and those of Roderick Dhu, a rebel subject of the king, on the other. Roderick himself had been previously taken prisoner, and was now confined.

The minstrel who describes the battle is admitted to see his captive master, Roderick, and at his command †portrays, in this wild burst of poetry, the engagement and utter defeat of the rebel troops.

Trosach was the name of the region in which lay the glen of Beal' an Duine. Moray and Mar were the chiefs at the head of the king's forces.

Clan-Alpine was the name of Roderick's clan, and the forces of this party lay concealed in the glen, intending to surprise their enemies as they approached, but were themselves entirely defeated, as described in this sketch.

Tin'chell; a circle of hunters closing round the game.

Erne; the sea-eagle or ospray.

1. The Minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
For ere he parted, he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray.
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a †strand?
There is no breeze upon the †fern,
No ripple on the lake,
Upon her aerie nods the erne,
The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
That †swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.

2. Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,

Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams?
I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far!
To hero, bound for battle strife,
Or bard of †martial lay,
'T were worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array!

3. Their light-armed archers far and near,
Surveyed the tangled ground,
Their center ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned,
Their barbèd horsemen, in the rear,
The stern †battalia crowned.
No †cymbal clashed, no †clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armor's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.

4. There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail †aspen seemed to quake,
That shadowed o'er their road;
Their †vanward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirred the roe;
The host moves, like a deep sea-wave,
Where ride no rocks, its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is passed, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosach's rugged jaws:
And here, the horse and spearmen pause,
While to explore a dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

5. At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,

As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The †archery appear;
For life! for life! their flight they ply;
While shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear.

6. Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued;
Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearmen's twilight wood?
"Down! down!" cried Mar, "your lances down!
Bear back both friend and foe!"
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That †serried grove of lances brown
At once lay leveled low;
And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide,
"We 'll quell the savage †mountaineer,
As their Tinchell cows the game!
They come as fleet as mountain deer,
We 'll drive them back as tame."

7. Bearing before them in their course
The relics of the archer force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
Above their tide, each broadsword bright
Was †brandishing like gleam of light,
Each †targe was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurled them on the foe.
I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
As if a hundred †anvils rang;
But Moray wheeled his †rearward rank
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,
"My banner-man, advance!

I see," he cried, "their column shake.
Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,
Upon them with the lance!"

8. The horsemen dashed among the rout
As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
They soon made †lightsome room.
Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne;
Where, where was Roderick then?
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men.
And †refluent through the pass of fear,
The battle's tide was poured;
Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
Vanished the mountain sword.
As Bracklinn's †chasm, so black and steep
Receives her roaring †linn,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass;
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

CXXVII.—THE BAPTISM.

From Wilson.

John Wilson, for more than thirty years Professor in the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, is better known as the principal editor of Blackwood's Magazine, and its chief contributor, under the name of Christopher North. He has written numerous interesting tales descriptive of Scotch life and manners.

Kirk; Scotch for *Church*. Kittle; dangerous, ticklish.

1. The rite of baptism had not been performed for several months in the kirk of Lanark. It was now the hottest time of persecution; and the inhabitants of that parish found other places in which to worship God and celebrate the †ordinances of religion. It was now the sabbath-day, and a small congregation of about a hundred souls, had met for divine service, in a place more magnificent than any temple

that human hands had ever built to Deity. The congregation had not assembled to the toll of the bell, but each heart knew the hour and observed it; for there are a hundred sundials among the hills, woods, moors, and fields; and the shepherd and the peasant see the hours passing by them, in sunshine and shadow.

2. The church in which they were assembled was hewn by God's hand, out of the eternal rock. A river rolled its way through a mighty chasm of cliffs, several hundred feet high, of which the one side presented †enormous masses, and the other, corresponding †recesses, as if the great stone girdle had been rent by a †convulsion. The channel was overspread with prodigious †fragments of rocks or large loose stones, some of them smooth and bare, others containing soil and verdure in their rents and fissures, and here and there, crowned with shrubs and trees. The eye could at once command a long-stretching †vista, seemingly closed and shut up at both extremities by the †coalescing cliffs. This majestic reach of river contained pools, streams, and †waterfalls innumerable; and when the water was low—which was now the case, in the common drought—it was easy to walk up this scene with the calm, blue sky overhead, an utter and sublime solitude.

3. On looking up, the soul was bowed down by the feeling of that prodigious height of †unscalable, and often overhanging cliff. Between the channel and the summit of the far †extended precipices, were perpetually flying rooks and wood-pigeons, and now and then a hawk, filling the profound abyss with their wild †cawing, deep murmur, or shrilly shriek. Sometimes a heron would stand erect and still, on some little stone island, or rise up like a white cloud along the black walls of the chasm, and disappear. Winged creatures alone could inhabit this region. The fox and wild cat chose more accessible haunts. Yet, here came the persecuted Christians and worshiped God, whose hand hung over their head those magnificent pillars and arches, scooped out those galleries from the solid rock, and laid at their feet the calm water, in its transparent beauty, in which they could see themselves sitting in reflected groups, with their Bibles in their hands.

4. Here, upon a semicircular ledge of rocks, over a narrow

chasm of which, the tiny stream played in a murmuring water-fall, and divided the congregation into two equal parts, sat about a hundred persons, all devoutly listening to their minister, who stood before them on what might be called a small, natural pulpit of living stone. Up to it there led a short flight of steps, and over it waved the canopy of a tall, graceful birch-tree. The pulpit stood in the middle of the channel, directly facing the congregation, and separated from them by the clear, deep, sparkling pool, into which the scarce heard water poured over the blackened rock. The water, as it left the pool, separated into two streams, and flowed on each side of that altar, thus placing it in an island, whose large mossy stones were richly †embowered under the golden blossoms and green tresses of the broom.

5. At the close of divine service, a row of maidens, all clothed in purest white, came gliding off from the congregation, and crossing the murmuring stream on stepping stones, arranged themselves at the foot of the pulpit, with those who were about to be baptized. Their devout fathers, just as though they had been in their own kirk, had been sitting there during worship, and now stood up before the minister. The †baptismal water, taken from that †pellucid pool, was lying, consecrated, in an appropriate †receptacle, formed by the upright stones that composed one side of the pulpit, and the holy rite proceeded.

6. Some of the younger ones in that semicircle, kept gazing down into the pool, in which the whole scene was reflected; and now and then, in spite of the grave looks and †admonishing whispers of their elders, letting fall a pebble into the water, that they might judge of its depth, from the length of time that elapsed before the clear air-bells lay sparkling on the agitated surface. The rite was over, and the religious service of the day closed by a psalm. The mighty rocks hemmed in the holy sound, and sent it in a more †compact volume, clear, sweet, and strong, up to heaven. When the psalm ceased, an echo, like a spirit's voice was heard dying away, high up among the magnificent †architecture of the cliffs; and once more might be noticed in the silence, the reviving voice of the water-fall.

7. Just then, a large stone fell from the top of the cliff

into the pool, a loud voice was heard, and a plaid was hung over on the point of a shepherd's staff. Their wakeful sentinel had descried danger, and this was his warning. Forthwith, the congregation rose. There were paths, dangerous to †unpracticed feet, along the ledges of the rocks, leading up to several caves and places of concealment. The more active and young assisted the elder, more especially the old pastor, and the women with the infants; and many minutes had not elapsed, till not a living creature was visible in the channel of the stream, but all of them were hidden, or nearly so, in the clefts and caverns.

8. The shepherd, who had given the alarm, had lain down again instantly in his plaid on the greensward, upon the summit of these precipices. A party of soldiers was immediately upon him, and demanded what signals he had been making, and to whom; when one of them looking over the edge of the cliff, exclaimed, "See, see! Humphrey, we have caught the whole tabernacle of the Lord in a net, at last. There they are, praising God among the stones of the river Mouss. These are the Cartland Craigs. A noble †cathedral!" "Fling the lying sentinel over the cliffs. Here is a †canting †covenanter for you, deceiving honest soldiers on the very sabbath-day. Over with him, over with him; out of the gallery into the pit." But the shepherd had vanished like a shadow, and mixing with the tall, green broom and bushes, was making his unseen way toward a wood. "Satan has saved his servant; but come, my lads, follow me. I know the way down into the bed of the stream, and the steps up to Wallace's cave. They are called, 'kittle nine stanes.' The hunt 's up. We 'll all be in at the death. Halloo! my boys, halloo!"

9. The soldiers dashed down a less precipitous part of the wooded banks, a little below the "craigs," and hurried up the channel. But when they reached the altar where the old gray-haired minister had been seen standing, and the rocks that had been covered with people, all was silent and solitary; not a creature to be seen. "Here is a Bible, dropped by some of them," cried a soldier, and, with his foot, spun it away into the pool. "A bonnet, a bonnet," cried another; "now for the pretty, †sanctified face, that rolled its †demure

eyes below it." But after a few jests and oaths, the soldiers stood still, eying with a kind of mysterious dread, the black and silent walls of the rocks that hemmed them in, and hearing only the small voice of the stream that sent a profounder stillness through the heart of that majestic solitude. "What if these cowardly covenanters should tumble down upon our heads pieces of rock, from their hiding places? Advance? or retreat?"

10. There was no reply; for a slight fear was upon every man. Musket or bayonet could be of little use to men obliged to clamber up rocks, along slender paths, leading they know not where. And they were aware that armed men, nowadays worshiped God; men of iron hearts, who feared not the glitter of the soldier's arms, neither barrel nor bayonet; men of long stride, firm step, and broad breast, who, on the open field, would have overthrown the †marshaled line, and gone first and foremost, if a city had to be taken by storm.

11. As the soldiers were standing together irresolute, a noise came upon their ears like distant thunder, but even more †appalling; and a slight current of air, as if propelled by it, passed whispering along the sweet-briers, and the broom, and the †tresses of the birch-trees. It came deepening, and rolling, and roaring on; and the very Cartland Craigs shook to their foundation, as if in an earthquake. "The Lord have mercy upon us! what is this?" And down fell many of the miserable wretches on their knees, and some on their faces, upon the sharp-pointed rocks. Now, it was like the sound of many myriads of chariots rolling on their iron axles, down the strong channel of the torrent. The old, gray-haired minister issued from the mouth of Wallace's cave, and said in a loud voice, "The Lord God terrible reigneth!"

12. A water-spout had burst up among the †moor-lands, and the river, in its power, was at hand. There it came, tumbling along into that long reach of cliffs, and, in a moment, filled it with one mass of waves. Huge, agitated clouds of foam rode on the surface of a blood-red torrent. An army must have been swept off by that flood. The soldiers perished in a moment; but, high up in the cliffs, above the sweep of destruction, were the covenanters, men, women, and children, uttering prayers to God, unheard by themselves, in the raging thunder.

CXXVIII.—THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

From Longfellow.

1. There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his †sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

2. "Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

3. He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise,
He bound them in his †sheaves.

4. "My Lord has need of these †flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear †tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

5. "They shall all bloom in the fields of light,
†Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

6. And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

7. O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'T was an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

CXXIX.—BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

From Macaulay.

John Bunyan was born in 1628. In the early part of his life, he was noted for his profligacy and wickedness, but subsequently reformed and became a preacher of the Baptist denomination. During his imprisonment for holding religious assemblies, he wrote the celebrated *Pilgrim's Progress*. He died in 1688.

Thomas Babington Macaulay, author of this extract, and for some years member of the English Parliament, was a man of great erudition in almost every department of knowledge. His *Lays of Ancient Rome*, his *Critical and Historical Essays*, and his *History of England*, have a high reputation.

1. The characteristic peculiarity of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is, that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. Other †allegories only amuse the fancy. The allegory of Bunyan has been read by many thousands with tears. There are some good allegories in Johnson's works, and some of still higher merit in Addison's. In these performances, there is, perhaps, as much wit and ingenuity, as in the "Pilgrim's Progress." But the pleasure which is produced by the vision of Mirza, or the vision of Theodore, or the contest between Rest and Labor, is exactly similar to the pleasure which we derive from one of Cowley's odes, or from a canto of Hudibras. It is a pleasure which belongs wholly to the understanding, and in which the feelings have no part whatever.

2. It is not so with the "Pilgrim's Progress." That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most †fastidious †critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Doctor Johnson, all whose studies were †desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favor of the "Pilgrim's Progress." That work, he said, was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. In the wildest parts of Scotland, the "Pilgrim's Progress" is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery, the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a greater favorite than Jack the Giant Killer. Every reader knows the straight and narrow path, as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest

miracle of genius, that things which are not, should be as though they were; that the imaginations of one mind, should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle, Bunyan the tinker has wrought.

3. There is no ascent, no †declivity, no resting place, no †turnstile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket-gate and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction; the long line of road, as straight as a rule can make it; the Interpreter's house and all its fair shows; all the stages of the journey, all the forms which cross or overtake the pilgrims, giants, and †hobgoblins, ill-favored ones and shining ones; the tall, comely, †swarthy Madam Bubble, with her great purse by her side, and her fingers playing with the money; the black man in the bright vesture; Mr. Worldly Wiseman and My Lord Hategood, Mr. Talkative and Mrs. Timorous; all are actually existing beings to us. We follow the travelers through their allegorical progress, with interest not inferior to that with which we follow Elizabeth from Siberia to Moscow, or Jeanie Deans from Edinburgh to London.

4. Bunyan is almost the only writer that ever gave to the †abstract, the interest of the †concrete. In the works of many celebrated authors, men are mere †personifications. We have not an Othello, but jealousy; not an Iago, but perfidy; not a Brutus, but patriotism. The mind of Bunyan, on the contrary, was so imaginative, that personifications, when he dealt with them, became men. A dialogue between two qualities, in his dream, has more †dramatic effect than a dialogue between two human beings in most plays.

5. The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The †vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few †technical terms of †theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for †vehement †exhortation, for †subtle † disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator and the divine. this homely †dia-

lect, the dialect of plain working men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature, on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old, unpolluted English language; no book which shows so well, how rich that language is, in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed.

6. Cowper said, fifty or sixty years ago, that he dared not name John Bunyan in his verse, for fear of moving a sneer. We live in better times; and we are not afraid to say that, though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds. One of these produced the "Paradise Lost," the other the "Pilgrim's Progress."

CXXX.—THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

From H. K. White.

Henry Kirke White was born at Nottingham, England, in 1785. From his earliest years he exhibited an ardent passion for literature, and, through the kindness of his friends, he was enabled to enter the University of Cambridge, where his too great devotion to study brought on a fatal disease. He died in 1806.

1. When †marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Savior speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2. Once, on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my †foundering bark
Deep horror then my †vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3. It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark †forebodings cease
And through the storm and danger's thrall,

It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I 'll sing, first in night's †diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

CXXXI.—THE BEST KIND OF REVENGE.

1. Some years ago, a †warehouseman in Manchester, England, published a †scurrilous pamphlet, in which he endeavored to hold up the house of Grant Brothers to ridicule. William Grant remarked upon the occurrence, that the man would live to repent of what he had done; and this was conveyed by some tale-bearer to the libeler, who said, "O, I suppose he thinks I shall some time or other be in his debt; but I will take good care of that." It happens, however, that a man in business can not always choose who shall be his †creditors. The pamphleteer became a †bankrupt, and the brothers held an †acceptance of his, which had been †indorsed to them by the drawer, who had also become a bankrupt.

2. The wantonly-libeled men had thus become creditors of the libeler! They now had it in their power to make him repent of his audacity. He could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without it he could not enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures required by the bankrupt law, except one. It seemed folly to hope that the firm of "the brothers" would supply the †deficiency. What! they, who had cruelly been made the laughing-stock of the public, forget the wrong and favor the wrong-doer? He despaired. But the claims of a wife and children forced him at last to make the application. Humbled by misery, he presented himself at the counting-house of the wronged.

3. Mr. William Grant was there alone, and his first words to the †delinquent were, "Shut the door, sir!" sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeler stood trembling before the libeled. He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant. "You wrote a pamphlet against us once!" exclaimed Mr.

Grant. The supplicant expected to see his †parchment thrown into the fire. But this was not its †destination. Mr. Grant took a pen, and writing something upon the document, handed it back to the bankrupt. He, poor wretch, expected to see "rogue, scoundrel, libeler," inscribed; but there was, in fair round characters, the signature of the firm.

4. "We make it a rule," said Mr. Grant, "never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were any thing else." The tears started into the poor man's eyes. "Ah," said Mr. Grant, "my saying was true! I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I did not mean it as a threat. I only meant that some day you would know us better, and be sorry you had tried to injure us. I see you repent of it now." "I do, I do!" said the grateful man; "I bitterly repent it." "Well, well, my dear fellow, you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?" The poor man stated he had friends who could assist him when his certificate was obtained. "But how are you off in the mean time?"

5. And the answer was, that, having given up every farthing to his creditors, he had been compelled to †stint his family of even common necessaries, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. "My dear fellow, this will not do; your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten-pound note to your wife from me. There, there, my dear fellow! Nay, do not cry; it will all be well with you yet. Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head among us yet." The overpowered man endeavored in vain to express his thanks; the swelling in his throat forbade words. He put his handkerchief to his face, and went out of the door, crying like a child.

CXXXII.—THE GLOVE AND THE LION.

From Leigh Hunt.

Leigh Hunt, an English poet, was born in 1784. His writings, prose and poetic, are full of life and beauty.

1. King Francis was a †hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;

The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mong them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed:
And truly 't was a †gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

2. Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With †wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled on one another:
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came †whizzing through the air: [there."
Said Francis, then, "Faith, gentlemen, we 're better here than

3. De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous, lively †dame,
With smiling lips, and sharp, bright eyes, which always seemed the same;
She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be,
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love for me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I 'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine."

4. She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild;
The leap was quick, return was quick, he soon regained the place, [face.
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's
"In faith," cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
"No *love*," quoth he, "but *vanity*, sets love a task like that."

CXXXIII.—THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

From Southey.

1. It was on a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he, before his cottage door,
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

2. She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the †rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

3. Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood †expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,
"'T is some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

4. "I find them in the garden,
For there 's many here about;
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

5. "Now tell us what 't was all about,"
Young Peterkin, he cries;
While little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for"

6. "It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout,
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out;
But every body said," quoth he,
"That 't was a †famous †victory:

7. "My father lived at †Blenheim then,
Yon little stream, hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So, with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

8. "With fire and sword, the country round
Was wasted, far and wide;
And many a nursing mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

9. "They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

10. "Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our young prince, Eugene."
"Why, 't was a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl!" quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

11. "And every body praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I can not tell," said he,
"But 't was a glorious victory."

CXXXIV.—TACT AND TALENT.

1. Talent is something, but tact is every thing. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable: tact is all that, and more too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the †interpreter of all riddles, the †surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all †obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world.

2. Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes, tact carries it against talent ten to one.

3. Take them to the theater, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a †tragedy that shall scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful

†farces. There is no want of †dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact; but they are seldom together: so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

4. Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal †rivalry; talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster, tact arouses astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints; and by keeping its eye on the weather-cock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows.

5. Take them into the church: talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of †abundance of hearers; talent may obtain a living, tact will make one; talent gets a good name, tact a great one; talent convinces, tact converts; talent is an honor to the profession, tact gains honor from the profession.

6. Take them to court: talent feels its weight, tact finds its way; talent commands, tact is obeyed; talent is honored with †approbation, and tact is blessed by †preferment. Place them in the senate: talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart, and has its votes; talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard-ball †insinuates itself into the pocket.

7. It seems to know every thing, without learning any thing. It has served an †extemporary apprenticeship; it wants no drilling; it never ranks in the awkward squad; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no look of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of †profundity, but plays with the details of place as dexterously, as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the piano-forte. It has all the air of common-place, and all the force and power of genius.

CXXXV.—THE VOYAGE OF LIFE: AN ALLEGORY.

From Dr. Johnson.

1. "Life," says Seneca, "is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes; we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of †ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part of old age."

2. The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the †thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sank into a slumber amid my †meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with a tumult of labor, the shouts of †alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

3. My †astonishment, for a time, †repressed my †curiosity; but soon recovering myself, so far as to inquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamor and confusion, I was told that we were launching out into the ocean of life, that we had already passed the straits of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and †fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, †perverseness, or †negligence of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and †billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose among the great numbers that offered their direction and †assistance.

4. I then looked around with anxious eagerness, and first, turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure, but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or †turbulent, was yet †irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands all was darkness, nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked. Before me, and on each side, was an expanse of waters †violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools;

for many sank unexpectedly, while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind.

5. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or, by violence, pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks. The current was †invariable and insurmountable. But, though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no †opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat from danger, yet they might avoid it by an †oblique direction.

6. It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for, by some universal †infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking around him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten. The voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man †congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was †swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed; nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the †disposal of chance.

7. This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their condition; for not one of those, who thus rushed upon destruction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his †associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in †cautioning others against the folly, by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

8. In the midst of the current of life was the gulf of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spread †couches of repose, and with shades where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks, all who sail on the ocean of life must necessarily pass. Reason, indeed, was

always at hand, to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet by which they might escape; but few could, by her †entreaties, or †remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near to the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that †delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

9. Reason was too often prevailed upon so far, by these promises, as to venture her charge within the †eddy of the gulf of Intemperance, where, indeed, the †circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, toward the center. She then repented her †temerity, and, with all her force, endeavored to retreat; but the draught of the gulf was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles, with a pleasing and giddy †velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost.

10. As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power: "Gaze not idly upon others, when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless †tranquillity, when thou and they are equally †endangered?" I looked, and seeing the gulf of Intemperance before me, started and awoke.

CXXXVI.—COLLOQUIAL POWERS OF FRANKLIN.

From Wirt.

William Wirt, the author of the following extract, was born in Maryland, in 1772. He was by profession a lawyer, and at the trial of Aaron Burr, for treason, assisted the Attorney-general of the United States. He was the author of the celebrated letters entitled *The British Spy*, and *The Old Bachelor;* and also of a *Life of Patrick Henry.* He died in 1834.

1. Never have I known such a fireside companion. Great as he was both as a †statesman and philosopher, he never shone in a light more winning, than when he was seen in a domestic circle. It was once my good fortune to pass

two or three weeks with him, at the house of a private gentleman, in the back part of Pennsylvania, and we were confined to the house during the whole of that time, by the †unintermitting constancy and depth of the snows. But confinement never could be felt where Franklin was an inmate. His cheerfulness and his colloquial powers spread around him a perpetual spring.

2. When I speak, however, of his †colloquial powers, I do not mean to awaken any notion †analogous to that which Boswell has given us of Johnson. The conversation of the latter, continually reminds one of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war." It was, indeed, a †perpetual contest for victory, or an arbitrary or despotic exaction of homage to his superior talents. It was strong, acute, prompt, splendid, and †vociferous; as loud, stormy, and sublime, as those winds which he represents as shaking the Hebrides, and rocking the old castle which frowned on the dark-rolling sea beneath.

3. But one gets tired of storms, however sublime they may be, and longs for the more orderly current of nature. Of Franklin, no one ever became tired. There was no ambition of eloquence, no effort to shine in any thing which came from him. There was nothing which made any demand upon either your †allegiance or your admiration. His manner was as unaffected as infancy. It was nature's self. He talked like an old patriarch; and his plainness and simplicity put you at once at your ease, and gave you the full and free possession and use of your faculties. His thoughts were of a character to shine by their own light, without any adventitious aid. They only required a †medium of vision like his pure and simple style, to exhibit to the highest advantage their native †radiance and beauty.

4. His cheerfulness was unremitting. It seemed to be as much the effect of a †systematic and salutary exercise of the mind, as of its superior organization. His wit was of the first order. It did not show itself merely in occasional †coruscations; but without any effort or force on his part, it shed a constant stream of the purest light over the whole of his discourse. Whether in the company of commons or nobles, he was always the same plain man; always most per-

fectly at his ease, with his faculties in full play, and the full orbit of his genius forever clear and unclouded.

5. And then, the stores of his mind were inexhaustible. He had commenced life with an attention so †vigilant, that nothing had escaped his observation; and a judgment so solid, that every incident was turned to advantage. His youth had not been wasted in idleness, nor overcast by intemperance. He had been, all his life, a close and deep reader, as well as thinker; and by the force of his own powers, had wrought up the raw materials which he had gathered from books, with such exquisite skill and †felicity, that he has added a hundred fold to their original value, and justly made them his own.

CXXXVII.—A CONVERSATIONAL PLEASANTRY.

From Franklin.

Benjamin Franklin was born in 1706. While apprenticed to the printing business, he found opportunity for self-improvement, and began to write anonymously for the New England Courant, pieces which were much admired. His history as a statesman and philosopher is familiar to every American. He died in 1790.

1. Some wit of old—such wits of old there were,
Whose hints showed meaning, whose †allusions, care,—
By one brave stroke, to mark all human kind,
Called clear, blank paper, every infant mind;
Where, still, as opening sense her †dictates wrote,
Fair virtue put a seal, or vice a blot.
The thought was happy, †pertinent, and true;
Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.

2. I, (can you pardon my presumption?) I,
No wit, no genius, yet, for once, will try.
Various the papers various wants produce;
The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.
Men are as various; and, if right I scan,
Each sort of paper represents some man.

3. Pray, note the fop, half powder, and half lace;
Nice as a bandbox were his dwelling-place;
He 's the *gilt-paper*, which, apart you store,
And lock from vulgar hands in the †scrutoir.

4. Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
Are *copy-paper*, of inferior worth;
Less prized, more useful, for your desk †decreed;
Free to all pens, and prompt at every need.

5. The wretch, whom †avarice bids to pinch and spare,
Starve, cheat, and †pilfer, to enrich an heir,
Is *coarse brown paper*, such as peddlers choose
To wrap up †wares which better men will use.

6. Take next the miser's †contrast, who destroys
Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys.
Will any paper match him? Yes, throughout,
He's a true *sinking-paper*, past all doubt.

7. The retail politician's anxious thought
Deems this side always right, and that stark naught;
He foams with censure; with †applause, he raves;
A dupe to rumors, and a tool of knaves;
He'll want no type, his weakness to proclaim,
While such a thing as *foolscap* has a name.

8. The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,
Who picks a quarrel, if you step †awry,
Who can't a jest, a hint, or look endure;
What is he? What? *Touch-paper* to be sure.

9. What are our poets, take them as they fall,
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?
Them and their works, in the same class you'll find;
They are the mere *waste-paper* of mankind.

10. Observe the maiden, innocently sweet;
She's fair *white paper*, an †unsullied sheet;
On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
May write his name, and take her for his pains.

11. One instance more, and only one, I'll bring;
'T is the great man, who scorns a little thing;
Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose †maxims are his own,
Formed on the feelings of his heart alone.
True, genuine, *royal-paper*, is his breast;
Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

CXXXVIII.—INFLUENCE OF NATURAL SCENERY.

1. WHATEVER leads the mind †habitually to the Author of the universe; whatever mingles the voice of nature with the †inspiration of the Gospel; whatever teaches us to see in all the changes of the world, the varied goodness of *Him*, in whom "we live, and move, and have our being," brings us nearer to the spirit of the Savior of mankind. But it is not only as encouraging a sincere *devotion*, that these reflections are favorable to Christianity; there is something, moreover, †*peculiarly* allied to its spirit in such observations of external nature.

2. When our Savior prepared himself for his temptation, his agony, and death, he retired to the wilderness of Judea, to inhale, we may venture to believe, a holier spirit amid its solitary scenes, and to approach to a nearer †communion with his Father, amid the sublimest of his works. It is with similar feelings, and to worship the same Father, that the *Christian* is permitted to enter the temple of nature, and, by the spirit of his religion, there is a language †infused into the objects which she presents, unknown to the worshiper of former times. To all, indeed, the same objects appear, the same sun shines, the same heavens are open; but to the Christian alone it is permitted to know the *Author* of these things; to see his spirit "move in the breeze, and blossom in the spring;" and to read, in the changes that occur in the material world, the varied †expression of eternal love. It is from the influence of Christianity, accordingly, that the key has been given to the signs of nature. It was only when the *spirit of God* moved on the face of the deep, that order and beauty were seen in the world.

3. It is, accordingly, peculiarly well worthy of observation, that the *beauty of nature*, as felt in modern times, seems to have been almost unknown to the writers of antiquity. They described, occasionally, the scenes in which they dwelt; but,—if we except Virgil, whose gentle mind seems to have anticipated, in this instance, the influence of the Gospel,—never with any deep feeling of their beauty. *Then*, as *now*, the citadel of Athens looked upon the evening sun, and her

temples flamed in his setting beam; but what Athenian writer ever described the †matchless glories of the scene? *Then*, as *now*, the silvery clouds of the Ægean sea rolled round her †verdant isles, and sported in the azure vault of heaven; but what Grecian poet has been inspired by the sight?

4. The Italian lakes spread their waves beneath a cloudless sky, and all that is lovely in nature was gathered around them; yet, even Eustace tells us, that a few detached lines is all that is left in regard to them by the Roman poets. The Alps *themselves*,

> "The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
> Have †pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
> And throned eternity in icy halls
> Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
> The †avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow,"

even *these*, the most glorious objects which the eye of man can behold, were regarded by the ancients with sentiments only of dismay or horror; as a †barrier from hostile nations, or as the dwelling of barbarous tribes. The torch of religion had not then lightened the face of nature; they knew not the language which she spoke, nor felt that holy spirit, which, to the Christian, gives the sublimity of these scenes.

5. There is something, therefore, in religious reflections on the objects or the changes of nature, which is peculiarly fitting in a Christian teacher. No man will impress them on his heart without becoming happier and better, without feeling warmer gratitude for the †beneficence of nature, and deeper thankfulness for the means of knowing the Author of this beneficence which †revelation has afforded. "Behold the lilies of the field," says our Savior; "they toil not, neither do they spin: yet, verily I say unto you, that even *Solomon*, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." In these words, we perceive the deep sense which he entertained of the beauty even of the minutest works of nature. If the admiration of external objects is not directly made the object of his †precepts, it is not, on that account, the less allied to the spirit of religion; it springs from the revelation which he has made, and grows with the spirit which he inculcates.

6. The cultivation of this feeling, we may suppose, is

†purposely left to the human mind, that man may be †induced to follow it from the charms which †novelty †confers; and the sentiments which it awakens are not expressly enjoined, that they may be enjoyed as the †spontaneous growth of our own imagination. While they seem, however, to spring up unbidden in the mind, they are, in fact, produced by the spirit of religion; and those who imagine that they are not the fit subject of Christian instruction, are ignorant of the secret workings, and finer †analogies, of the faith which they profess.

CXXXIX.—THE VOICE OF SPRING.

From Mrs. Hemans.

1. I come, I come! ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the †primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

2. I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen †fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italia's plains;
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or of the tomb.

3. I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy north,
And the †larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the †pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

4. I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay, in the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
Where the dark fir-branch into †verdure breaks.

5. From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the †silvery main,

They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging †spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth †resounds with the joy of waves.

6. Come forth, O ye children of gladness! come!
Where the violets lie, may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-lip, and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me, fly!
With the †lyre, and the †wreath, and the joyous †lay,
Come forth to the sunshine; I may not stay.

7. Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen;
Away from the chamber and silent hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green †domains.

8. But ye! ye are changed since ye met me last!
There is something bright from your features passed!
There is that come over your brow and eye
Which speaks of a world, where the flowers must die!
Ye smile! but your smile hath a †dimness set;
O what have ye looked on, since last we met?

9. Ye are changed, ye are changed! and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanished year:
There were graceful heads with their ringlets bright,
Which tossed in the breeze, with a play of light;
There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay
No faint †remembrance of dull †decay.

10. There were steps that flew o'er the †cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread;
There were voices that rung through the †sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of †mortality!
Are they gone? Is their mirth from the mountains passed?
Ye have looked on death, since ye met me last!

11. I know whence the shadow comes o'er you now,
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!
Ye have given the lovely to earth's †embrace,
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race;
With their laughing eyes, and their †festal crown,
They have gone from among you, in silence, down!

12. They are gone from among you, the young and fair:
Ye have lost the †gleam of their shining hair!
But I know of a land, where there falls no blight,
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light!
Where Death, 'mid the bloom of the morn may dwell,
I tarry no longer; farewell, farewell!

13. The summer is coming, on soft winds borne;
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
For me, I depart to a brighter shore;
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more;
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's; Fare ye well, farewell!

CXL.—SUMMER EVENING.

From Bryant.

1. The summer day has closed; the sun is set:
Well have they done their office, those bright hours,
The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red west. The green blade of the ground
Has risen, and herds have cropped it; the young twig
Has spread its †plaited †tissues to the sun;
Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown
And withered; seeds have fallen upon the soil
From bursting †cells, and, in their graves, await
Their †resurrection.

2. Insects from the pools
Have filled the air awhile with humming wings,
That now are stilled forever; painted moths
Have wandered the blue sky, and died again;
The mother-bird hath broken for her brood
Their prison shell, or shoved them from their nest,
Plumed for their earliest flight.

3. In bright alcoves,
In woodland cottages with barky walls,
In †noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
Mothers have clasped with joy the new-born babe.
Graves by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the †thronged city, have been hollowed out,
And filled, and closed. This day hath parted friends,

That ne'er before were parted; it hath knit
New friendships; it hath seen the maiden †plight
Her faith, and trust her peace to him who long
Hath wooed; and it hath heard, from lips which late
Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word,
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.

4. Farewell to the sweet sunshine! One glad day
Is added now to childhood's merry days,
And one calm day to those of quiet age;
Still the †fleet hours run on; and, as I lean,
Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit,
By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

CXLI.—THE CRUSADER AND THE SARACEN.

From Walter Scott.

Caftan; a kind of loose vest.

1. As the Knight of the Leopard fixed his eyes attentively on the distant †cluster of palm-trees which arose beside the well assigned for his midday station, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees which partly hid its motions, and advanced toward the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his †turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind, on his nearer approach, showed to be a †Saracen †cavalier. "In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant barb, as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe: perhaps, as a vowed champion of the Cross, he might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest, with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's †mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

2. The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs and the †inflection of his body, than by any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light, round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it, as if he meant to opppose its slender circle to the †formidable thrust of the western lance.

3. His own long spear was not †couched, or leveled like that of his †antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and †brandished at arm's length, above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy, at full †career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard should put his horse to the gallop, to encounter him. But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight and that of his powerful charger would give him sufficient advantage, without the †momentum gained by rapid motion.

4. Equally sensible and †apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached toward the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left, with inimitable †dexterity, and rode twice around his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, †frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards. A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the heathen renewed the charge, and, a second time, was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle.

5. A third time, he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this †illusory warfare, in which he might, at length, have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the †mace which hung at his saddle-bow, and with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of his assailant. The Saracen was just aware of the formidable †missile, in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his

head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and, though that defense also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse.

6. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprung from the ground, and, calling on his steed, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard had hoped to deprive him. But the latter had, in the mean while, recovered his †mace, and the eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and †dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force; while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung, with great address, a short bow which he carried at his back, and, putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles, of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows with such unerring skill, that the goodness of the knight's armor alone saved him from being wounded in as many places.

7. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the †harness, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his †prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this †artifice to bring his enemy within his reach! Even in this deadly †grapple, the Saracen was saved by his †agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and thus †eluding the fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off.

8. But in the last encounter, the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle, which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce. He approached the Christian with right hand extended, but no longer in a †menacing attitude. "There is truce betwixt our nations," he said; "where-

fore should there be war betwixt thee and me? Let there be peace betwixt us." "I am well contented," answered he of the Leopard; "but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?" "The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken," answered the †emir. "It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom *I* should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage." The †crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts. "I pledge thee on the cross of my sword," he said, laying his hand upon the weapon as he spoke, "I will be a true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company."

9. "By Mohammed, Prophet of Allah," replied his late foeman, "there is not treachery in my heart toward thee. And now, †wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip, when I was called to battle by thy approach." The Knight of the Leopard yielded a ready and †courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look or gesture of doubt, rode, side by side, to the little cluster of palm-trees.

CXLII.—THE RAVEN

From Poe.

Edgar A. Poe, an American poet, was born at Baltimore in 1811. He graduated at Jefferson University with the highest honors. His prose writings are quite numerous. His poems are few, but some of them evince high poetic talent. He died in 1849.

1. Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a †quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door:
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

2. Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books †surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

3. And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me, filled me with †fantastic terrors, never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'T is some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is and nothing more."

4. Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you."—Here I opened wide the door;
Darkness there, and nothing more.

5. Deep into that darkness †peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing, [before;
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,
"Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word
"Lenore!"—
Merely this, and nothing more.

6. Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely, that is something at my window †lattice;
Let me see then, what thereat is, and this mystery †explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;
'T is the wind, and nothing more."

7. Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a †flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of †yore:
Not the least †obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he,
But, with †mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a †bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

8. Then this †ebony bird †beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern †decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy †crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,

Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore, [shore!"
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian
†Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

9. Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little †relevancy bore;
For we can not help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the †sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

10. But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour;
Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

11. Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful †Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his song one burden bore,
Till the †dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

12. But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this †ominous bird of †yore—
What this grim, ungainly, †ghastly, †gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant, in croaking "Nevermore."

13. This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's †core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light †gloated o'er
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

14. Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee, by these angels
he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and †nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

15. "Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or
devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here
ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there, *is* there balm in Gilead? tell me, tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

16. "Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil, prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and †radiant maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

17. "Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend," I shrieked,
upstarting;
"Get thee back into the tempest, and the night's Plutonian
shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath
spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off
my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

18. And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the †pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light, o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on
the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow, that lies floating on the
floor,
Shall be lifted nevermore.

CXLIII.—DARKNESS.

From Byron.

1. I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was †extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
†Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came, and went, and came, and brought no day
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light.

2. And they did live by watch-fires; and the thrones,
The palaces of crownèd kings, the huts,
The †habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for †beacons; cities were †consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the †volcanoes and their mountain torch.

3. A fearful hope was all the world contained;
Forests were set on fire; but, hour by hour,
They fell and faded, and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash; and all was black.
The brows of men, by the †despairing light,
Wore an unearthly †aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down,
And hid their eyes, and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clinchèd hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with †fuel, and looked up
With mad †disquietude on the dull sky,
The †pall of a past world; and then again,
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnashed their teeth, and howled.

4. The wild birds shrieked.
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came, tame and tremulous; and vipers crawled
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless: they were slain for food;
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did †glut himself again; a meal was bought

With blood, and each sat sullenly apart,
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,
Immediate and †inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails; men
Died, and their bones were †tombless as their flesh.

5. The †meager by the meager were devoured;
Even dogs assailed their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a †corse, and kept
The birds, and beasts, and famished men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a †piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick, desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a †caress, he died.

6. The crowd was famished by degrees; but two
Of an †enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies; they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they raked up,
And, shivering, scraped, with their cold, skeleton hands,
The feeble ashes, and they made a flame
Which was a †mockery; then, they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects; saw, and shrieked, and died:
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend.

7. The world was void;
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless;
A lump of death, a †chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropped,
They slept on the †abyss without a †surge.
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave;
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the †stagnant air,
And the clouds perished. Darkness had no need
Of aid from them. She was the †universe.

CXLIV.—PRINCE HENRY AND FALSTAFF.

From Shakspeare.

Prince Henry *and* Poins, *in a back room, in a tavern.* *Enter* Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, *and* Peto.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Falstaff. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of †sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I 'll sew nether stocks, and mend them, and foot them, too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue †extant? [*He drinks, and then continues.*] You rogue, here 's lime in this sack: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt: if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged, in England; and one of them is fat and grows old; a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince Henry. How now, †wool-sack? What mutter you?

Fal. Thou art a king's son! Now, if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I 'll never wear hair on my face more. You, Prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, you base-born dog! What 's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? Answer me to that; and Poins there? [thee.

Poins. Ye fat †braggart, an ye call me coward, I 'll stab

Fal. I call thee coward? I 'll see thee †gibbeted, ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pounds I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack. I am a rogue, if I have drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped, since thou drank'st last.

Fal. All 's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. [*He drinks.*

P. Henry. What 's the matter?

Fal. What 's the matter! There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pounds this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? Taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What! a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them, for two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the †doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw; look here! [*shows his sword.*] I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak; [*pointing to* GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO,] if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gadshill. We four, set upon some dozen—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew, else—an Ebrew Jew. [upon us—

Gad. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set

Fal. And unbound the rest; and then come in the other.

P. Henry. What! fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray heaven, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that 's past praying for; for I have †peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid; two rogues in †buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, and call me a horse. Thou knowest my old ward; [*He draws his sword, and stands as if about to fight,*] here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

P. Henry. What! four? Thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points on my †target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven? Why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Henry. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more †anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee, too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine men in buckram, that I told thee of—

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken, began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Henry. O, monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But three knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Henry. These lies are like the father of them; gross as a mountain, open, †palpable. Why, thou clay-brained, knotty-pated fool; thou greasy tallow-keech——

Fal. What! Art thou mad? Art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No, were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on †compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason on compulsion.

P. Henry. I'll no longer be guilty of this sin: this †san-

guine coward, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh——

Fal. Away! you †starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you——

P. Henry. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down. Then did we two, set on you four; and with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it to you, here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried yourself away as nimbly, with as quick †dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard a calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what †device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack. What trick hast thou now?

Fal. Why, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the †heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware †instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; †instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors. Watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold; all the titles of good-fellowship come to you! What shall we be merry? Shall we have a play †extempore?

P. Henry. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

CXLV.—THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

From Shakspeare.

Cassius. That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and †noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Brutus. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear its †comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an †itching palm,
To sell and †mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this †corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man in all this world
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
†Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me.
I 'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash †choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? Ay, more; fret till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how †choleric you are,
And make your †bondmen tremble. Must I †budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your †testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I 'll use you for my mirth, yea for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your †vaunting true,
And it shall please me well; for mine own part
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say 'better'?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not so have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cas. What? Durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life, you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means:
Ye gods! I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for †drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any †indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal †counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart
A friend should bear his friend's †infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high †Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and †conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have †scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire:
Who, much †enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief or blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered, too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart, too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother †chides, and leave you so.

CXLVI.—THE QUACK.

SCENE—The Inn.

Enter HOSTESS *followed by* LAMPEDO, *a Quack Doctor.*

Hostess. Nay, nay; another fortnight.

Lampedo. It can't be.
The man's as well as I am: have some mercy!
He hath been here almost three weeks already.

Host. Well, then, a week.

Lamp. We may detain him a week. [*Enter* BALTHAZAR, *the patient, from behind, in his night-gown, with a drawn sword.*]
You talk now like a reasonable †hostess,
That sometimes has a reckoning with her †conscience.

Host. He still believes he has an inward bruise.

Lamp. I would to heaven he had! or that he'd slipped
His shoulder-blade, or broke a leg or two,
(Not that I bear his person any malice,)
Or †luxed an arm, or even sprained his ankle!

Host. Ay, broken any thing except his neck.

Lamp. However, for a week I'll manage him;
Though he had the constitution of a horse.
A †farrier shall prescribe for him.

Balthazar. A farrier! [*Aside.*]

Lamp. To-morrow, we †phlebotomize again;
Next day, my new-invented, patent draught;
Then, I have some pills prepared;
On Thursday, we throw in the bark; on Friday——

Balth. [*Coming forward.*] Well, sir, on Friday—what, on Friday? Come, proceed.

Lamp. Discovered!

Host. Mercy, noble sir!
Lamp. We crave your mercy! } *They fall on their knees.*

Balth. On your knees? 't is well!
Pray! for your time is short.

Host. Nay, do not kill us.

Balth. You have been tried, condemned, and only wait
For execution. Which shall I begin with?

Lamp. The lady, by all means, sir.

Balth. Come, prepare. [*To the hostess.*]

Host. Have pity on the weakness of my sex!

Balth. Tell me, thou quaking mountain of †gross flesh,
Tell me, and in a breath, how many poisons—
If you attempt it—[*To* LAMPEDO, *who is making off,*]
you have cooked up for me?

Host. None, as I hope for mercy!

Balth. Is not thy wine a poison?

Host. No, indeed, sir;
'T is not, I own, of the first quality;
But—

Balth. What?

Host. I always give short measure, sir,
And ease my conscience that way.

Balth. Ease your conscience!
I 'll ease your conscience for you.

Host. Mercy, sir!

Balth. Rise, if thou canst, and hear me.

Host. Your commands, sir?

Balth. If, in five minutes, all things are prepared
For my departure, you may yet survive.

Host. It shall be done in less.

Balth. Away, thou lump-fish! [*Exit hostess.*]

Lamp. So! now comes my turn! 't is all over with me!
There 's dagger, rope, and †ratsbane in his look!

Balth. And now, thou sketch and outline of a man!
Thou thing that hast no shadow in the sun!
Thou eel in a †consumption, eldest born
Of Death and Famine! thou †anatomy
Of a starved †pilchard!

Lamp. I do confess my leanness. I am spare,
And, therefore, spare me.

Balth. Why! wouldst thou not have made me
A thoroughfare, for thy whole shop to pass through?

Lamp. Man, you know, must live.

Balth. Yes: he must die, too.

Lamp. For my patients' sake—

Balth. I 'll send you to the †major part of them.
The window, sir, is open; come, prepare.

Lamp. Pray, consider;
I may hurt some one in the street.

Balth. Why, then,
I'll rattle thee to pieces in a dice-box,
Or grind thee in a coffee-mill to powder,
For thou must sup with Pluto: so, make ready;
While I, with this good small-sword for a lancet,
Let thy starved spirit out, (for blood thou hast none,)
And nail thee to the wall, where thou shalt look
Like a dried beetle with a pin stuck through him.

Lamp. Consider my poor wife.

Balth. Thy wife!

Lamp. My wife, sir.

Balth. Hast thou dared think of matrimony, too?
Thou shadow of a man, and base as lean!

Lamp. O spare me for her sake!
I have a wife, and three angelic babes,
Who, by those looks, are well nigh fatherless.

Balth. Well, well! your wife and children shall plead for you.
Come, come; the pills! where are the pills? produce them.

Lamp. Here is the box.

Balth. Were it †Pandora's, and each single pill
Had ten diseases in it, you should take them.

Lamp. What, all?

Balth. Ay, all; and quickly, too. Come, sir, begin—that's well! Another.

Lamp. One 's a dose.

Balth. Proceed, sir.

Lamp. What will become of me?
Let me go home, and set my shop to rights,
And, like immortal Cæsar, die with decency.

Balth. Away! and thank thy lucky star I have not
Brayed thee in thine own mortar, or exposed thee
For a large specimen of the lizard genus.

Lamp. Would I were one! for they can feed on air.

Balth. Home, sir, and be more honest. [*Exit.*]

Lamp. If I am not,
I 'll be more wise, at least. [*Exit.*]

CXLVII.—IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

Warren Hastings was a Governor of the British possessions in India, and was impeached for †maladministration.

Edmund Burke, who, on the part of the House of Commons, conducted the prosecution of Warren Hastings, was born in 1730. As an orator, politician, and author, he stood high among his cotemporaries. He died in 1797.

1. The place in which the †impeachment of Warren Hastings was conducted, was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus; the hall, which had resounded with †acclamations, at the inauguration of thirty kings; the hall, which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just †absolution of Somers; the hall, where the eloquence of Stafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the hall, where Charles had †confronted the High Court of Justice, with the placid courage which half redeemed his fame.

2. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshaled by heralds. The judges, in their †vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. The long galleries were crowded by such an audience as has rarely excited the fears or emulation of an orator. There, were gathered together, from all points of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous realm, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and every art.

3. There, were seated around the queen, the fair-haired, young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There, the †embassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There, Siddons,* in the pride of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene †surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There, Gibbon, the historian of the Roman Empire, thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres; and when, before a senate which had some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against

* A celebrated actress.

the oppressor of Africa; and there too, were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age; for the spectacle had †allured Reynolds from his easel, and Parr from his study.

4. The †sergeants made †proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country; had made laws and treaties; had sent forth armies; had set up, and pulled down princes; and in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. A person, small and †emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated †deference to the court, indicated, also, habitual self-possession and self-respect; a high and intellectual forehead; a brow, pensive, but not gloomy; a mouth of †inflexible decision; a face, pale and worn, but on which a great and well-balanced mind was legibly written: such formed the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

5. The charges, and the answers of Hastings, were first read. This †ceremony occupied two whole days. On the third, Burke rose. Four sittings of the court were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an †exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction, which more than satisfied the highly raised expectations of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India; recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic Empire of Britain had originated; and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies.

6. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to †arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator †extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from all; and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occa-

sion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of incontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; †hysterical sobs and screams were heard, and some were even carried out in fits.

7. At length, the orator concluded. Raising his voice, till the old arches of Irish oak resounded—"Therefore," said he, "hath it in all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I †impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

CXLVIII.—THE MURDER OF PRINCE ARTHUR.

From Shakspeare.

King John. Come hither, Hubert. O, my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her †creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy †voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better time.
In truth, good Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what great respect I have for thee.

Hubert. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou *shalt* have; and, creep time, ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of †gauds,
To give me †audience. If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound on into the drowsy race of night,
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessèd with a thousand wrongs:
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood and made it heavy—thick;
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes:)
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using †conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in †despite of †brooded, watchful day,
I would into this bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah, I will not! Yet I love thee well;
And, by my †troth, I think thou lovest me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were †adjunct to my act,
I'd do it.

K. John. Do I not know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy. I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.

CXLIX.—THE REMORSE OF KING JOHN.

From Shakspeare.

Hubert. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night:
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wonderous motion.

King John. Five moons?
Hub. Old men and †beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
While he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The while his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of many thousand warlike French,
That were †embattlèd and ranked in Kent;
Another lean, unwashed †artificer
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.
K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murdered him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.
Hub. Had none, my lord? Why, did you not provoke me?
K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humors for a †warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of authority,
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humor than advised †respect.
Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.
K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
†Quoted and signed to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy †abhorrèd †aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody †villainy,
Apt, †liable to be employed in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;

And thou, to be endearèd to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My Lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spoke darkly of what I purposed;
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
And bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again †parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this †confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reign
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I 'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never entered yet
The dreadful notion of a murderous thought;
And you have slandered nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude †exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their †incensèd rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the †comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul, †imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more †hideous than thou art.
O, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste;
I †conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

CL.—THE WILL.

Characters.—SWIPES, *a brewer;* CURRIE, *a saddler;* FRANK MILLINGTON, *and* SQUIRE DRAWL.

Swipes. A sober occasion, this, brother Currie. Who would have thought the old lady was so near her end?

Currie. Ah! we must all die, brother Swipes; and those who live the longest, outlive the most.

Swipes. True, true; but since we must die and leave our earthly possessions, it is well that the law takes such good care of us. Had the old lady her senses when she departed?

Cur. Perfectly, perfectly. Squire Drawl told me she read every word of the will aloud, and never signed her name better.

Swipes. Had you any hint from the Squire, what †disposition she made of her property?

Cur. Not a whisper; the Squire is as close as an underground tomb: but one of the witnesses hinted to me, that she had cut off her †graceless nephew, Frank, without a shilling.

Swipes. Has she, good soul, has she? You know I come in, then, in right of my wife.

Cur. And I in my own right; and this is no doubt the reason why we have been called to hear the reading of the will. Squire Drawl knows how things should be done, though he is as air-tight as one of your beer-barrels. But here comes the young †reprobate. He must be present, as a matter of course, you know. [*Enter* FRANK MILLINGTON.] Your servant, young gentleman. So your benefactress has left you at last.

Swipes. It is a painful thing to part with old and good friends, Mr. Millington.

Frank. It is so, sir; but I could bear her loss better, had I not so often been ungrateful for her kindness. She was my only friend, and I knew not her value.

Cur. It is too late to repent, Master Millington. You will now have a chance to earn your own bread.

Swipes. Ay, ay, by the sweat of your brow, as better people are obliged to. You would make a fine brewer's boy, if you were not too old.

Cur. Ay, or a saddler's †lackey, if held with a tight rein.

Frank. Gentlemen, your remarks imply that my aunt has treated me as I deserved. I am above your insults, and only hope you will bear your fortune as *modestly*, as I shall mine *submissively.* I shall retire. [*Going: he meets* SQUIRE DRAWL.]

Squire. Stop, stop, young man. We must have your presence. Good morning, gentlemen; you are early on the ground.

Cur. I hope the Squire is well to-day.

Squire. Pretty comfortable, for an invalid.

Swipes. I trust the damp air has not affected your lungs again.

Squire. No, I believe not. But since the heirs at law are all †convened, I shall now proceed to open the last will and testament of your deceased relative, according to law.

Swipes. [*While the Squire is breaking the seal.*] It is a trying thing, to leave all one's possessions, Squire, in this manner.

Cur. It really makes me feel melancholy, when I look around and see every thing but the venerable owner of these goods. Well did the preacher say, "all is vanity."

Squire. Please to be seated, gentlemen. [*He puts on his spectacles, and begins to read slowly.*] †Imprimis; whereas my nephew, Francis Millington, by his disobedience and ungrateful conduct, has shown himself unworthy of my bounty, and incapable of managing my large estate, I do hereby give and †bequeath all my houses, farms, stocks, bonds, moneys, and property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt-Street, brewer, and Christopher Currie, of Fly-Court, saddler." [*The Squire takes off his spectacles, to wipe them.*]

Swipes. Generous creature! Kind soul! I always loved her.

Cur. She was good, she was kind;—and, brother Swipes, when we divide, I think I'll take the mansion-house.

Swipes. Not so fast, if you please, Mr. Currie. My wife has long had her eye upon that, and must have it.

Cur. There will be two words to that bargain, Mr. Swipes. And, besides, I ought to have the first choice. Did I not lend her a new chaise, every time she wished to ride? And who knows what influence—

Swipes. Am I not named first in her will? and did I not furnish her with my best small beer, for more than six months? and who knows—

Frank. Gentlemen, I must leave you. [*Going.*]

Squire. [*Putting on his spectacles very deliberately.*] Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats, I have not done yet. Let me see; where was I? Ay, "All my property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes of Malt-Street, brewer,"—

Swipes. Yes!

Squire. "And Christopher Currie, of Fly-Court, saddler,".

Cur. Yes!

Squire. "To have and to hold, IN TRUST, for the sole and †exclusive benefit of my nephew, Francis Millington, until he shall have attained the age of twenty-one years, by which time, I hope he will have so far †reformed his evil habits, as that he may safely be intrusted with the large fortune which I hereby †bequeath to him."

Swipes. What is all this? You don't mean that we are humbugged? *In trust!* How does that appear? Where is it?

Squire. There; in two words of as good old English as I ever penned.

Cur. Pretty well too, Mr. Squire, if we must be sent for, to be made a laughing stock of. She shall pay for every ride she has had out of my chaise, I promise you.

Swipes. And for every drop of my beer. Fine times, if two sober, hard-working citizens are to be brought here, to be made the sport of a graceless †profligate. But we will manage his property for him, Mr. Currie; we will make him feel that *trustees* are not to be *trifled* with.

Cur. That we will.

Squire. Not so fast, gentlemen; for the †instrument is dated three years ago; and the young gentleman must be already of age, and able to take care of himself. Is it not so, Francis?

Frank. It is, your worship.

Squire. Then, gentlemen, having attended to the breaking of the seal, according to law, you are released from any further trouble about the business.

CLI.—THE NATURAL AND MORAL WORLDS.

From Grimke.

1. Man, the noblest work of God, in this lower world, walks abroad through its †labyrinths of grandeur and beauty, amid countless manifestations of creative power and providential wisdom. He acknowledges, in all that he beholds, the might that called them into being; the skill which perfected the harmony of the parts, and the benevolence which †consecrated all to the glory of God and the welfare of his fellow-creatures. He stands entranced on the peak of †Ætna, or †Teneriffe, or †Montserrat, and looks down upon the far distant ocean, silent to his ear, and tranquil to his eye, amid the rushing of tempestuous winds, and the fierce conflict of stormy billows. He sits †enraptured on the mountain summit, and beholds, as far as the eye can reach, a forest robe, flowing in all the varieties of graceful †undulations, over declivity after declivity, as though the †fabulous river of the skies were pouring its azure waves over all the landscape.

2. He hangs over the precipice, and gazes with awful delight on the savage glen, rent open as it were, by the earthquake, and black with lightning-shattered rocks; its only music the echoing thunder, the scream of the lonely eagle, and the †tumultuous waters of the mountain torrent. He reclines, in pensive mood, on the hill-top, and sees around and beneath him, all the †luxuriant beauties of field and meadow, of olive-yard and vineyard, of wandering stream and grove-encircled lake.

3. He descends to the plain, and amid waving harvests, verdant †avenues, and luxuriant orchards, sees between garden and grass plat, the farm-house, embosomed in †copse-wood, or "tall †ancestral trees." He walks through the valley, fenced in by barrier cliffs, to contemplate, with mild enthusiasm, its scenes of pastoral beauty; the cottage and its blossomed arbor, the shepherd and his flock, the clumps of oaks, or the solitary willow. He enters the caverns buried far beneath the surface, and is struck with amazement at the grandeur and magnificence of a †subterranean palace, hewn out as it were, by the power of the †Genii, and †decorated by the taste of Armida, or of the Queen of the Fairies.

4. Such is the natural world; and such, for the most part,

has it ever been since men began to subdue the wilderness, to scatter the ornaments of civilization amid the rural scenery of nature, and to plant the lily on the margin of the deep, the village on the hill-side, and †martial †battlements in the †defiles of the mountains. Such has been the natural world, whether beheld by the eye of savage or barbarian, of the civilized or the refined. Such has it been, for the most part, whether contemplated by the harpers of Greece, the bards of Northern Europe, or the †voluptuous minstrels of the Troubadour age. Such it was, when its beauties, like scattered stars, beamed on the page of classic †lore; and such, when its "sunshine of picture" poured a flood of meridian splendor on modern literature. Such is the natural world to the ancient and the modern, the pagan and the Christian.

5. Admirable as the natural world is for its sublimity and beauty, who would compare it, even for an instant, with the sublimity and beauty of the moral world? Is not the soul, with its glorious destiny, and its capacities for eternal happiness, more awful and majestic than the boundless Pacific or the †interminable Andes? Is not the mind, with its thoughts that wander through eternity, and its wealth of intellectual power, an object of more intense interest, than forest, or †cataract, or precipice? And the heart, so eloquent in the depth, purity, and †pathos of its affections, can the richest scenery of hill and dale, can the melody of breeze, and brook, and bird, rival it in loveliness?

6. The same God is the author of the invisible and visible world. The moral grandeur and beauty of the world of man, are equally the production of his wisdom and goodness, with the fair, the sublime, the wonderful in the physical creation. What, indeed, are these, but the outward manifestations of his might, skill, and benevolence? What are they but a glorious volume, forever speaking to the eye and ear of man, in the language of sight and sound, the praises of its author? And what are those but images, faint and imperfect as they are, of his own †incomprehensible †attributes? What are they, the soul, the mind, the heart of an immortal being, but the temple of the Holy Spirit; the dwelling-place of him whom the Heaven of Heavens can not contain, who inhabiteth eternity? How then can we compare, even for a moment, the world of nature with the world of man?

CLII.—THE PLEASANT RAIN.

From Miller.

1. The pleasant rain! the pleasant rain!
By fits it plashing falls
On †twangling leaf and dimpling †pool;
How sweet its warning calls!
They know it, all the blooming vales,
High slopes and verdant †meads;
The queenly elms and princely oaks
Bow down their grateful heads.

2. The withering grass, and fading flowers,
And drooping shrubs look gay;
The bubbling brook, with gladlier song,
†Hies on its endless way;
All things of earth, the grateful things,
Put on their robes of cheer;
They hear the sound of the warning burst,
And know the rain is near.

3. It comes! it comes! the pleasant rain!
I drink its cooler breath;
It is rich with sighs of fainting flowers,
And roses' †fragrant death;
It hath kissed the tomb of the lily pale,
The beds where violets die;
And it bears their life on its living wing,
I feel it wandering by.

4. And yet it comes! The lightning's flash
Hath torn the lowering cloud!
With a distant roar and a nearer crash,
Out bursts the thunder loud.
It comes, with the rush of a god's descent.
On the hushed and trembling earth,
To visit the †shrines of the hallowed groves
Where a poet's soul had birth.

5. With a rush, as of a thousand steeds,
Is its swift and glad descent;
Beneath the weight of its passing tread,
The †conscious groves are bent;
Its heavy tread, it is lighter now,
And yet, it passeth on;
And now it is up, with a sudden lift,
The pleasant rain hath gone.

6. The pleasant rain! the pleasant rain!
It hath passed above the earth:
I see the smile of the opening cloud,
Like the parted lips of mirth.
The golden joy is spreading wide
Along the blushing west,
And the happy earth gives back her smiles,
Like the flow of a grateful breast.

7. As a blessing sinks in a grateful heart,
That knoweth all its need,
So came the good of the pleasant rain,
O'er hill and verdant †mead.
It shall breathe this truth on the human ear,
In hall and †cotter's home,
That to bring the gift of a bounteous heaven,
The pleasant rain hath come.

CLIII.—THE SNOW-FLAKE.

From Miss Gould.

Hannah F. Gould was born in Lancaster, Vermont, in 1792. Her poems are full of beauty and sprightliness, and are always instructive.

Iris; the rainbow.

1. "Now if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some low and cruel spot,
To melt or sink unseen or forgot?
And then will my course be ended?"
'T was thus a feathery Snow-flake said,
As down through the †measureless space it strayed,
Or, as half by †dalliance, half afraid,
It seemed in mid air suspended.

2 "O no," said the Earth, "thou shalt not lie,
Neglected and lone, on my lap to die,
Thou fine and delicate child of the sky:
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping.
But, then, I must give thee a lovelier form;
Thou 'lt not be a part of the wintry storm,
But revive, when the sunbeams are yellow and warm,
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping.

3. "And then thou shalt have thy choice, to be
Restored in the lily that decks the †lea,

In the †jessamine bloom, the †anemone,
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness:
To melt, and be cast in a glittering bead,
With the pearls that night scatters o'er the mead,
In the cup where the bee and the fire-fly feed,
Regaining thy dazzling brightness:

4. "To wake, and be raised from thy transient sleep,
Where Viola's mild blue eye shall weep,
In a tremulous tear; or, a diamond, leap
In a drop from the unlocked fountain;
Or, leaving the valley, the meadow, and heath,
The streamlet, the flowers, and all beneath,
To go and be wove in the silvery wreath,
†Encircling the brow of the mountain.

5. "Or wouldst thou return to a home in the skies,
To shine in the Iris, I'll let thee arise,
And appear in the many and glorious dyes,
A pencil of sunbeams is blending.
But true, fair thing, as my name is Earth,
I'll give thee a new and †vernal birth,
When thou shalt recover thy †primal worth,
And never regret descending!"

6. "Then I will drop," said the trusting Flake;
"But, bear in mind that the choice I make,
Is not in the flowers or the dew to wake,
Nor the mist, that shall pass with the morning:
For, things of thyself, they expire with thee;
But those that are lent from on high, like me,
They rise, and will live, from thy dust set free,
To the regions above returning.

7. "And if true to thy word, and just thou art,
Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,
†Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me depart,
And return to my native heaven;
For I would be placed in the beautiful bow,
From time to time in thy sight to glow,
So thou may'st remember the Flake of Snow,
By the promise that God hath given!"

CLIV.—THE TEACHER AND SICK SCHOLAR.

From Dickens.

1. Shortly after the school-master had arranged the forms and taken his seat behind his desk, a small white-headed boy with a sunburnt face appeared at the door, and stopping there to make a †rustic bow, came in and took his seat upon one of the forms. He then put an open book, astonishingly †dog's-eared, upon his knees, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, began counting the marbles with which they were filled; displaying, in the expression of his face, a remarkable †capacity of totally †abstracting his mind from the spelling on which his eyes were fixed.

2. Soon afterward, another white-headed little boy came straggling in, and after him, a red-headed lad, and then, one with a flaxen †poll, until the forms were occupied by a dozen boys, or thereabouts, with heads of every color but gray, and †ranging in their ages from four years old to fourteen years or more; for the legs of the youngest were a long way from the floor, when he sat upon the form; and the eldest was a heavy, good-tempered fellow, about half a head taller than the school-master.

3. At the top of the first form—the post of honor in the school—was the vacant place of the little sick scholar; and, at the head of the row of pegs, on which those who wore hats or caps were wont to hang them, one was empty. No boy attempted to violate the †sanctity of seat or peg, but many a one looked from the empty spaces to the school-master, and whispered to his idle neighbor, behind his hand.

4. Then began the hum of †conning over lessons and getting them by heart, the whispered jest and stealthy game, and all the noise and drawl of school; and in the midst of the din, sat the poor school-master, vainly attempting to fix his mind upon the duties of the day, and to forget his little sick friend. But the †tedium of his office reminded him more strongly of the willing scholar, and his thoughts were †rambling from his pupils—it was plain.

5. None knew this better than the idlest boys, who, growing bolder with †impunity, waxed louder and more daring; play-

ing "odd or even" under the master's eye; eating apples openly and without rebuke; pinching each other in sport or †malice, without the least reserve; and cutting their †initials in the very legs of his desk. The puzzled dunce, who stood beside it to say his lesson "off the book," looked no longer at the ceiling for forgotten words, but drew closer to the master's elbow, and boldly cast his eye upon the page; the wag of the little troop squinted and made †grimaces (at the smallest boy, of course), holding no book before his face, and his approving companions knew no constraint in their delight. If the master *did* chance to rouse himself, and seem alive to what was going on, the noise subsided for a moment, and no eye met his, but wore a studious and deeply humble look; but the instant he †relapsed again, it broke out afresh, and ten times louder than before.

6. Oh! how some of those idle fellows longed to be outside, and how they looked at the open door and window, as if they half †meditated rushing violently out, plunging into the woods, and being wild boys and savages from that time forth. What rebellious thoughts of the cool river, and some shady bathing-place, beneath willow trees with branches dipping in the water, kept tempting and urging that sturdy boy, who, with his shirt-collar unbuttoned, and flung back as far as it could go, sat fanning his flushed face with a spelling-book, wishing himself a whale, or a minnow, or a fly, or any thing but a boy at school, on that hot, broiling day.

7. Heat! ask that other boy, whose seat being nearest to the door, gave him †opportunities of gliding out into the garden, and driving his companions to madness, by dipping his face into the bucket of the well, and then rolling on the grass,—ask him if there was ever such a day as that, when even the bees were diving deep down into the cups of the flowers, and stopping there, as if they had made up their minds to retire from business, and be manufacturers of honey no more. The day was made for laziness, and lying on one's back in green places, and staring at the sky, till its brightness forced the gazer to shut his eyes and go to sleep. And was this a time to be †poring over musty books in a dark room, slighted by the very sun itself? Monstrous!

8. The lessons over, writing time began. This was a more

quiet time; for the master would come and look over the writer's shoulder, and mildly tell him to observe how such a letter was turned up, in such a copy on the wall, which had been written by their sick companion, and bid him take it as a †model. Then he would stop and tell them what the sick child had said last night, and how he had longed to be among them once again; and such was the poor schoolmaster's gentle and affectionate manner, that the boys seemed quite †remorseful that they had worried him so much, and were absolutely quiet; eating no apples, cutting no names, and making no †grimaces for full *two minutes* afterward.

9. "I think, boys," said the school-master, when the clock struck twelve, "that I shall give you an extra half-holiday this afternoon." At this intelligence, the boys, led on and headed by the tall boy, raised a great shout, in the midst of which the master was seen to speak, but could not be heard. As he held up his hand, however, in token of his wish that they should be silent, they were †considerate enough to leave off, as soon as the longest-winded among them were quite out of breath. "You must promise me, first," said the school-master, "that you 'll not be noisy, or at least, if you are, that you 'll go away first, out of the village, I mean. I 'm sure you would n't disturb your old playmate and companion."

10. There was a general murmur (and perhaps a very sincere one, for they were but boys), in the negative; and the tall boy, perhaps as sincerely as any of them, called those about him to witness, that he had only shouted in a whisper. "Then pray do n't forget, there 's my dear scholars," said the school-master, "what I have asked you, and do it as a favor to me. Be as happy as you can, and do n't be unmindful that you are blessed with health. Good-by, all."

11. "Thank 'ee, sir," and "Good-by, sir," were said a great many times in a great variety of voices, and the boys went out very slowly and softly. But there was the sun shining, and there were birds singing, as the sun only shines, and the birds only sing, on holidays and half-holidays; there were the trees waving to all free boys to climb, and nestle among their leafy branches; the hay, entreating them to

come and scatter it to the pure air; the green corn, gently beckoning toward wood and stream; the smooth ground, rendered smoother still by †blending lights and shadows, inviting to runs and leaps, and long walks, nobody knows whither. It was more than boy could bear, and with a joyous whoop, the whole cluster took to their heels, and spread themselves about, shouting and laughing as they went. "'T is natural, thank Heaven!" said the poor school-master, looking after them: "I am very glad they did n't mind me."

12. Toward night, the school-master walked over to the cottage where his little friend lay sick. Knocking gently at the cottage door, it was opened without loss of time. He entered a room where a group of women were gathered about one who was wringing her hands and crying bitterly. "O dame!" said the school-master, drawing near her chair, "is it so bad as this?" Without replying, she pointed to another room, which the school-master immediately entered; and there lay his little friend, half-dressed, stretched upon a bed.

13. He was a very young boy; quite a little child. His hair still hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were very bright; but their light was of heaven, not of earth. The school-master took a seat beside him, and stooping over the pillow, whispered his name. The boy sprung up, stroked his face with his hand, and threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying, that he was his dear, kind friend. "I hope I always was. I meant to be, God knows," said the poor school-master. "You remember my garden, Henry?" whispered the old man, anxious to rouse him, for a dullness seemed gathering upon the child, "and how pleasant it used to be in the evening-time? You must make haste to visit it again, for I think the very flowers have missed you, and are less gay than they used to be. You will come soon, very soon now, won't you?"

14. The boy smiled faintly—so very, very faintly—and put his hand upon his friend's gray head. He moved his lips too, but no voice came from them, no, not a sound. In the silence that †ensued, the hum of distant voices borne upon the evening air, came floating through the open window. "What 's that?" said the sick child, opening his eyes. "The

boys at play, upon the green." He took a handkerchief from his pillow, and tried to wave it above his head. But the feeble arm dropped powerless down. "Shall I do it?" said the school-master. "Please wave it at the window," was the faint reply. "Tie it to the †lattice. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they 'll think of me, and look this way."

15. He raised his head and glanced from the †fluttering †signal to his idle bat, that lay, with slate, and book, and other boyish property, upon the table in the room. And then he laid him softly down once more; and again clasped his little arms around the old man's neck. The two old friends and companions—for such they were, though they were man and child—held each other in a long embrace, and then the little scholar turned his face to the wall and fell asleep.

* * * * * * *

16. The poor school-master sat in the same place, holding the small, cold hand in his, and chafing it. It was but the hand of a dead child. He felt that; and yet he chafed it still, and could not lay it down.

CLV.—THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

From Edwards.

1. She said she was alone within the world;
How could she but be sad?
She whispered something of a lad,
With eyes of blue, and light hair sweetly curled;
But the grave had the child!
And yet his voice she heard,
When at the †lattice, calm and mild,
The mother in the twilight saw the vine-leaves stirred
"Mother," it seemed to say,
"I love thee;
When thou dost by the side of thy lone pillow pray,
My spirit writes the words above thee;
Mother, I watch o'er thee; I love thee!"

2. Where was the husband of the widowed thing,
That †seraph's earthly sire?

A soldier dares a soldier's fire;
The murderous ball brought death upon its wing;
Beneath a foreign sky
He fell, in sunny Spain;
The wife, in silence, saw him die,
But the fond boy's blue eyes gave drops like sunny rain.
"Mother!" the poor lad cried,
"He's dying!
We are close by thee, father, at thy bleeding side,
Dost thou not hear thy Arthur crying?
Mother! his lips are closed; he's dying!"

3. It was a stormy time, where the man fell,
And the youth shrunk and †pined;
†Consumption's worm his pulse †entwined;
"*Prepare his shroud!*" rang out the convent bell,
Yet through his pain he smiled,
To soothe a parent's grief;
Sad soul! she could not be †beguiled;
She saw the bud would leave the guardian leaf!
"Mother!" he faintly said,
"Come near me;
Kiss me, and let me in my father's grave be laid;
I've prayed that I might still be near thee;
Mother! I'll come again and cheer thee."

CLVI.—THE LITTLE BROOK AND THE STAR.

1. Once upon a time, in the leafy †covert of a wild, woody †dingle, there lived (for it was indeed a thing of life,) a certain little Brook, that might have been the happiest creature in the world, if it had but known when it was well off, and been content with the station assigned to it by an unerring Providence. But in that knowledge and that content, consists the true secret of happiness; and the silly little Brook never found out the mystery, until it was too late to profit by it.

2. I can not say, positively, from what source the little Brook came; but it appeared to †well out from beneath the hollow root of an old thorn; and, collecting together its †pellucid waters, so as to form a small pool within that knotty †reservoir, it swelled †imperceptibly over its irregular †margin,

and slipped away, unheard,—almost unseen,—among mossy stones and entangling branches. No †emerald was ever so green; never was velvet so soft, as the beautiful moss which encircled that tiny lake; and it was gemmed and embroidered, too, by all flowers that love the shade; pale primroses and nodding violets; †anemones, with their fair, downcast heads; and starry clusters of forget-me-nots, looking lovingly, with their pale, tender eyes, into the bosom of their native rill.

3. The hawthorn's branches were †interwoven above, with those of a holly; and a woodbine, climbing up the stem of one tree, flung across to the other its †flexible arms, knotting together the mingled foliage, with its rich clusters and elegant †festoons, like a fair sister, growing up under the guardianship of two beloved brothers, and, by her endearing witchery, drawing together, in closer union, their already united hearts. Never was little Brook so delightfully situated; for its existence, though †secluded, was neither monotonous nor solitary. A thousand trifling incidents (trifling, but not uninteresting), were perpetually varying the scene; and innumerable living creatures, the gentlest and loveliest of the †sylvan tribes, familiarly haunted its retreat.

4. Beautiful, there, was every season with its changes! In the year's fresh morning, delicious May or ripening June, if a light breeze but stirred in the hawthorn tops, down on the dimpling water came a shower of milky blossoms, loading the air with fragrance as they fell. Then, came the squirrel with his mirthful antics. Then, rustling through fern and brush-wood, stole the timid hare, half startled, as she slaked her thirst at the still fountain, by the liquid reflection of her own large, †lustrous eyes. There was no lack of music round about. A song-thrush had his †domicile hard by; and, even at night, his mellow voice was heard, contending with a nightingale, in scarce unequal rivalry. And other vocalists, innumerable, awoke those woodland echoes. Sweetest of all, the low, †tremulous call of the ring-dove floated, at intervals, through the shivering †foliage, the very soul of sound and tenderness.

5. In winter, the glossy green and †coral clusters of the holly, flung down their rich reflections on the little pool, then

visited through the leafless boughs with a gleam of more perfect daylight; and a redbreast, which had built its nest, and reared its young among the twisted roots of that old tree, still hovered about his summer bower, still quenched his thirst at the little Brook, still sought his food on its mossy banks; and, tuning his small pipe, when every other feathered throat, but his own, was mute, took up the eternal hymn of gratitude, which began with the birthday of Nature, and shall only cease with her expiring breath. So, every season brought but changes of pleasantness to that happy little Brook: and happier still it was,—or might have been,—in one sweet and tender companionship, to which passing time and revolving seasons brought no change.

6. True it was, no †unintercepted sunshine ever glittered on its shaded waters; but, just above the spot where they were gathered into that fairy fount, a small opening in the †overarching foliage admitted, by day, a glimpse of the blue sky; and, by night, the mild, pale ray of a bright fixed Star, which looked down into the stilly water, with such tender †radiance as beams from the eyes we love best, when they rest upon us with an earnest gaze of serious tenderness. Forever, and forever, when night came, the beautiful Star still gazed on its earthborn love, which seemed, if a wandering air but skimmed its surface, to stir, as if with life, in †responsive intercourse with its bright visitant.

7. Some malicious whispers went abroad, indeed, that the †enamored gaze of that radiant eye was not always exclusively fixed on the little Brook; that it had its †oblique glances for other favorites. But I take it, those rumors were altogether †libelous, mere rural †gossip, scandalous tittle-tattle, got up, between two old, gray, †mousing owls, who went prowling about and prying into their neighbors' concerns, when they ought to have been in their beds, at home. However that may be—though I warrant the kind creatures were too conscientious to leave the little Brook in ignorance of their candid †conjectures—it did not care one fig about the matter, utterly disregarding every syllable they said. This would have been highly creditable to the little Brook, if its light mode of dismissing the subject had not been partly owing to the †engrossing influence of certain †new-fangled notions and

desires, which, in an unhappy hour, had †insinuated themselves into its hitherto untroubled bosom.

8. Alas! that †elementary? as well as human natures, should be liable to †moral †infirmity! But that they are, was strongly exemplified in the instance of our luckless little Brook. You must know, that, notwithstanding the leafy recess, in which it was so snugly located, was, to all *inward* appearance, †sequestered as in the heart of a vast forest, in point of fact, it only skirted the edge of an extensive plain, in one part of which lay a large pond, to which herds of kine and oxen came down to drink, morning and evening, and wherein they might be seen standing motionless for hours together, during the sultry summer noon; when the waveless water, glowing like a fiery mirror under the meridian blaze, reflected, with †magical effect, the huge forms and varied coloring of the †congregated cattle, as well as those of a flock of stately, milk-white geese, accustomed to swim upon its bosom.

9. Now, it so chanced, that from the nook of which we have spoken, encircled as it was by leafy walls, there opened, precisely in the direction of the plain and the pond, a cunning little peep-hole, which must have been †perforated by the demon of mischief, and which no eye would ever have spied out, save that of a †lynx or an idle person. Alas! our little Brook *was* an idle person; she had nothing in the world to do from morning to night, and that is the root of all evil; so, though she might have found useful occupation, (every body can, if they seek it in right earnest,) she spent her whole time in peering and prying about, till, one unlucky day, what should she hit upon, but that identical peep-hole, through which, as through a †telescope, she discovered with unspeakable amazement the great pond, all glowing in the noonday sun; the herds of cattle and the flocks of geese, so brilliantly redoubled on its broad mirror.

10. "My stars!" ejaculated the little brook, (little thought she at that moment, of the *one* faithful Star.) "My stars! what can all this be? It looks something like me, only a thousand times as big. What can be shining so upon it? and what can those great creatures be? Not hares, surely, though they have legs and tails; but such tails! And those other

white things, that float about, they can not be birds, for they have no legs, and yet they seem to have feathers and wings. What a life of ignorance have I led, huddled up in this poor, little, dull place, visited only by a few, mean, †humdrum creatures, and never suspecting that the world contained finer things and grander company."

11. Till this unfortunate discovery, the little Brook had been well enough satisfied with her condition; contented with the society of the beautiful and gentle creatures which frequented her retreat, and with the tender admiration of her own "bright unchanging Star." But now, there was an end to all content, and *no* end to †garrulous discontent and endless curiosity. The latter, she soon found means to satisfy, for the sky-lark brought her flaming accounts of the sun, at whose court he pretended to be a frequent visitor; and the water-wagtail was dispatched to ascertain the precise nature of those other mysterious objects, so bewildering to the limited †faculties of the curious little Brook.

12. Back came the little messenger, mopping * and mowing,* and wagging his tail with the most †fantastic airs of conceited importance. "Well, what is it?" quoth my lady Brook. "Water, upon my veracity," quoth Master Wagtail, "monstrous piece of water, five hundred thousand million times as big as your ladyship." "And what makes it so bright and glowing, instead of my dull color?" quoth my lady. "The sun, that shines full upon it," rejoins the †envoy. "Oh! that glorious globe, the sky-lark talks of. How delightful it must be to enjoy *his* notice! But what are those fine creatures with legs, and those others with wings and no legs?" "Oh! those are cows, and oxen, and geese; but you can not possibly †comprehend their natures, never having seen any thing larger than a hare or wood-pigeon." "How now, Master Malapert?" quoth my lady, nettled to the quick at his †impertinence;—but her curiosity was not half †satiated: so she was fain to gulp down her own insulted dignity, and went on questioning and cross-questioning, till she was ready to bubble over with spite and envy at Master Wagtail's wonderful relations. Poor thing! she did not know what allowance to make for travelers' stories.

* Making wry faces.

CLVII.—THE BROOK AND STAR—CONCLUDED.

1. THENCEFORWARD, the little Brook †perfectly †loathed her own peaceful, †unobtrusive lot. She would have shrunk away, had it been possible, from the poor, innocent creatures, who had so long enlivened her pleasant solitude. And, worst of all, most unpardonable of all, she sickened at the sight of her †benignant Star, which continued to look down upon her as fondly and kindly as ever, still happily unconscious of her heartless †estrangement. Well, she went on fretting and repining from day to day, till dame Nature, fairly tired out with her wayward humor, resolved to punish her, as she deserved, by granting her heart's desire. One summer morning, came two sturdy woodmen, armed with saws, axes, and bill-hook; to work they went, lopping, hewing, and clearing, and before night-fall, there lay the little Brook, exposed to the broad †canopy of heaven, revealed in all its littleness, and effectually relieved from the †intrusion of those insignificant creatures, which had been scared from their old familiar †haunt, by that day's †ruthless execution.

2. "Well!" quoth the little Brook, "*this* is something like life. What a fine world this is. A little chilly, though, and I feel, I don't know how, quite dazzled and confounded. But to-morrow, when that great red orb comes overhead again, I shall be warm and comfortable enough, no doubt; and then, I dare say, some of those fine, great creatures will come and visit me; and who knows but I may grow as big as that great pond, in time, now that I enjoy the same advantages." Down went the sun; up rose the moon; out shone innumerable hosts of sparkling orbs, and among them, *that* "bright particular Star" looked out, †pre-eminent in luster. Doubtless, its pure and †radiant eye dwelt, with tender sorrow, on the altered condition of its beloved little Brook. But that †volatile and inconstant creature, quite intoxicated with her change of fortune, and with the fancied admiration of the twinkling myriads she beheld, danced and dimpled, in the true spirit of †flirtation, with every glittering spark, till she was quite bewildered among the multitude of her adorers, and welcomed the gray hour of dawn, without having †vouch-

safed so much as one glance of †recognition at her old, †unalienated friend.

3. Down went the moon and stars; up rose the sun, and higher and higher he mounted in the cloudless heaven, and keener †waxed the impatience of the ambitious little Brook. Never did court beauty so eagerly †anticipate her first presentation to the eye of majesty! And, at last, arrived the hour of †fruition. Bright overhead †careered the radiant orb; down darted his fervid, fiery beams †vertically upon the center of the little Brook, penetrating its shallow waters to the very pebbles beneath. At first, it was so awed and agitated, and overpowered by the condescending notice of majesty, fancying, (as small folks are apt to fancy,) that it had attracted peculiar observation, that it was hardly sensible of the unusual degree of warmth, which began to †pervade its elementary system: but presently, when the †fermentation of its wits had a little subsided, it began to wonder how much hotter it should grow, still assuring itself that the sensation, though very novel, was exceedingly delightful.

4. But at length, such an †accession of fever came on, that the self-delusion was no longer †practicable, and it began to hiss, as if set over a great furnace. Oh, what would the little Brook have given now for only one bough of the holly or the hawthorn, to †intercept those †intolerable rays! or for the gentle winnowing of the blackbird's wing, or even the poor robin's, to fan its glowing bosom. But those protecting boughs lay scattered around; those small, shy creatures had sought out a distant refuge, and my lady Brook had nothing left but to endure what she could not alter. "And, after all," quoth she, "'t is only for a little while; by and by, when his majesty only looks sidewise at me, I shall be less overcome with his royal favor, and in time, no doubt, be able to sustain his full gaze, without any of these unbecoming †flutters, all owing to my rustic education, and the confined life I have hitherto led."

5. Well, "his majesty" withdrew westward as usual, and my lady Brook began to subside into a comfortable degree of temperature, and to gaze about her again, with restored †complacency. What was her exultation, when she beheld the whole train of geese waddling toward her from the great

pond, taking that way homeward out of sheer curiosity, as I suppose. As the goodly company drew nearer and nearer, our Brook admired the stateliness of their carriage, and persuaded herself, it was eminently graceful, "for undoubtedly, they are persons of distinguished rank," quoth she, "and how much finer voices they must have, than those little, vulgar fowls, whose twittering used to make me so nervous." Just then, the whole flock sat up such a gabbling and screeching, as they passed close by, that the little Brook well nigh leaped out of her reservoir, with horror and amazement; and to complete her †consternation, one fat, old, dowager goose, struggling awkwardly out of the line of march, plumped right down into the middle of the pool, flouncing and floundering about at a terrible rate, filling its whole circumference with her ungainly person, and scrambling out again with an unfeeling †precipitation, which cruelly disordered the unhappy victim of her †barbarous †outrage.

6. Hardly were they out of sight, those awkward and unmannerly creatures,—hardly had the poor little Brook begun to breathe, after that terrible visitation, when all her powers of self-possession were called for, by the abrupt approach of another and more prodigious personage. A huge ox, goaded by the intolerable stinging of a gadfly, broke away from his fellows of the herd and from his cool station in the great pond, and came galloping down, in his blind agony, lashing the air with his tail, and making the vale echo with his furious bellowing. To the woods just beyond the new-cleared spot, he took his †frantic course, and, the little Brook lying in his way, he splashed into it and out of it without ceremony, or probably so much as heeding the hapless object, subjected to his ruffian treatment. That one splash pretty nearly †annihilated the miserable little Brook. The huge fore-hoofs forced themselves into its mossy bank; the hind ones, with a single †extricating plunge, pounded bank and Brook together into a muddy hole; and the tail, with one insolent whisk, spattered half the black mass over the surrounding herbage.

7. And now, what was wanting to complete the ruin and degradation of the unhappy little Brook? A thick, black puddle was all that remained of the once pellucid pool. Poor little Brook! if it had erred greatly, was it not greatly humbled?

Night came again; but darkness was on the face of the unhappy Brook, and well for it, that it was total darkness; for in that state of conscious †degradation, how could it have sustained the searching gaze of its pure, forsaken Star? Long, dark, and companionless was the first night of misery, and when morning dawned, though the †turbid water had regained a degree of †transparency, it had shrunk away to a tenth part of its former "fair proportions," so much had it lost by †evaporation in that fierce solar †alembic; so much from †absorption in the loosened and choking soil of its once firm and beautiful margin; and so much by †dispersion, from the wasteful †havoc of its destructive invaders.

8. Again, the great sun looked down upon it; again, the vertical beams drank fiercely of its shrunken water; and when evening came, no more remained of the poor little Brook, than just so many drops as filled the hollow of one of those large pebbles which had paved its unsullied basin, in the day of its brightness and beauty. But never, in the season of its brightest †plenitude, was the water of the little Brook, so clear, so perfectly clear and pure, as that last portion, which lay, like a liquid gem, in the small concave of that polished stone. It had been †filtered from every grosser particle, refined by rough discipline, purified by adversity, even from those lees of vanity and light-mindedness, which had †adulterated its sparkling waters in their prosperous state. Just as the last sunbeam was withdrawing its amber light from that small pool, the old, familiar robin hopped on the edge of the hollow pebble, and dipping his beak once and again in the diminished †fount, which had slaked his thirst so often and so long, drooped his †russet wings with a slight quivering motion, and broke forth into a short, sweet gush of parting song, before he winged his way forever from his expiring benefactress.

9. Twilight had melted into night, dark night, for neither moon nor stars were visible through the dark clouds that †canopied the earth. In darkness and silence lay the little Brook; forgotten it seemed, even by its benignant Star, as though its last drops were exhaled into nothingness, its languishing existence already struck out of the list of created things. Time *had* been, when such apparent neglect would

have excited its highest indignation; but *now*, it submitted humbly and resignedly to the deserved infliction. And, after a little while, looking fixedly upward, it almost fancied that the *form*, if not the radiance of the beloved Star was faintly †perceptible through the †intervening darkness.

10. The little Brook was not deceived; cloud after cloud rolled away from the central heaven, till at last, the unchanging Star was plainly †discernible through the fleecy vapor which yet obscured its perfect luster. But, through that silvery veil, the beautiful Star looked intently on its repentant love; and there was more of tenderness, of pity, and reconciliation in that dim, trembling gaze, than if the pure, heavenly dweller had shone out in perfect brightness on the frail, humbled creature below. Just then, a few large drops fell heavily from the disparting cloud; and one, trembling for a moment with starry light, fell, like a forgiving tear, into the bosom of the little pool.

11. Long, long and undisturbed, (for no other eye looked out from heaven that night,) was the last mysterious †communion of the reconciled friends. No doubt, that voiceless †intercourse was yet eloquent of hope and futurity; for though all that remained of the pure little Brook was sure to be exhausted by the next day's fiery trial, it would but change its visible form, to become an imperishable †essence: and who can tell whether the elementary nature, so purged from earthly †impurities, may not have been received up into the sphere of its heavenly friend, and †indissolubly united with the †celestial substance.

CLVIII.—SONG OF THE SHIRT.

From Hood.

1. With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
†Plying her needle and thread;
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of †dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

2. "Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work! work! work!
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It is oh! to be a slave
Along with the †barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

3. "Work! work! work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work! work! work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
†Seam, and †gusset, and †band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

4. "O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A †shroud as well as a shirt.

5. "But why do I talk of Death?
That †Phantom of grisly †bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own;
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

6. "Work! work! work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags,
That shattered roof, and this naked floor,
A table, a broken chair,
And a wall so †blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.

7. "Work! work! work!
From weary †chime to chime!
Work! work! work!
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed
As well as the weary hand.

8. "Work! work! work!
In the dull December light,
And work! work! work!
When the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

9. "Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the †cowslip and †primrose sweet!
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal;

10. "Oh! but for one short hour!
A †respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread."

11. With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread:
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the rich!
She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

CLIX.—CHATHAM ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

1. I CAN NOT, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a †perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for †adulation: the smoothness of flattery can not save us, in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the †delusion and darkness which †envelop it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors.

2. Can Parliament be so dead to its true dignity and duty, as to give its support to measures thus †obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! "But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world; now, none so poor to do her †reverence." The people whom we first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are †abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their embassadors entertained by our †inveterate enemy; and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect.

3. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems or honors the British troops, than I do. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can †achieve any thing but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You can not, my lords, you *can not* conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the *worst;* but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, †accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the †shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be forever †impotent; doubly so, indeed, from this †mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your †adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the †rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms;—never—*never*—NEVER!

4. But, my lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischief of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms, the *tomahawk* and *scalping-knife* of the savage? to call into civilized †alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods? to delegate to the merciless Indian the defense of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these †enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality: "for it is perfectly allowable," says Lord Suffolk, "to use all the means which God and Nature have put into our hands." I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country.

5. My lords, I did not intend to †encroach so much on your attention, but I can not repress my indignation: I feel myself †impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon, as members of this house, as men, as *Christians*, to protest against such horrible barbarity. "That God and Nature have put into our hands!" What ideas of God and Nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles are equally †abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, *murdering*, DEVOURING, DRINKING THE BLOOD of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive †indignation.

6. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops, to interpose their †unsullied †sanctity; upon the judges, to interpose the purity of their †ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the *Genius of the Constitu*

tion. From the †tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation, at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain, against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than popish cruelties, and †inquisitorial practices, are endured among us. To send forth the merciless †cannibal, thirsting for blood! Against whom? Your protestant brethren!—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and †extirpate their race and name, by the aid and †instrumentality of these *horrible hounds of war.*

7. Spain can no longer boast †pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds, to †extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more †ruthless, loose the dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can †sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this †infamous †procedure, the †indelible †stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the holy †prelates of our religion, to do away this iniquity; let them perform a †lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin. My lords, I am old and weak, and unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal †abhorrence of such enormous and †preposterous principles.

CLX.—SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS.

From Webster.

Mr. Webster, in a speech upon the life and character of John Adams, imagines some one opposed to the Declaration of Independence, to have stated his fears and objections before Congress, while deliberating on that subject. He then supposes Mr. Adams to have replied, in the following language.

1. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there is a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England

has driven us to arms; and blinded to her own interest, she has obstinately †persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak, as now to hope for a †reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or security to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair,* is not he, our venerable †colleague, near you,† are you not both already the †proscribed and †predestined objects of punishment and of †vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal †clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but *outlaws?*

2. If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I *know* we do not mean to submit. We NEVER *shall submit!* Do we intend to †violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him in every extremity with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general †conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised for the defense of American liberty; may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

3. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. Nations will then treat with us, which they never can do, while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain

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* John Hancock. † Samuel Adams.

that England herself, will sooner treat for peace with us, on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things, which now †predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in †controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former, she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter, she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then, do we not change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory.

4. If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people—the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British †aggression, is deep and settled in their hearts, and can not be †eradicated. Sir, the Declaration of Independence will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for †redress of grievances, for †chartered †immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the spirit of life.

5. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let *them* see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

6. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to see the time this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, †ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so:

be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the *hope* of a country, and that a FREE *country*.

7. But whatever may be our fate, be assured—be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly †compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and †illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears; not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of †exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

8. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves the measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment; independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.

CLXI.—THE PARTING OF MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

FROM WALTER SCOTT.

IN the poem, from which this extract is taken, Marmion is represented as an embassador, sent by Henry VIII, king of England, to James IV, king of Scotland, who were at war with each other. Having finished his mission to James, Marmion was intrusted to the protection and hospitality of Douglas, one of the Scottish nobles. Douglas entertains him, treats him with the respect due to his office and to the honor of his sovereign, yet he despises his private character. Marmion perceives this, and takes †umbrage at it, though he attempts to repress his resentment, and desires to part in peace. Under these circumstances, the scene, as described in this sketch, takes place. Tantallon is the name of Douglas' castle.

1. NOT far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop †array,
To Surrey's camp to ride;

He had safe †conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide.

2. The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by the king's †behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid;
Part we in *friendship* from your land,
And, noble Earl, *receive my hand.*"
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My †manors, halls, and towers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he †lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to †foundation stone;
The *hand* of Douglas is his *own;*
And never shall, in friendly grasp,
The hand of *such* as *Marmion* clasp."

3 Burned Marmion's †swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for †ire;
And "*This to me,*" he said,
"An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He, who does *England's* message here,
Although the *meanest* in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be *thy* mate:
And, Douglas, *more*, I tell thee here,
Even in thy †pitch of pride,
Here, in *thy hold*, thy †vassals near,
I tell thee, *thou 'rt defied!*
And if thou said'st, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, *thou—hast—lied!*"

4. On the Earl's cheek, the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:

Fierce he broke forth; "And darest thou then
To beard the *lion* in his *den*,
The *Douglas* in his *hall*?
And hopest thou thence †unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, *no!*
Up draw-bridge, grooms,—what, warder, ho!
Let the †portcullis fall."
Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,—
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The †ponderous gate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, grazed his plume.

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5. The steed along the draw-bridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise:
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim;
And when lord Marmion reached his band
He halts, and turns with clinchèd hand,
And shout of loud †defiance pours,
And shook his †gauntlet at the towers.
"*Horse! horse!*" the Douglas cried, "and *chase!*"
But soon he reined his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas' blood;
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'T is pity of him, too," he cried;
"Bold he can speak, and fairly ride
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his †mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

CLXII.—THE GRAVE.

From Irving.

1. The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal; every other affliction, to forget; but this wound, we consider it a duty to keep open. This affliction we cherish, and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother, who would willingly

forget the infant that has perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget a tender parent, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of †agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns?

2. No, the love which †survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden †anguish and the †convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may, sometimes, throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet, who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of †revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living.

3. Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, †extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom, spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a †compunctious †throb, that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies †mouldering before him? But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is, that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments †lavished upon us, almost unheeded in the daily †intercourse of intimacy; there it is, that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful †assiduities! the last testimonies of expiring love! the feeble, fluttering, thrilling,—oh! how thrilling!—pressure of the hand! the last fond look of the glazing eye turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence! the faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

4. Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past

benefit †unrequited; every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy †contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou hast given one unmerited pang to that true heart, which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking †dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the †unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

5. Then weave thy †chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet †futile †tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this, thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth, be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

CLXIII.—THE PEARL-DIVER.

From Mrs. Hemans.

1. Thou hast been where the rocks of coral grow,
Thou hast fought with †eddying waves;
Thy cheek is pale, and thy heart beats low,
Thou searcher of ocean's caves!

2. Thou hast looked on the gleaming wealth of old,
And wrecks where the brave have †striven!
The deep is a strong and fearful hold,
But thou its bar hast riven!

3. A wild and weary life is thine,
A wasting task and lone;
Though †treasure grots for thee may shine,
To all besides unknown!

4. A weary life! but a swift decay
Soon, soon shall set thee free!
Thou 'rt passing fast from thy toils away,
Thou †wrestler with the sea!

5. In thy dim eye, on thy hollow cheek,
Well are the death-signs read;
Go! for the pearl in its cavern seek,
Ere hope and power be fled.

6. And bright in beauty's †coronal
That glistening gem shall be;
A star to all the †festive hall—
But who shall think on *thee?*

7. None!—as it gleams from the queen-like head,
Not one, 'mid throngs, will say,
"A life hath been, like a rain-drop, shed
For that pale, and quivering ray."

8. Woe for the wealth thus dearly bought!
And are not those like thee,
Who win for earth the gems of thought?
O wrestler with the sea!

9. Down to the gulfs of the soul they go,
Where the passion-fountains burn,
Gathering the jewels far below,
From many a buried urn:

10. Wringing from †lava-veins the fire
That o'er bright words is poured;
Learning deep sounds, to make the lyre
A spirit in each chord

11. But O, the price of bitter tears,
Paid for the lonely power,
That throws at last, o'er desert years,
A darkly glorious dower!

12. Like flower-seeds by the wild wind spread,
So †radiant thoughts are strewed;
The soul whence those high gifts are shed,
May faint in †solitude!

13. And who will think, when the strain is sung,
Till a thousand hearts are stirred,
What life-drops from the †minstrel wrung,
Have gushed with every word?

14. None, none!—his treasures live like thine,
He strives and dies like thee;
Thou that hast been to the pearl's dark shrine,
O wrestler with the sea!

CLXIV.—ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

A LAUGHABLE story was circulated during the administration of the old Duke of Newcastle, and †retailed to the public in various forms. This nobleman, with many good points, was remarkable for being †profuse of his promises on all occasions, and valued himself particularly, on being able to †anticipate the words or the wants of the various persons who attended his levees, before they uttered a word. This sometimes led him into ridiculous †embarrassments; and it was this proneness to lavish promises, which gave occasion for the following anecdote.

1. AT the election of a certain †borough in Cornwall, where the opposite interests were almost equally †poised, a single vote was of the highest importance. This object, the Duke by well applied argument and personal application, at length attained; and the gentleman *he* recommended, gained the election. In the warmth of gratitude, his grace poured forth acknowledgments and promises without ceasing, on the fortunate possessor of the casting vote; called him his best and dearest friend; protested, that he should consider himself as forever indebted to him; that he would serve him by night or by day.

2. The Cornish voter, who was an honest fellow, and would not have thought himself entitled to any *reward*, but for such a †torrent of acknowledgments, thanked the Duke for his kindness, and told him, "The †supervisor of †excise was old and infirm, and if he would have the goodness to recommend his son-in-law to the commissioners, in case of the old man's death, he should think himself and his family bound to render his grace every assistance in his power, on any future occasion." "My dear friend, why do you ask for such a trifling employment?" exclaimed his grace; "your relative shall have it, the moment the place is vacant, if you will but call my attention to it." "But how shall I get admitted to you, my lord? for in London, I understand, it is a very difficult business to get a sight of you great folks, though you are so kind

and †complaisant to us in the country." "The instant the man dies," replied the Duke, "set out post-haste for London; drive directly to my house, and be it by night or by day, thunder at the door; I will leave word with my porter, to show you up stairs directly; and the employment shall be disposed of according to your wishes."

3. The parties separated; the Duke drove to a friend's house in the neighborhood, without a wish or desire to see his new acquaintance till that day seven years; but the memory of a Cornish elector, not being burdened with such a variety of objects, was more †retentive. The supervisor died a few months after, and the Duke's humble friend, relying on the word of a peer, was conveyed to London post-haste, and ascended with alacrity the steps of that nobleman's palace.

4. The reader should be informed, that just at this time, no less a person than the king of Spain was expected hourly to depart; an event in which the minister of Great Britain was particularly concerned; and the Duke of Newcastle, on the very night that the proprietor of the decisive vote arrived at his door, had sat up anxiously expecting †dispatches from Madrid. Wearied by official business and agitated spirits, he retired to rest, having previously given particular instructions to his porter not to go to bed, as he expected, every minute, a messenger with advices of the greatest importance, and desired he might be shown up stairs, the moment of his arrival.

5. His grace was sound asleep; and the †porter, settled for the night, in his arm-chair, had already commenced a †sonorous nap, when the vigorous arm of the Cornish voter roused him from his slumbers. To his first question, "Is the Duke at home?" the porter replied, "Yes, and in bed; but has left particular orders, that come when you will, you are to go up to him directly." "Bless him, for a worthy and honest gentleman," cried our applicant for the vacant post, smiling and nodding with †approbation, at the prime minister's kindness, "how punctual his grace is; I knew he would not deceive me; let me hear no more of lords and dukes not keeping their words; I verily believe they are as honest, and mean as well as any other folks." Having ascended the stairs as he was speaking, he was ushered into the Duke's bed-chamber.

6. "Is he dead?" exclaimed his grace, rubbing his eyes, and scarcely awakened from dreaming of the king of Spain, "Is he dead?" "Yes, my lord," replied the eager expectant, delighted to find the election promise, with all its circumstances, so fresh in the nobleman's memory. "When did he die?" "The day before yesterday, exactly at half past one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed, and taking *a power of doctor's stuff;* and I hope your grace will be as good as your word, and let my son-in-law succeed him."

7. The Duke, by this time perfectly awake, was staggered at the impossibility of receiving intelligence from Madrid in so short a space of time; and perplexed at the †absurdity of a king's messenger applying for his son-in-law to succeed the king of Spain: "Is the man drunk, or mad? Where are your †dispatches!" exclaimed his grace, hastily drawing back his curtain; where, instead of a royal courier, his eager eye recognized at the bedside, the well-known countenance of his friend from Cornwall, making low bows, with hat in hand, and "hoping my lord would not forget the gracious promise he was so good as to make, in favor of his son-in-law, at the last election."

8. Vexed at so untimely a disturbance, and disappointed of news from Spain, the Duke frowned for a moment; but †chagrin soon gave way to mirth, at so singular and ridiculous a †combination of circumstances, and yielding to the impulse, he sunk upon the bed in a violent fit of laughter, which was communicated in a moment to the attendants.

9. The relater of this little narrative, concludes, with observing, "Although the Duke of Newcastle could not place the relative of his old acquaintance on the throne of His Catholic Majesty, he advanced him to a post *not less honorable,*—he made him an †exciseman."

CLXV.—LOCHINVAR.

From Scott.

1. Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone!

So faithful in love, and so †dauntless in war,
There never was knight like young Lochinvar!

2. He staid not for †brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where †ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a †laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar!

3. So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among brides-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all!
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword—
For the poor †craven bridegroom said never a word—
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our †bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

4. "I long †wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but †ebbs like its tide!
And now, am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine!
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to young Lochinvar."

5. The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could †bar,
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

6. So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a †galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

7. One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the †charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and †scaur:
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

8. There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby †clan;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see!
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

CLXVI.—SPEECH ON THE TRIAL OF A MURDERER.

From Webster.

1. Against the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I can not have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the †opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern, that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing this deed of midnight †assassination, may be brought to answer for their †enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

2. This is a most †extraordinary case. In some respects it has hardly a †precedent anywhere; certainly none in our New England history. This bloody †drama exhibited no suddenly excited, ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lion-like temptation upon their virtue, overcoming it before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to †glut savage vengeance, or †satiate long-settled and deadly hate. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was all "hire and salary, and not revenge." It was the weighing of money against life; the counting out of so many pieces of silver against so many ounces of blood.

3. An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of butcherly murder for mere pay. Truly, here is a new lesson for painters and poets. Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of murder, if he will show it, as it has been exhibited in an example, where such example was least to have been looked for, in the very bosom of our New England society, let him not give it the †grim †visage of †Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate, and the blood-shot eye †emitting †livid fires of malice; let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless †demon; a picture in repose, rather than in action; not so much an example of

human nature in its depravity and in its †paroxysm of crime, as an †infernal nature, a fiend in the ordinary display and †development of his character.

4. The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness, equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the †destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet; the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The †assassin enters through the window, already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half-lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this, he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death!

5. It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet †plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the †bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart; and replaces it again over the wounds of the †poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder; no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

6. Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing as in the splendor of noon; such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder

will out." True it is, that Providence hath so †ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven, by shedding men's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds †intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle, at the slightest circumstance, into a blaze of discovery.

7. Meantime, the guilty soul can not keep its own secret. It is false to itself, or rather it feels an †irresistible †impulse to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it does not acknowledge to God nor man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy nor assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses, soon comes to possess him; and like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding †disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to †embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It *must* be confessed, it *will* be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

CLXVII.—FALL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

From Shakspeare.

Wolsey. Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow, blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;

The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good, easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, †nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little, wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain †pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' †favors!
There are betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That †aspect sweet of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like †Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, †amazed
At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, if you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly †dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy,—too much honor:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have. I am able now, methinks,
Out of a †fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure* with the king.

* Here used for *disgrace*.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learnèd man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
†Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed!

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in public as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her †coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost forever:
No sun shall ever †usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor, fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish, too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
Forever and forever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,

And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and †shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
†Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right-hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And,—prithee, lead me in.
There, take an †inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, He would not, in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

CLXVIII.—OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

From Dr. Spring.

1. The Sabbath lies at the foundation of all true morality. †Morality flows from principle. Let the principles of moral †obligation become †relaxed, and the practice of morality will not long survive the overthrow. No man can preserve his own morals, no parent can preserve the morals of his children, without the impressions of religious obligation.

2. If you can induce a †community to doubt the genuineness and †authenticity of the Scriptures; to question the reality and obligations of religion; to hesitate, undeciding,

whether there be any such thing as virtue or vice; whether there be an eternal state of retribution beyond the grave; or whether there exists any such being as God, you have broken down the †barriers of moral virtue, and hoisted the floodgates of immorality and crime. I need not say, that when a people have once done this, they can no longer exist as a tranquil and happy people. Every bond that holds society together would be ruptured; fraud and treachery would take the place of confidence between man and man; the †tribunals of justice would be scenes of bribery and injustice; †avarice, †perjury, ambition, and revenge would walk through the land, and render it more like the dwelling of savage beasts, than the tranquil abode of civilized and christianized men.

3. If there is an institution which opposes itself to this progress of human †degeneracy, and throws a shield before the interests of moral virtue in our thoughtless and wayward world, it is the Sabbath. In the fearful struggle between virtue and vice, notwithstanding the powerful auxiliaries which wickedness finds in the bosoms of men, and in the †seductions and influence of popular example, wherever the Sabbath has been suffered to live, the trembling interests of moral virtue have always been revered and sustained. One of the principal occupations of this day, is to illustrate and enforce the great principles of sound morality. Where this sacred trust is preserved †inviolate, you behold a nation †convened one day in seven, for the purpose of acquainting themselves with the best moral principles and precepts; and it can not be otherwise, than that the authority of moral virtue, under such auspices, should be acknowledged and felt.

4. We may not, at once, perceive the effects which this weekly observance produces. Like most moral causes, it operates slowly; but it operates surely, and gradually weakens the power, and breaks the yoke of profligacy and sin. No villain regards the Sabbath. No vicious family regards the Sabbath. No immoral community regards the Sabbath. The holy rest of this ever-memorable day, is a barrier which is always broken down, before men become giants in sin. Blackstone, in his Commentaries on the Laws of England, remarks, that "a corruption of morals usually follows a profanation of the Sabbath." It is an observation of Lord Chief Justice

Hale, that "of all the persons who were convicted of capital crimes, while he was on the bench, he found a few only, who would not confess that they began their †career of wickedness by a neglect of the duties of the Sabbath, and vicious conduct on that day."

5. The prisons in our own land could probably tell us, that they have scarcely a solitary tenant, who had not broken over the restraints of the Sabbath, before he was abandoned to crime. You may †enact laws for the suppression of immorality; but the secret and silent power of the Sabbath constitutes a stronger shield to the vital interest of the community, than any code of †penal statutes that ever was enacted. The Sabbath is the key-stone of the arch which sustains the temple of virtue, which, however †defaced, will survive many a rude shock, so long as the foundation remains firm.

6. The observance of the Sabbath is, also, most influential in securing national prosperity. The God of Heaven has said, "Them that honor me, will I honor." You will not often find a notorious Sabbath-breaker a permanently prosperous man; and a Sabbath-breaking community is never a happy or prosperous community. There are a multitude of unobserved influences, which the Sabbath exerts upon the temporal welfare of men. It promotes the spirit of good order and harmony; it elevates the poor from want; it †transforms squalid wretchedness; it imparts self-respect and elevation of character; it promotes softness and civility of manners; it brings together the rich and the poor, upon one common level, in the house of prayer; it purifies and strengthens the social affections, and makes the family circle the center of †allurement, and the source of instruction, comfort, and happiness. Like its own divine religion, "it has the promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come," for men can not put themselves beyond the reach of hope and heaven, so long as they treasure up this one command, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy."

CLXIX.—GOD'S GOODNESS TO SUCH AS FEAR HIM.

1. Fret not thyself because of evil-doers,
Neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity;
For they shall be cut down like the grass,
And wither as the green herb.
Trust in the Lord and do good;
So shalt thou dwell in the land, and †verily thou shalt be fed.
Delight thyself, also, in the Lord,
And He shall give thee the desires of thy heart.
Commit thy way unto the Lord;
Trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass,
And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light,
And thy judgment as the noonday.
Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.

2. Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way,
Because of the man who bringeth wicked †devices to pass.
Cease from anger and forsake wrath;
Fret not thyself, in any wise, to do evil,
For evil-doers shall be cut off;
But those that wait upon the Lord, *they* shall inherit the earth.
For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be;
Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.
But the meek shall inherit the earth,
And shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

3. A little, that a righteous man hath,
Is better than the riches of many wicked;
For the arms of the wicked shall be broken,
But the Lord upholdeth the righteous.
The Lord knoweth the days of the upright,
And their inheritance shall be forever;
They shall not be ashamed in the evil time;
And in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.

4. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord,
And he delighteth in his way;
Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down,
For the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.
But the wicked shall perish,
And the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs,
They shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away.
The wicked borroweth and payeth not again;
But the righteous sheweth mercy and giveth.
For such as are blessed of him shall inherit the earth.

5. I have been young, and now am old,
Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken,
Nor his seed begging bread.
He is ever merciful and lendeth,
And his seed is blessed.

6. Depart from evil and do good,
And dwell for evermore;
For the LORD loveth judgment,
And forsaketh not his saints:
They are preserved forever:
But the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.
The righteous shall inherit the land,
And dwell therein forever.
The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom,
And his tongue talketh of judgment;
The law of his God is in his heart;
None of his steps shall slide.
The wicked watcheth the righteous,
And seeketh to slay him.
The Lord will not leave him in his hand,
Nor condemn him when he is judged.

7. Wait on the LORD and keep his way,
And He shall exalt thee to inherit the land;
When the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.
I have seen the wicked in great power,
And spreading himself like a green †bay-tree;
Yet he passed away, and lo, he was not;
Yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

CLXX.—CHARACTER OF COLUMBUS.

FROM IRVING.

1. COLUMBUS was a man of great and †inventive genius. The operations of his mind were †energetic, but irregular, bursting forth, at times, with that irresistible force which characterizes intellect of such an order. His ambition was lofty and noble, inspiring him with high thoughts, and an anxiety to distinguish himself by great †achievements. He aimed at dignity and wealth in the same elevated spirit with which he sought renown; they were to rise from the territories he should discover, and be commensurate in importance.

2. His conduct was characterized by the grandeur of his views, and the †magnanimity of his spirit. Instead of ravaging the newly found countries, like many of his cotemporary discoverers, who were intent only on immediate gain, he regarded them with the eyes of a legislator; he sought to colonize and cultivate them, to civilize the natives, to build cities, introduce the useful arts, subject every thing to the control of law, order, and religion, and thus to found regular and prosperous empires. That he failed in this, was the fault of the dissolute †rabble which it was his misfortune to command, with whom all law was tyranny, and all order oppression.

3. He was naturally †irascible and †impetuous, and keenly sensible to injury and injustice; yet the quickness of his temper was counteracted by the generosity and benevolence of his heart. The magnanimity of his nature shone forth through all the troubles of his stormy career. Though continually outraged in his dignity, braved in his authority, folied in his plans, and endangered in his person, by the †seditions of †turbulent and worthless men, and that, too, at times when suffering under anguish of body and anxiety of mind, enough to †exasperate the most patient, yet he restrained his valiant and indignant spirit, and brought himself to forbear, and reason, and even to supplicate. Nor can the reader of the story of his eventful life, fail to notice how free he was from all feeling of revenge, how ready to forgive and forget, on the least sign of repentance and atonement. He has been exalted for his skill in †controlling others, but far greater praise is due to him for the firmness he displayed in governing himself.

4. His piety was genuine and fervent. Religion mingled with the whole course of his thoughts and actions, and shone forth in his most private and unstudied writings. Whenever he made any great discovery, he devoutly returned thanks to God. The voice of prayer and the melody of praise, rose from his ships on discovering the new world, and his first action on landing was, to prostrate himself upon the earth, and offer up thanksgiving. All his great enterprises were undertaken in the name of the Holy Trinity, and he partook of the holy sacrament previous to †embarkation. He observed the festi-

vals of the Church in the wildest situations. The Sabbath was to him a day of sacred rest, on which he would never sail from a port, unless in case of extreme necessity. The religion thus deeply seated in his soul, †diffused a sober dignity and a benign composure, over his whole †deportment; his very language was pure and guarded, and free from all gross or irreverent expressions.

5. A peculiar trait in his rich and varied character remains to be noticed; namely, that ardent and enthusiastic imagination, which threw a magnificence over his whole course of thought. A poetical †temperament is discernible throughout all his writings, and in all his actions. We see it in all his descriptions of the beauties of the wild land he was discovering, in the enthusiasm with which he extolled the †blandness of the temperature, the purity of the atmosphere, the fragrance of the air, "full of dew and sweetness," the verdure of the forests, the grandeur of the mountains, and the crystal purity of the running streams. It spread a glorious and golden world around him, and tinged every thing with its own †gorgeous colors.

6. With all the visionary †fervor of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. Until his last breath, he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of †opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the East. What visions of glory would have broken upon his mind, could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the old world in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans, from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! How would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled amid the afflictions of age and the cares of †penury, the neglect of a fickle public and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which would arise in the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations, and tongues, and languages, which were to fill its land with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity.

CLXXI.—SURRENDER OF GRENADA.

From Bulwer.

1. Day dawned upon Grenada, and the beams of the winter sun, smiling away the clouds of the past night, played †cheerily upon the murmuring waves of the Xenil and the Darro. Alone, upon a †balcony, commanding a view of the beautiful landscape, stood Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings. He had sought to bring to his aid all the lessons of the philosophy he had so ardently cultivated.

2. "What are we," said the musing prince, "that we should fill the earth with ourselves—we kings? Earth resounds with the crash of my falling throne; on the ear of races unborn the echo will live prolonged. But what have I lost? Nothing that was necessary to my happiness, my repose: nothing save the source of all my wretchedness, the Marah of my life! Shall I less enjoy heaven and earth, or thought and action, or man's more material luxuries of food and sleep—the common and cheap desires of all? At the worst, I sink but to a level with chiefs and princes: I am but leveled with those whom the multitude admire and envy. . . . But it is time to depart." So saying, he descended to the court, flung himself on his barb, and, with a small and saddened train, passed through the gate which we yet survey, by a blackened and crumbling tower, overgrown with vines and ivy; thence, amid gardens, now appertaining to the convent of the †victor faith, he took his mournful and unnoticed way.

3. When he came to the middle of the hill that rises above those gardens, the steel of the Spanish armor gleamed upon him, as the †detachment sent to occupy the palace, marched over the summit in steady order and profound silence. At the head of the †van-guard, rode, upon a snow-white †palfrey, the Bishop of Avila, followed by a long train of barefooted monks. They halted as Boabdil approached, and the grave bishop saluted him with the air of one who addressed an †infidel and inferior. With the quick sense of dignity common to the great, and yet more to the fallen, Boabdil felt, but resented not the pride of the †ecclesiastic. "Go, Christian," said he mildly, "the gates of the Alhambra

are open, and Allah has bestowed the palace and the city upon your king; may his virtues atone the faults of Boabdil!" So saying, and waiting no answer, he rode on, without looking to the right or the left. The Spaniards also pursued their way.

4. The sun had fairly risen above the mountains, when Boabdil and his train beheld, from the eminence on which they were, the whole †armament of Spain; and, at the same moment, louder than the tramp of horse or the clash of arms, was heard distinctly, the solemn chant of *Te Deum*, which preceded the blaze of the unfurled and lofty standards. Boabdil, himself still silent, heard the groans and †acclamations of his train; he turned to cheer or chide them, and then saw, from his own watch-tower, with the sun shining full upon its pure and dazzling surface, the silver cross of Spain. His Alhambra was already in the hands of the foe; while beside that badge of the holy war, waved the gay and †flaunting flag of St. Jago, the †canonized Mars of the chivalry of Spain. At that sight, the King's voice died within him; he gave the rein to his barb, impatient to close the fatal †ceremonial, and slackened not his speed, till almost within bowshot of the first rank of the army.

5. Never had Christian war assumed a more splendid and imposing aspect. Far as the eye could reach, extended the glittering and †gorgeous lines of that goodly power, bristling with sun-lighted spears and blazoned banners; while beside, murmured, and glowed, and danced, the silver and laughing Xenil, careless what lord should possess, for his little day, the banks that bloomed by its everlasting course. By a small †mosque, halted the flower of the army. Surrounded by the arch-priests of that mighty †hierarchy, the peers and princes of a court that †rivaled the Roland of Charlemagne, was seen the kingly form of Ferdinand himself, with Isabel at his right hand, and the high-born dames of Spain, relieving, with their gay colors and sparkling gems, the sterner splendor of the crested helmet and polished mail. Within sight of the royal group, Boabdil halted, composed his aspect so as best to conceal his soul, and a little in advance of his scanty train, but never in mien and majesty more a king, the son of Abdallah met his haughty conqueror.

6. At the sight of his princely countenance and golden hair, his comely and commanding beauty, made more touching by youth, a thrill of compassionate admiration ran through that assembly of the brave and fair. Ferdinand and Isabel slowly advanced to meet their late rival,—their new subject; and as Boabdil would have dismounted, the Spanish king placed his hand upon his shoulder. "Brother and prince," said he, "forget thy sorrows; and may our friendship hereafter console thee for reverses against which thou hast contended as a hero and a king; resisting man, but resigned at length to God."

7. Boabdil did not affect to return this bitter, but unintentional mockery of compliment. He bowed his head, and remained a moment silent; then, motioning to his train, four of his officers approached, and, kneeling beside Ferdinand, proffered to him, upon a silver †buckler, the keys of the city. "O king!" then said Boabdil, "accept the keys of the last hold which has resisted the arms of Spain! The empire of the †Moslem is no more. Thine are the city and the people of Grenada; yielding to thy †prowess, they yet †confide in thy mercy." "They do well," said the king; "our promises shall not be broken. But since we know the gallantry of Moorish †cavaliers, not to us, but to gentler hands, shall the keys of Grenada be surrendered."

8. Thus saying, Ferdinand gave the keys to Isabel, who would have addressed some soothing flatteries to Boabdil, but the emotion and excitement were too much for her compassionate heart, heroine and queen though she was; and when she lifted her eyes upon the calm and pale features of the fallen monarch, the tears gushed from them irresistibly, and her voice died in murmurs. A faint flush overspread the features of Boabdil, and there was a momentary pause of embarrassment, which the Moor was the first to break.

9. "Fair queen," said he, with mournful and pathetic dignity, "thou canst read the heart that thy generous sympathy touches and subdues; this is thy last, but not least glorious conquest. But I detain yė; let not my aspect cloud your triumph. Suffer me to say farewell." "Farewell, my brother," replied Ferdinand, "and may fair fortune go with you! Forget the past!" Boabdil smiled bitterly, saluted the royal

pair with profound respect and silent reverence, and rode slowly on, leaving the army below, as he ascended the path that led to his new †principality, beyond the Alpuxarras. As the trees snatched the Moorish †cavalcade from the view of the king, Ferdinand ordered the army to recommence its march; and trumpet and cymbal presently sent their music to the ear of the Moslem.

10. Boabdil spurred on, at full speed, till his panting charger halted at the little village where his mother, his slaves, and his faithful wife, Amine, (sent on before,) awaited him. Joining these, he proceeded without delay upon his melancholy path. They ascended that eminence, which is the pass into the Alpuxarras. From its height, the vale, the rivers, the spires, and the towers of Grenada, broke gloriously upon the view of the little band. They halted †mechanically and abruptly; every eye was turned to the beloved scene. The proud shame of †baffled warriors, the tender memories of home, of childhood, of father-land, swelled every heart, and gushed from every eye.

11. Suddenly, the distant boom of artillery broke from the †citadel, and rolled along the sun-lighted valley and crystal river. An universal wail burst from the exiles; it smote, it overpowered the heart of the †ill-starred king, in vain seeking to wrap himself in the eastern pride, or †stoical philosophy. The tears gushed from his eyes, and he †covered his face with his hands. The band wound slowly on through the solitary †defiles; and that place, where the king wept at the last view of his lost empire, is still called THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR.

CLXXII.—THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR.

FROM MISS JEWSBURY.

THE Spaniards gave this name "The Last Sigh of the Moor," to the eminence from which, after their expulsion, the Moorish king and his followers took their farewell view of Grenada.

1. WINDING along, at break of day,
And armed with helm and spears,
Along the †martyr's rocky way,
A king comes, with his peers;

Unto the eye a splendid sight,
Making the air all richly bright,
Seen flashing through the trees;
But, to the heart, a scene of blight,
Sadder than death were these.

2. For brightly fall the morning rays
Upon a conquered king;
The breeze that with his †banner plays,
Plays with an †abject thing.
Banner and king no more will know
Their rightful place mid friend and foe:
Proud †clarion, cease thy blast!
Or, changing to the wail of woe,
Breathe dirges for the past.

3. Along, along, by rock and tower,
That they have failed to keep,
By wood and vale, their fathers' dower,
The exiled warriors sweep:
The chevroned * steed, no more †elate,
As if he knew his rider's fate,
Steps †languidly and slow,
As if he knew Grenada's gate,
Now open to the foe.

4. Along, along, till all is past,
That once they called their own,
Till bows the pride of strength at last,
And knights, like women, †moan.
Pausing upon the green hill-side,
That soon their city's towers will hide,
They lean upon their spears;
And hands, that late with blood were dyed,
Are now washed white with tears.

5. Another look, from brimming eyes,
Along the glorious plain;
Elsewhere may spread as lovely skies,
Elsewhere their monarch reign;
But nevermore in *that* bright land,
With all his chivalry at hand!
Now dead or far departed!
And from the hill-side moves the band,
The bravest, broken-hearted.

* A *chevron* is a certain mark used in heraldry.

CLXXIII.—THE MOON AND STARS—A FABLE.

From Montgomery.

James Montgomery, an English poet, is one of the most amiable and pathetic of modern writers. Though he can not be ranked in the first class of poets, he merits the praise of never having written a line that did not tend to the honor of God and the good of man.

1. On the fourth day of creation, when the sun, after a glorious, but solitary course, went down in the evening, and darkness began to gather over the face of the uninhabited globe, already †arrayed in the †exuberance of vegetation, and prepared by the diversity of land and water, for the abode of uncreated animals and man,—a star, single and beautiful, stepped forth into the †firmament. Trembling with wonder and delight in new-found existence, she looked abroad, and beheld nothing in heaven or on earth resembling herself. But she was not long alone; now one, then another, here a third, and there a fourth †resplendent companion had joined her, till light after light stealing through the gloom, in the lapse of an hour the whole hemisphere was brilliantly †bespangled.

2. The planets and stars, with a †superb comet flaming in the †zenith, for awhile contemplated themselves and each other; and every one from the largest to the least, was so perfectly well pleased with himself, that he imagined the rest only partakers of his felicity; he being the central †luminary of his own universe, and all the hosts of heaven beside, displayed around him, in †graduated splendor. Nor were any undeceived in regard to *themselves*, though all saw their *associates* in their real situations and relative proportions:—self-knowledge being the last knowledge acquired either in the sky or below it;—till bending over the ocean in their turns, they discovered what they supposed at first to be a new heaven, peopled with beings of their own species. But when they perceived further, that no sooner had any one of their company touched the horizon than he instantly disappeared; they then recognized themselves in their individual forms, reflected beneath according to their places and †configurations above, from seeing others, whom they previously knew, reflected in like manner.

3. By an attentive but mournful self-examination in that mirror, they slowly learned humility; but every one learned it only for himself, none believing what others †insinuated respecting their own inferiority, till they reached the western slope, from whence they could †identify their true visages in the †nether element. Nor was this very surprising; stars being only visible points, without any distinction of limbs, each was all eye; and though he could see others most correctly, he could neither see himself nor any part of himself, till he came to †reflection. The comet, however, having a long train of brightness, streaming sun-ward, *could* review that, and did review it with †ineffable self-complacency. Indeed, after all pretensions to precedence, he was at length acknowledged king of the †hemisphere, if not by the universal assent, by the silent envy of all his rivals.

4. But the object which attracted most attention, and astonishment too, was a slender thread of light that scarcely could be discerned through the blush of evening, and vanished soon after night-fall, as if ashamed to appear in so scanty a form, like an unfinished work of creation. It was the moon; the first new moon. Timidly, she looked around upon the glittering multitude that crowded the dark †serenity of space, and filled it with life and beauty. Minute indeed they seemed to her, but perfect in †symmetry, and formed to shine forever; while she was unshapen, incomplete, and †evanescent. In her humility, she was glad to hide herself from their keen glances in the friendly bosom of the ocean, wishing for immediate †extinction.

5. When she was gone, the stars looked one at another with inquisitive surprise, as much as to say, "What a figure!" It was so evident that they all thought alike, and thought contemptuously of the †apparition, (though at first they almost doubted whether they should not be frightened,) that they soon began to talk freely concerning her; of course not with audible accents, but in the language of intelligent sparkles, in which stars are accustomed to converse with telegraphic †precision from one end of heaven to the other, and which no †dialect on earth so nearly resembles, as the language of the eyes; the only one, probably, that has survived in its purity, not only the confusion of Babel, but the revolutions of all

ages. Her crooked form and her shyness, were ridiculed and censured from pole to pole. For what purpose such a monster could have been created, not the wisest could conjecture; yet, to tell the truth, every one, though glad to be countenanced in the affectation of scorn by the rest, had secret misgivings concerning the stranger, and envied the delicate †brilliancy of her light.

6. All the gay company, however, quickly returned to the admiration of themselves, and the †inspection of each other. Thus, the first night passed away. But, when the east began to dawn, †consternation seized the whole army of †celestials, each feeling himself fainting into invisibility, and, as he feared, into nothingness, while his neighbors were, one after another, totally disappearing. At length, the sun arose, and filled the heavens, and clothed the earth with his glory. How *he* spent that day, belongs not to this history; but it is elsewhere recorded, that, for the first time from eternity, the lark, on the wings of the morning, sprang up to salute him; the eagle, at noon, looked undazzled on his splendor; and when he went down beyond the deep, the leviathan was sporting amid the multitude of waves.

CLXXIV.—THE MOON AND STARS—CONCLUDED.

1. In the evening, the vanished †constellations again gradually awoke; and, on opening their eyes, were so rejoiced at meeting together,—not one being wanting of last night's levee,—that they were in the highest good humor with themselves and one another. Decked in all their beams, and darting their †benignest influence, they exchanged smiles and endearments, and made vows of affection, eternal and unchangeable; while, from this nether orb, the song of the nightingale arose out of darkness, and charmed even the stars in their courses, being the first sound, except the roar of the ocean, that they had ever heard. "The music of the spheres" may be traced to the rapture of that hour.

2. The little, gleaming horn was again discerned, leaning backward over the western hills. This companionless †lumi-

nary, they thought—but they must be mistaken—it could not be—and yet they were afraid that it was so—appeared somewhat larger than on the former occasion. But the moon, still only venturing to glance at this scene of †magnificence, escaped beneath the horizon, leaving the comet in proud possession of the sky.

3. On the third evening, the moon was so obviously increased in size and splendor, and stood so much higher in the firmament than at first, though she still hastened out of sight, that she was the sole subject of conversation on both sides of the †galaxy, till the breeze, that awakened newly-created man from his first slumber in Paradise, warned the stars to retire; and the sun, with a pomp never witnessed in our degenerate days, †ushered in the great Sabbath of creation, when "the heaven and the earth were finished, and all the hosts of them."

4. The following night, the moon took her station still higher, and looked brighter than before. Still, however, she preserved her humility and shamefacedness, till her †crescent had exceeded the first quarter. Hitherto, she had only grown lovelier, but now she grew prouder at every step of her †preferment. Her rays, too, became so intolerably dazzling, that fewer and fewer of the stars could endure her presence, but shrouded themselves in her light as behind a veil. When she verged to †maturity, the heavens seemed too small for her ambition. She "rose in clouded majesty," but the clouds melted at her approach, or spread their rich and rainbow-tinted garments in her path.

5. She had crossed the comet in her course, and left him as wan as a vapor behind her. On the night of her fullness, she triumphed gloriously in mid-heaven, smiled on the earth, and arrayed it in a softer day; for she had repeatedly seen the sun, and though she could not rival him when he was above the horizon, she fondly hoped to make his absence forgotten. Over the ocean she hung, †enamored of her own beauty reflected in the abyss. The few stars that still could stand amid her overpowering †effulgence †converged their rays, and shrunk into bluer depths of †ether, to gaze at a safe distance upon her. "What more can she be?" thought these scattered survivors of myriads of extinguished sparklers: "as hitherto she has increased every evening, to-morrow she will do the

same; and we must be lost, like our brethren, in her all-conquering †resplendence."

6. The moon herself was not a little puzzled to imagine what might become of her; but vanity readily suggested, that although she had reached her full form, she had not reached her full size; consequently, by a regular nightly expansion of circumference, she would finally cover the whole †convexity of the sky, not only to the exclusion of stars, but of the sun himself, since he occupied a superior region of space, and certainly could not shine through her; till man and his beautiful companion woman, looking upward from the bowers of Eden, would see *all moon* above them, and walk in the light of her countenance forever.

7. In the midst of this pleasing self-illusion, a †film crept upon her, which spread from her utmost verge, athwart her center, till it had completely †eclipsed her visage, and made her a blot on the tablet of the heavens. In the progress of this disaster, the stars, which were hid in her pomp, stole forth to witness her humiliation. But their transport and her shame, lasted not long; the shadow retired as gradually as it had advanced, leaving her fairer by contrast than before. Soon afterward, the day broke, and she withdrew, marveling what would next befall her.

8. Never had the stars been more impatient to resume their places, nor the moon more impatient to rise, than on the following evening. With trembling hope and fear, the planets that came out first after sunset, espied her disk, broad and dark red, emerging from a gulf of clouds in the east. At the first glance, their keen, celestial sight discovered that her western limb was a little contracted, and her orb no longer perfect. She herself was too much elated to suspect any failing, and fondly imagined that she had continued to increase all around, till she had got above the Pacific; but even then, she was only chagrined to perceive, that her image was no larger than it had been last night. There was not a star in the †horoscope—no, not the comet himself—durst tell her she was less.

9. Another day went, and another night came. She rose as usual, a little later. Even while she traveled above the land, she was haunted with the idea, that her luster was rather

feebler than it had been; but when she beheld her face in the sea, she could no longer overlook the unwelcome defect. The season was boisterous; the wind rose suddenly, and the waves burst into foam; perhaps the tide, for the first time, was then affected by sympathy with the moon; and what had never happened before, an universal tempest mingled heaven and earth in rain, and lightning, and darkness. She plunged among the thickest of the thunder-clouds, and in the confusion that hid her disgrace, her †exulting rivals were all likewise put out of countenance.

10. On the next evening, and every evening afterward, the moon came forth later, and less, and dimmer; while on each occasion, more and more of the minor stars, which had formerly vanished from her eye, re-appeared to witness her fading honors and disfigured form. Prosperity had made her vain; adversity brought her to her mind again, and humility soon †compensated the loss of glaring distinction, with softer charms, which won the regard which haughtiness had repelled; for when she had worn off her uncouth †gibbous aspect, and through the last quarter, her profile †waned into a hollow shell, she appeared more graceful than ever in the eyes of all heaven.

11. When she was originally seen among them, the stars contemned her; afterward, as she grew in beauty, they envied, feared, hated, and finally fled from her. As she †relapsed into insignificance, they first rejoiced in her decay, and then endured her superiority, because it could not last long; but when they marked how she had wasted away every time they met, compassion succeeded, and, on the last three nights, (like a human fair one, in the latest stages of decline, growing lovelier and dearer to her friends till the close,) she disarmed hostility, †conciliated kindness, and secured affection. She was admired, beloved, and unenvied by all.

12. At length there came a night when there was no moon. There was silence in heaven all that night. In serene meditation on the changes of the month, the stars pursued their journey from sunset to day-break. The comet had, likewise, departed into unknown regions. His fading luster had been attributed, at first, to the bolder radiance of the moon in her †meridian; but, during the wane, while inferior luminaries were brightening around her, he was growing fainter

and smaller every evening, and now, he was no more. Of the rest, planets and stars, all were unimpaired in their light, and the former only slightly varied in their positions. The whole multitude, wiser by experience, and better for their knowledge, were humble, contented, and grateful, each for his lot, whether splendid or obscure.

13. Next evening, to the joy and astonishment of all, the moon, with a new crescent, was descried in the west; and instantly, from every quarter of the heavens, she was congratulated on her happy resurrection. Just as she went down, while her bow was yet †recumbent in the dark purple †horizon, it is said that an angel appeared, standing between her horns. Turning his head, his eye glanced rapidly over the universe; the sun far sunk behind him, the moon under his feet, the earth spread in prospect before him, and the firmament all glittering with constellations above. He paused a moment, and then in that tongue, wherein, at the †accomplishment of creation, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," he thus brake forth: "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! In wisdom hast thou made them all. Who would not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name, for thou only art holy!" He ceased; and from that hour there has been harmony in heaven.

CLXXV.—THUNDER-STORM ON THE ALPS.

From Byron.

1. Clear, placid Leman! thy †contrasted lake,
With the wide world I dwell in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from †distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet, as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delight should e'er have been so moved

2. All heaven and earth are still; though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:

All heaven and earth are still: from the high host
Of stars, to the †lulled lake and mountain-coast,
All is †concentered in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defense.

3. The sky is changed! and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling †crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, from her †misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, which call to her aloud!

4. And this is in the night.—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight;
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines,—a †phosphoric sea!
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again, 't is black; and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

5. Now, where the swift †Rhone †cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose †mining depths so †intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted;
Though in their souls, which thus each other †thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage,
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then—departed!
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years, all winters, war within themselves to wage.

6. Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms has ta'en his stand!
For here, not one, but many make their play,
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around! Of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
His lightnings—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as †desolation worked,
There, the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

CLXXVI.—THE MANIAC.

From Lewis.

It is said, that a gentleman in England, in order to gain possession of his wife's property, confined her in a mad-house, under pretense of insanity, until she became really a maniac.

1. Stay, jailer, stay, and hear my woe!
   She is not mad who kneels to thee;
   For what I 'm now, too well I know,
   And what I was, and what should be.
   I 'll rave no more in proud despair;
   My language shall be mild, though sad:
   But yet I 'll firmly, truly swear,
   I am not mad; I am not mad.

2. My tyrant husband forged the tale,
   Which chains me in this dismal cell;
   My fate unknown my friends bewail;
   O jailer, haste that fate to tell;
   O! haste my father's heart to cheer:
   His heart at once 't will grieve and glad
   To know, though kept a captive here,
   I am not mad; I am not mad.

3. He smiles in scorn, and turns the key;
   He quits the grate; I knelt in vain;
   His glimmering lamp, still, still I see;
   'T is gone, and all is gloom again:
   Cold! bitter cold! no warmth, no light!
   Life, all thy comforts once I had;
   Yet here I 'm chained, this freezing night.
   Although not mad; no, no, not mad.

4. 'T is sure some dream, some vision vain;
   What! I,—the child of rank and wealth?
   Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
   Bereft of freedom, friends, and health?
   Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
   Which never more my heart must glad,
   How aches my heart, how burns my head;
   But 't is not mad; no, 't is not mad.

5. Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,
   A mother's face, a mother's tongue?
   She 'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
   Nor round her neck how fast you clung;

Nor how with me you sued to stay;
Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away;
They'll make me mad; they'll make me mad.

6. His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled!
His mild, blue eyes, how bright they shone!
None ever bore a lovelier child:
And art thou now forever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty, pretty, pretty lad?
I *will* be free! unbar the door!
I am not mad; I am not mad.

7. Oh! hark! what mean those yells and cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks;
He comes! I see his glaring eyes;
Now, now my dungeon grate he shakes!
Help! help! He's gone! Oh! fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
My brain, my brain,—I know, I know,
I *am* not mad, but soon *shall* be.

8. Yes, soon;—for, lo you!—while I speak,
Mark how yon Demon's eyeballs glare!
He sees me; now, with dreadful shriek,
He whirls a serpent high in air.
Horror!—the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad;
Ay, laugh, ye fiends;—I feel the truth;
Your task is done!—*I'm mad! I'm mad!*

CLXXVII.—IMPORTANCE OF THE UNION.

From Webster.

1. Mr. President: I am conscious of having detained you and the senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous †deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its †spontaneous sentiments. I can not, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more, my deep conviction, that, since it

respects nothing less than the union of the states, it is of most †vital and †essential importance to the public happiness.

2. I profess, sir, in my †career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal union. It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union, that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered †finance, †prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its †benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proof of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread further and further, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

3. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark †recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of †disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe †counselor in the affairs of the government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union might best be preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people, when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

4. While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant, that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant, that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on states †dissevered, †discordant, †belligerent; our land rent with civil †feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood.

5. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the †gorgeous †ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe †erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, *What is all this worth?* nor those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first, and Union afterward;* but every-where, spread all over, in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea, and over the land, and on every wind, and under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—*Liberty* AND *Union, now and forever: one and inseparable!*

CLXXVIII.—CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

From J. Sparks.

1. The person of Washington was commanding, graceful, and fitly proportioned; his †stature six feet, his chest broad and full, his limbs long and somewhat slender, but well shaped and muscular. His features were regular and symmetrical, his eyes of a light blue color, and his whole countenance, in its quiet state, was grave, placid, and †benignant. When alone, or not engaged in conversation, he appeared sedate and thoughtful; but when his attention was excited, his eye kindled quickly, and his face beamed with animation and intelligence.

2. He was not †fluent in speech, but what he said was †apposite, and listened to with the more interest as being known to come from the heart. He seldom attempted †sallies of wit or humor, but no man received more pleasure from an exhibition of them by others; and, although contented in †seclusion, he sought his chief happiness in society, and participated with delight in all its †rational and innocent amusements. Without †austerity on the one hand, or an appearance of condescending familiarity on the other, he was †affable courteous, and cheerful; but it has often been remarked, that there was a dignity in his person and manner not easy to be †defined, which impressed every one that saw him for

the first time, with an instinctive deference and awe. This may have arisen, in part, from a conviction of his superiority, as well as from the effect produced by his external form and deportment.

3. The character of his mind was unfolded in the public and private acts of his life; and the proofs of his greatness are seen almost as much in the one as in the other. The same qualities which raised him to the †ascendency he possessed over the will of a nation, as the commander of armies and chief magistrate, caused him to be loved and respected as an individual. Wisdom, judgment, prudence, and firmness, were his †predominant traits. No man ever saw more clearly the relative importance of things and actions, or divested himself more entirely of the bias of personal interest, partiality, and prejudice, in discriminating between the true and the false, the right and the wrong, in all questions and subjects that were presented to him. He †deliberated slowly, but decided surely; and when his decision was once formed, he seldom reversed it, and never relaxed from the execution of a measure till it was completed. Courage, †physical and †moral, was a part of his nature; and, whether in battle, or in the midst of popular excitement, he was fearless of danger, and regardless of consequences to himself.

4. His ambition was of that noble kind, which aims to excel in whatever it undertakes, and to acquire a power over the hearts of men by promoting their happiness and winning their affections. Sensitive to the approbation of others, and solicitous to deserve it, he made no concession to gain their applause, either by flattering their vanity, or yielding to their †caprices. Cautious without timidity, bold without rashness, cool in counsel, deliberate but firm in action, clear in foresight, patient under †reverses, steady, persevering, and self-possessed, he met and conquered every obstacle that obstructed his path to honor, renown, and success. More confident in the uprightness of his intention, than in his resources, he sought knowledge and advice from other men. He chose his counselors with unerring †sagacity; and his quick perception of the soundness of an opinion, and of the strong points in an argument, enabled him to draw to his aid the best fruits of their talents, and the light of their collected wisdom.

5. His moral qualities were in perfect harmony with those of his intellect. Duty was the ruling principle of his conduct; and the rare endowments of his understanding were not more constantly tasked to devise the best methods of effecting an object, than they were to guard the †sanctity of conscience. No instance can be adduced, in which he was actuated by a †sinister motive, or endeavored to attain an end by unworthy means. Truth, integrity, and justice, were deeply rooted in his mind; and nothing could rouse his indignation so soon, or so utterly destroy his confidence, as the discovery of the want of these virtues in any one whom he had trusted. Weaknesses, follies, indiscretions he could forgive; but †subterfuge and dishonesty he never forgot, rarely pardoned.

6. He was candid and sincere, true to his friends, and faithful to all, neither practicing †dissimulation, descending to †artifice, nor holding out expectations which he did not intend should be realized. His passions were strong, and sometimes they broke out with †vehemence: but he had the power of checking them in an instant. Perhaps self-control was the most remarkable trait of his character. It was, in part, the effect of discipline; yet he seems by nature to have possessed this power to a degree which has been denied to other men.

7. A Christian in faith and practice, he was habitually devout. His reverence for religion is seen in his example, his public communications, and his private writings. He uniformly ascribed his successes to the †beneficent †agency of the Supreme Being. Charitable and humane, he was liberal to the poor, and kind to those in distress. As a husband, son, and brother, he was tender and affectionate. Without vanity, †ostentation, or pride, he never spoke of himself or his actions, unless required by circumstances which concerned the public interests.

8. As he was free from envy, so he had the good fortune to escape the envy of others, by standing on an †elevation which none could hope to attain. If he had one passion more powerful than another, it was love of his country. The purity and ardor of his patriotism were †commensurate with the greatness of its object. Love of country in him was invested with the sacred obligation of a duty; and from the faithful discharge of this duty he never swerved for a mo-

ment, either in thought or deed, through the whole period of his eventful career.

9. Such are some of the traits in the character of Washington, which have acquired for him the love and veneration of mankind. If they are not marked with the †brilliancy, extravagance, and †eccentricity, which, in other men, have excited the astonishment of the world, so neither are they †tarnished by the follies, nor disgraced by the crimes of those men. It is the happy combination of rare talents and qualities, the †harmonious union of the intellectual and moral powers, rather than the dazzling splendor of any one trait, which constitute the †grandeur of his character. If the title of great man ought to be reserved for him who can not be charged with an †indiscretion or a vice; who spent his life in establishing the independence, the glory, and durable prosperity of his country; who succeeded in all that he undertook; and whose successes were never won at the expense of honor, justice, integrity, or by the sacrifice of a single principle,—this title will not be denied to WASHINGTON.

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

METHINKS we see thee, as in olden time,
Simple in garb, †majestic and serene,
Unmoved by pomp or circumstance, in truth
†Inflexible, and, with a Spartan zeal
†Repressing vice, and making folly grave.
Thou didst not deem it woman's part to waste
Life in †inglorious sloth; to sport awhile
Amid the flowers, or on the summer wave,
Then fleet, like the †ephemeron, away;
Building no temple in her children's hearts,
Save to the vanity and pride of life
Which she had worshiped. For the might that clothed
His "Country's Father," for the glorious deeds
That make Mount Vernon's tomb a Mecca shrine,
For all the earth, what thanks to thee are due.
Who, 'mid his †elements of being, wrought.
We know not: Heaven can tell.

CLXXIX.—THE VICTOR'S CROWN.

From Mrs. Hale.

1. A crown for the victor! a crown of light!
From the land where the flowers ne'er feel a blight,
Was gathered the wreath that around it blows:
And he who o'ercometh his treacherous foes,
That fadeless crown shall gain.
A king went forth on the rebel array,
Intrenched where a lovely hamlet lay:
He frowned,—and there 's naught save ashes and blood
And blackened bones, where that hamlet stood;
Yet his treacherous foes he hath not slain

2. A crown for the victor! a crown of light!
Encircled wi h jewels so pure and bright.
Night never hath gloomed where its luster flows:
And he who can conquer his proudest foes,
That glorious crown shall gain.
A hero came from the gory field,
And low at his feet the captives kneeled;
In his might he hath trodden a nation down,
But he may not challenge that glorious crown,
For his proudest foes he hath not slain.

3. A crown for the victor! a crown of light!
Like the morning sun to the dazzled sight,
From the night of a dungeon raised, it glows,
And he who can slay his deadliest foes,
That shining crown shall gain.
With searching eye and stealthy tread,
The man of wrath sought his enemy's bed:
Like festering wounds are the wrongs he hath borne
And he takes the revenge his soul hath sworn;
But his deadliest foe he hath not slain.

4. A crown for the victor! a crown of light!
To be worn with a robe whose spotless white
Makes darkness seem resting on Alpine snows;
And he who o'ercometh his mightiest foes,
That robe and crown shall gain.
With eye upraised, and forehead bare,
A pilgrim knelt down in holy prayer;
He hath wrestled with self, and with passion striven;
And to him hath the Sword of the Spirit been given —
Oh! crown him! for his foes,—his *sins*,—are slain.

CLXXX.—MRS. CAUDLE'S LECTURE.

From Douglas Jerrold.

1. Well, Mr. Caudle, I hope you 're in a little better temper than you were this morning. There, you need n't begin to whistle: people do n't come to bed to whistle. But it 's like you; I can 't speak, that you do n't try to insult me. Once, I used to say you were the best creature living: now, you get quite a fiend. *Do* let you rest? No, I won't let you rest. It 's the only time I have to talk to you, and you *shall* hear me. I 'm put upon all day long: it 's very hard if I can 't speak a word at night; besides, it is n't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

2. Because *once* in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house. You *did n't* swear? Ha, Mr. Caudle! you do n't know what you do when you 're in a passion. You were not in a †passion, wer'n't you? Well, then, I do n't know what a passion is; and I think I ought by this time. I 've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

3. It 's a pity you hav' n't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you 'd *some* wives, you would, I know. I 'm sure I 'm never without a needle and thread in my hand; what with you and the children, I 'm made a perfect slave of. And what 's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button 's off your shirt—what do you cry '*oh*' at? I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times, at most. I 'm sure, Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than yours. I only wish I 'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?

4. Yes, it *is* worth talking of! But that 's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then, if I only try to speak, you won't hear me. That 's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves: a poor woman is n't allowed to get a word in. A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she 's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had

to go through!—what with buttons, and one thing and another!—they 'd never tie themselves up,—no, not to the best man in the world, I 'm sure. What would they do, Mr. Caudle?—Why, do much better without you, I 'm certain.

5. And it 's my belief, after all, that the button was n't off the shirt; it 's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you 're †aggravating enough, when you like, for any thing! All I know is, it 's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I 'm sure no woman 's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say it 's very odd.

6. However, there 's one comfort; it can 't last long. I 'm worn to death with your temper, and sha' n't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I 've no doubt of it! That 's your love; that 's your feeling! I know that I 'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I 'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons! You 'll find out the difference, then. Yes, Caudle, you 'll think of me, then; for then, I hope, you 'll never have a blessed button to your back.

7. No, I 'm not a †vindictive woman, Mr. Caudle; nobody ever called me that, but you. What do you say? *Nobody ever knew so much of me?* That 's nothing at all to do with it. Ha! I would n't have your aggravating temper, Caudle, for mines of gold. It 's a good thing I 'm not as worrying as you are, or a nice house there 'd be between us. I only wish you 'd had a wife that *would* have talked to you! Then you 'd have known the difference. But you impose upon me, because, like a poor fool, I say nothing. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

8. And a pretty example you set as a father! You 'll make your boys as bad as yourself. Talking as you did all breakfast time about your buttons! And of a Sunday morning too! And you call yourself a Christian! I should like to know, what your boys will say of you when they grow up? And all about a paltry button off one of your wristbands! A decent man would n't have mentioned it. *Why do n't I hold my tongue?* Because I *won't* hold my tongue. I 'm to have my peace of mind destroyed—I 'm to be wor-

ried into my grave for a miserable shirt button, and I 'm to hold my tongue! Oh! but that 's just like you men!

9. But I know what I 'll do for the future. Every button you have may drop off, and I won't so much as put a thread to 'em. And I should like to know what you 'll do then? Oh, *you must get somebody else to sew 'em*, must you? That 's a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to a wife! And to *such* a wife as I 've been, too: such a slave to your buttons, as I may say! *Somebody else to sew 'em, eh?* No, Caudle, no; not while I 'm alive! When I 'm dead—and with what I have to bear, there 's no knowing how soon that may be—when I 'm dead, I say—oh! what a brute you must be to snore so!

10. *You 're not snoring?* Ha! that 's what you always say; but that 's nothing to do with it. You must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? Ha! I should n't wonder. Oh no! I should be surprised at nothing now! Nothing at all! It 's what people have always told me it would come to; and now the buttons have opened my eyes! But the whole world shall know of your †cruelty, Mr. Caudle. After the wife I 've been to you. Caudle, you 've a heart like a hearth-stone you have!

CLXXXI.—THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

From George Arnold.

1. 'T was a †jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall, and slender, and sallow, and dry;
His form was bent and his gait was slow,
And his long, thin hair was white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye:
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,
Said the jolly old †pedagogue, long ago.

2. He taught the scholars the Rule of Three,
Reading, and writing, and history too;
He took the little ones on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew.

"Learn while you're young," he often said,
"There is much to enjoy down here below;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

3. With the stupidest boys, he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was scarcely known in his school—
Whipping to him was a †barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones;
Besides it was painful, he sometimes said:
"We should make life pleasant down here below
The living need †charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

4. He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor.
"I need so little," he often said;
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't †litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

5. But the pleasantest times he had, of all,
Were the †sociable hours he used to pass,
With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,
Making an †unceremonious call,
Over a pipe and a friendly glass:
This was the finest pleasure he said,
Of the many he tasted here below:
"Who has no †cronies had better be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

6. The jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face
Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,
Till the house grew merry from cellar to †tiles.
"I'm a pretty old man," he gently said,
"I've lingered a long time here below;
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

7. He smoked his pipe in the balmy air
Every night, when the sun went down;
And the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving its tenderest kisses there,
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;
And feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said:
"'T was a glorious world down here below;
Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said this jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

8. He sat at his door one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the †odorous night-winds whispered "Rest!"
Gently, gently, he bowed his head;
There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of his happiness living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

CLXXXII. — THE DAWN.

From Everett.

Ju'pi-ter: the largest planet of the solar system, and, next to Venus, the brightest.

Pleiades; (pro. *ple'ya-dez,*) a group of seven small stars in the constellation Taurus.

Ly'ra, An-drom'e-da; two brilliant constellations.

Ma'gi-ans; Persian worshipers of fire and the sun, as representatives of the Supreme Being.

1. I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston, and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Every thing around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night, the sky was without a cloud, the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral luster but little affected by her presence.

2. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influ-

ence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the †zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady Pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign. Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train.

3. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright †constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous †transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of the night dissolved into the glories of the dawn.

4. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial †concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

5. I do not wonder at the †superstition of the ancient Magians, who in the morning of the world went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement, when I am told, that, in this enlightened age and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindled azure, and the mountain's brow

Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth and colored air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, light!
Of all material beings first, and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting, beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds, in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker, may I sing of thee?

THOMSON.

CLXXXIII.—CALLING THE ROLL.

FROM SHEPHERD.

1. "CORPORAL GREEN!" the †orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,
From the lips of a soldier standing near;
And "here!" was the word the next replied.
"Cyrus Drew!" and a silence fell;
This time, no answer followed the call;
Only his rear-man saw him fall,
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

2. There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the †shades of night.
The fern on the slope was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

3. For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible †ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.
"Herbert Cline!" At the call there came
Two †stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

4. "Ezra Kerr!" and a voice said "here!"
"Hiram Kerr!" but no man replied:
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the corn-field near.
"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said,
"When our ensign was shot; I left him dead,
Just after the enemy †wavered and broke.

5. "Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment, and gave him to drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think;
And death came with it and closed his eyes."
'T was a victory—yes; but it cost us dear;
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "*here!*"

CLXXXIV.—THE DYING SOLDIER.

1. The shadows of evening are thickening. Twilight closes, and the thin mists are rising in the valley. The last charging †squadron yet thunders in the distance; but it presses only on the †foiled and scattered foe. The fight is over! And those who rode foremost in its fields at morning, where are they now? On the bank of yon little stream, there lies a knight, his life-blood ebbing faster than its tide. His shield is rent, and his lance is broken. Soldier, why faintest thou? The blood that swells from that deep wound will answer.

2. It was this morning that the sun rose bright upon his hopes; it sets upon his grave. This day he led the foremost rank of spears, that had crossed the foe's dark line; then death shouted in the onset! It was the last blow that reached him. He has conquered, though he shall not triumph in the victory. His †breast-plate is dinted. His †helmet has the traces of well-dealt blows. The scarf on his breast! *she* would shrink but to *touch* it now, who *placed* it there.

3. Look on yon crimsoned field that seems to mock the purple clouds above it! Prostrate they lie, drenched in

their dark red pool; thy friends and enemies; the dead and dying; the †veteran, with the †stripling of a day; the nameless trooper, and the leader of a hundred hosts. Friend lies by friend; the steed, with his rider; and foes, linked in their long embrace—their first and last—the gripe of death. Far o'er the field they lie, a gorgeous prey to ruin! White plume and steel †morion! saber and †yataghan! crescent and cross! rich vest and bright †corslet! They came to the fight as if they came to a feasting. Glorious and glittering, even in death, each shining warrior lies!

4. His last glance still seeks that banner! The cry that shall never be repeated, cheers on its last charge. Oh, but for strength to reach the field once more! to die in the foe's front! Peace, dreamer! Thy place in the close rank is filled; and yet, another waits for his who holds it. Soldier! she who sped thee on thy course to-day, shall seek thee, with her blue eyes, in the conquering ranks to-morrow; but she shall seek thee in vain! Proud heads shall bow for thee. Bright eyes shall weep for thee.

5. Heath! thou wilt be the soldier's pillow! Moon, let thy cold light, this night, fall upon him! But, morning, thy soft dews shall tempt him not! The soldier must wake no more. He is dead! The cross of a knight is on his breast! his lips are pressed to his lady's token! Soldier, farewell!

CLXXXV.—THE PICKET.

1. "All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except, now and then, a stray †picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket."

2. 'T is nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost, only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle.

3. "All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.

4. A †tremulous sigh from the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves slowly is creeping,
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard; for the army is sleeping.

5. There is only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

6. His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for his children asleep,
For their mother, may Heaven defend her!

7. The moon seems to shine as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips, and when low murmured vows
Were pledged, never more to be broken.

8. Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes the tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

9. He passes the fountain, the †blasted pine-tree;
The footstep is †lagging and weary,
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.

10. Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so suddenly flashing?
It looked like a rifle:—"Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing!

11. "All quiet along the Potomac to-night;"
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead:
The picket's off duty forever!

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

1. The maid who binds her warrior's sash,
And smiling, all her pain dissembles,
The while beneath the drooping lash,
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles;

Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As ever dewed the field of glory!

2. The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep and wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder;—
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of war around him rattle,—
Has shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

3. The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses;
With no one but her loving God,
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

CLXXXVI.—THE LOST PLEIAD.

From Otway Curry.

The Pleiades are a group of seven small stars, situated in the neck of the constellation Taurus, and regarded by some astronomers as the central point round which our universe of stars is revolving.

According to fable of the ancients, the Pleiades were the seven daughters of Atlas, and were turned into stars, on account of their amiable virtues and mutual affection. Only six of the group are visible to the naked eye. The ancients supposed the seventh concealed herself, out of shame for having bestowed her love upon a mortal, while her sisters were the favorites of divine personages.

In the following beautiful poem, the lost Pleiad is represented as having gradually disappeared from the heavens to wander away, on its mighty circuit through "the deep deserts of the ancient night and far-off universe," but yet, in the coming ages, again to return, after having completed its sublime revolution.

1. Millions of ages gone,
Didst thou survive, in thy enthronèd place,
Amidst the assemblies of the starry race,
Still shining on—and on.

2. And even in earthly time,
Thy parting beams their olden radiance wore,
And greeted from the dim cerulean shore,
The old Chaldean clime.

3. Sages and poets, strong
To rise and walk the waveless firmament,
Gladly to thee their richest offerings sent,
Of eloquence and song.

4. But thy far-flowing light,
By time's mysterious shadows overcast,
Strangely and dimly faded at the last,
Into a nameless night.

5. Along the expanse serene,
Of clust'ry arch and constellated zone,
With orbèd sands of tremulous gold o'erstrown,
No more canst thou be seen.

6. Say, whither wand'rest thou?
Do unseen heavens thy distant path illume?
Or press the shades of everlasting gloom
Darkly upon thee now?

7. Around thee, far away,
The hazy ranks of multitudinous spheres,
Perchance, are gathering to prolong the years
Of thy unwilling stay.

8. Sadly our thoughts rehearse,
The story of thy wild and wondrous flight
Through the deep deserts of the ancient night
And far-off universe.

9. We call—we call thee back,
And suns of many a constellation bright,
Shall weave the waves of their illuming light
O'er thy returning track.

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